

THE SIGN



A • NATIONAL • CATHOLIC • MAGAZINE



Vol. 14 No. 5 - DECEMBER, 1934 - Price 20c

Passionist Chinese Mission Society

*Long after you are forgotten even by your own, membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society will entitle you to the spiritual helps you may need. * * * As for your deceased friends and relatives, what better gift than enrollment in this Society?*

MEMBERS of this society are enrolled as perpetual benefactors of the Passionist Missionaries in China, and participate in the following benefits:

WHILE LIVING

• • • • • One Holy Mass every day of the year; a High Mass in every Passionist Monastery throughout the world on these Feasts of the Church:

Jan. 1	The Circumcision
Jan. —	Holy Name of Jesus
Feb. 2	The Purification of Our Lady
Feb. 24	St. Matthias
May 1	Srs. Philip and James
May 3	Finding of the Holy Cross
July 25	St. James
Aug. 25	St. Bartholomew
Sept. 8	Nativity of Mary
Sept. 22	St. Matthew
Oct. 28	Srs. Simon and Jude
Nov. 30	St. Andrew
Dec. 21	St. Thomas
Dec. 26	St. Stephen
Dec. 27	St. John, Evangelist

AFTER DEATH

• • • • • One Holy Mass on every day of the year; in every Passionist Monastery in the world, Holy Mass and the Divine Office for the Dead on the first day of every month, and High Mass of Requiem with Funeral Rites and Divine Office for the Dead within the Octave of All Souls Day.

FURTHERMORE

• • • • • Both the Living and the Dead Benefactors share in the Special Prayers recited every day by all Passionist Communities. In particular, they share in all the Masses, Prayers and Good Works of the Passionist Missionaries in China.

Perpetual Membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society is given in consideration of a LIFE SUBSCRIPTION to THE SIGN, the Official Organ of the Passionist Missions in China. Both the Living and the Dead may be enrolled as Perpetual Benefactors. The price of a Life Subscription is \$50.00. It may be paid on the installment plan in amounts to suit your own convenience.

PLEASE WRITE TO:

The Passionist Missionaries (Care of The Sign) Union City, New Jersey

MERCHANTS TRUST COMPANY

UNION CITY,
NEW JERSEY

MAIN OFFICE

Bergenline Avenue at 39th Street

HIGHLAND OFFICE

Summit Avenue at 7th Street
Transfer Station

FREDERICK W. HILLE
Chairman of the Board

FRANK C. FERGUSON
President

CHARLES M. MINDNICH
Vice-President

LIVINGSTON WILLIS
Vice-President

EDWARD J. FANNING
Treasurer

JOSEPH B. FEENEY
Secretary

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

REV. THEOPHANE MAGUIRE, C.P.
Editor

REV. FABIAN FLYNN, C.P.
Associate Editor

REV. ADRIAN LYNCH, C.P.
Associate Editor

REV. LUCIAN DUCIE, C.P.
Business Manager

CONTENTS, DECEMBER, 1934

Other Bethlehems	Theophane Maguire, C.P.	258
Current Facts and Comment		259
THE TRUTH ABOUT MEXICO SHOULD BE TOLD—GIVE CATHOLIC BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS—THE LABORING MAN IS STILL DISCRIMINATED AGAINST—THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY: A PLEA FOR CO-OPERATION—DEAN INGE AND POPULAR PULPIT ANTICS—CHRISTMAS TIME CHALLENGES THE GENEROSITY OF AMERICA—THE PRESIDENT'S SOCIAL SECURITY PLAN DESERVES SUPPORT—TOASTS WITHIN THE MONTH		
Categorica		262
Thirty-Second International Eucharistic Congress	Wm. B. Reeves	265
The Monstrance	E. M. D.	267
Beatrice Chase	Annie Russell Moore	268
Fact vs. Guess	George Rypins	270
Gustavus Adolphus	Hilaire Belloc	271
NRA's Moral Code	George Stuart Brady	273
In a Stable	Beatrice Barry	275
The Happy Fault	J. B. Lux, D.D.S.	276
A Crib for St. Mary's	Grace Brewster	278
The Sign Post: Questions and Communications		281

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA

The Ancients Clean House	Sisters of Charity	287
From My Mission Diary	Dunstan Thomas, C.P.	288
Yuanling Letter	Quenten Olwell, C.P.	291
Gemma's League of Prayer		292
Culture Versus Civilization	W. J. Blyton	293
Who Opened the Door?	Enid Dinnis	295
The Virgin's Story	Mary G. Hawks	298
The Murder of King Alexander	Denis Gwynn	300
Christmas Dawn	Walter Richardson	302
Communism Mobilizes the Theatre	G. M. Godden	303
A Christmas Chronicle	Aloysius Horn	305
None But You	Mary Josephine Hennessy	307
Woman to Woman	Katherine Burton	308
Abraham: Pilgrim and Father	Herbert McDevitt, C.P.	309
Catholic Terms Defined	Donald Attwater	311
Christmas at Bethlehem	Ralph Gorman, C.P.	313
Notes on New Books		315

THE SIGN is published monthly at Union City, N. J., by the Passionist Missions, Inc. Subscription price: \$2.00 per year, in advance; single copies, 20c; Canada, \$2.25 per year; Foreign, \$2.50 per year.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be typewritten. All accepted manuscripts are paid for on acceptance, without

reference to time of publication.

Subscriptions, Advertising and Business Matters should be addressed to the Managing Editor. Advertising rates on application.

Requests for Renewals, Discontinuance, change of address should be sent in at least two weeks before they are to go into effect. Both the old and the new address should always be given.

Entered as Second-Class Matter, September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at Union City, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879.

All the contents of THE SIGN are protected by copyright. The Editor's permission must be obtained for reprint of any entire contribution.

Copyright 1934.

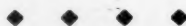
OTHER BETHLEHEMS

THE greatest truths are most simply told. St. John relates the mystery of Christ's Incarnation. . . . *The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us.* As brief and unadorned is the narrative of His Nativity. *And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger.* Thus did the Son of God come into this world; in almost unequalled poverty, in humility as deep as the hitherto unspanned chasm between Divinity and humanity. *For while all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the midst of her course, the Almighty Word leapt down from heaven . . . to a stable and a manger; from the bosom of His Eternal Father to the sheltering arms of Mary, from the myriad hosts of adoring angels to the company of wondering shepherds.* God made man, the Word made flesh to begin among men the Life that was to be the Light of the world.



IT is not as simple to record what that Life has meant to mankind. The living doctrine of the Master on justice, peace and charity; on the supernatural end of man; on the dignity of woman; on the love of the Creator for His children—broke with all the freshness of Divine revelation on an expectant and wearied human race. He has so changed the world that even nations not professedly Christian have absorbed some of His principles. As one who has lived in an outright pagan country, I can witness to the vast difference between its ideals and practices and those of lands where the message of Christianity has been widely preached. It is most regrettable that Our Divine Saviour's principles have not been carried out fully even where the word of God has penetrated.

Yet, at Christmas, practically all civilized nations pause as if to sense some of the peace which long ago was promised to men of good-will. There is then an atmosphere of kindness, of unusual charity, of a desire to express in some tangible way our indebtedness to one another. The general custom of offering gifts in its origin and in some small way, the spirit of Christ who gave Himself to us. To those in the household of the Faith, it is an occasion to revel in the intimacies of adoring love to which the Divine Infant invites them. Centuries are brushed aside, not in imagination but in actual reality, when we receive the Son of Mary in the timeless sacrament of the Eucharist. We enfold and possess the full mystery of Bethlehem within our souls.



I CONFESS to a strange commingling of joy and pain as I see large numbers of the faithful approach the altar on Christmas day; joy, that it is their fortune to have such personal union with the Son of God; pain, that so many fail to delight the Heart of the Christ-Child by helping to fulfill the mission for which He came into this world. For the promise of peace to men of good-will was not limited to the few who heard the angels chanting, nor to ourselves. There have been those of all races and of every generation whose hearts were open to the truth—else our own pagan ancestors would not have accepted it. Too often do we forget that God's revelation comes to us not directly, but through the ministry of our fellow-men. So

we are confronted with the startling truth that in our weak human hands has been placed the tremendous power to help along or to hold back the divine work of the salvation of souls.

This is not a sermon. But I cannot bear to see Christmas go by in a maze of fir trees, holly, red ribbons and greeting cards—and have the fact overlooked that the one purpose for which Christ came into this world was to draw men to Himself. Today there are millions—staggering numbers—who have as much right to all that Christmas means as we have. They simply have not been presented to our Saviour. Our own priests, with the noble Sisters who are assisting them, are holding one outpost of the Church in China. They are cultured men and women who have given up everything, who have understood the message of the Nativity. They know that it is not a heavenly fairy tale to be dreamed of for a day, but a cry from the heart of God made man for love.

To them Christmas means more than an occasion for exalting spiritual self-satisfaction. It is a poignant reminder of how much remains to be done to complete fully the Mission of Christ. I have known, and they now know, uncounted souls that have gifts to offer to the Divine Child. But they are souls that have tasted bitterness, that have been caught in a bondage of fear. Now, like children who have stumbled upon a lovely secret, they listen in humility—with eagerness and wonder in their faces as they hear the story of God's love revealed to us in a helpless Child.



SHALL we give them commerce, trade, inventions, education—and withhold from them the Gift of gifts? Are we to salute the men who die on some unscaled mountain peak or risk their lives to clip seconds in the race with time—and not honor the heroes who are carrying on the personal work of Jesus Christ? Can we not, on Christmas day, be mindful of those who are wearing out their bodies that other Bethlehems may be established in places that have waited long centuries in expectation. Shall we forget, as we speak to the Divine Infant, those who are tramping in straw sandals over mountain heights to some Mission outpost to celebrate the "Great Feast of the Birthday of Jesus?" Or shall we make it possible for the World to dwell again amongst men who are unwilling strangers to the truth?

Christmas is a time of reunion, of memories, of general infectious joy. Indeed there is no other day in the whole year quite like it. In anticipation the members of THE SIGN Staff wish all their subscribers and benefactors the fullest measure of peace and happiness that this blessed season offers. But we know of no greater pleasure than our friends could enjoy than this: that before another Christmas, their support will have assisted Christ's missionary frontiersmen in China to win souls for our Divine Saviour, and that their own zealous efforts and example will have brought at least one more heart to worship the Divine Infant of Bethlehem.

Father Theophane Maguire O.P.

OWNED, EDITED AND
PUBLISHED BY THE
PASSIONIST FATHERS

LEGAL TITLE:
PASSIONIST MISSIONS,
INC.

MONASTERY PLACE,
UNION CITY, N. J.

Telephone:
Union 7-6893

THE SIGN

A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year \$2.00
Three Years \$5.00
Life \$50.00
CANADA: 25c Extra
FOREIGN: 50c Extra

All Checks and Money
Orders Should Be
Made Payable to THE
SIGN. Cash should be
Sent in Registered
Letters only.

CURRENT FACT *and* COMMENT

REPORTS of conditions in Mexico continue to be most discouraging from the Catholic point of view as the violent persecution begun by Calles still rages. On the one side stands an atheistic government supported by a well-equipped army and a Soviet labor organization spurred on by a

The Truth About Mexico Should Be Told

merciless hatred. On the other side are millions of helpless Catholics persecuted and shot down for the crime of being loyal to God and their own religious convictions. The government officials grow bolder and more tyrannical by the day.

At present, leading members of the Chamber of Deputies are pushing through a bill requiring the President to order a wholesale deportation of Catholic bishops and clergy for their "subversive propaganda," that is, because of their efforts to give religious instruction and spiritual consolation to members of their flocks. Government employees have been discharged for not marching in the recent anti-religious parade. Churches are definitely closed and all Catholic schools proscribed. Any attempts at organized religion and all religious functions, if not stopped by mandate, are defeated by force of arms.

Meanwhile, north of the Rio Grande, American apathy continues. It is true that Press reports are more enlightening and come nearer than formerly to describing the state of affairs in Mexico. But, with few edifying exceptions, editorial comment is very guarded. The Catholic Press of the country valiantly continues its single-handed struggle to gain for Mexican conditions the nation-wide attention which they deserve. The Government at Washington has been appealed to, especially in regard to the Daniels episode, but diplomats spurned it with an indifferent shrug of the shoulders after reporting that Ambassador Daniels was unconscious of any slur upon the Church or conniving at anti-religious legislation. What we need in Mexico is another Dwight Morrow. What we need here in America is a strong voice to demand action and call the attention of the great American people to the intolerable state of affairs now existing in Mexico.

About a year ago a militant, zealous and typical layman from the great diocese of Brooklyn, New York, appealed to Father Charles E. Coughlin of radio fame, to give one of his "powerful Sunday broadcasts, to which millions listen, in behalf of our stricken people in Mexico." Father Coughlin replied that his program of addresses had already been arranged and could not be altered. The self-same plea was renewed and sent to Father Coughlin last week. Recently, it appeared in the Brooklyn *Tablet*. It is hoped that this courageous cleric will see fit to give at least one Sunday afternoon to an explanation of conditions in Mexico and an appeal for the persecuted Catholics there. THE SIGN joins wholeheartedly with the writer of the communication to Father Coughlin and enthusiastically echoes the eloquent and righteous challenge:

"You can do more than anyone in our country to dramatize this infamy; to arouse your fellow-citizens to the iniquity; to either bring about some redress or at least pillory the vile régime now ruling in Mexico in such a manner that they shall know their very names are a stench in the nostrils of every decent human being. Your typical message would, too, bring to their senses the Daniels, the Moleys and the rest who, playing the part of 'Alice in Wonderland,' have actually swallowed the mangy camel of persecution while looking at the Heavens which are far away. Millions will rise and bless you for it."



BY the time these words see print, the annual Christmas shopping rush will be on. During the next few weeks, thousands of books will be bought and sold to be given away as

Give Catholic Books For Christmas

Christmas presents. A good book nearly always makes an appropriate and appreciated gift. Among the numerous and various titles which will be

offered by publishers and booksellers throughout the land, there are included many worthwhile Catholic works.

Of late years, here in America, a decided and most welcome improvement has been made in the character, matter and craftsmanship of the Catholic literary output. Several factors can be adduced as causes for this gratifying state of affairs. There has been, for one, the rise of the Chesterbelloc—which may God prosper. Perhaps the most powerful agent has been the rapid growth of a healthy competition, especially that offered by British publishers and authors. Be that as it may, our American Catholic publishers have at last emerged from the doldrums of the insipid, over-pious and puerile stuff which they published so abundantly in the past and called Catholic literature. Our fiction writers have begun to produce some really good novels. Formerly, and for much too long a time, Catholic fiction consisted mainly of stories of the miraculous, drop-dead variety, with sacharrine heroines, namby-pamby heroes and hopeless *deus-ex-machina* plots. Dealers despaired of selling the "typical" Catholic novel. Lives of the Saints were stereotyped and dull. Apologetics was confined to an outworn list of standard, tried-and-true authors.

Today, we can be proud of the efforts of Catholic authors and publishers. The glorious sun of that bright new day of Catholic literature, so long and so ardently hoped for, shines resplendently. Catholic authors are respected and frequently quoted. Catholic books receive prominent space in reviews. Catholic fiction is alive, full of interest and charm. The lives of the Saints have been fashioned into reading that is edifying and appealing. Excellent volumes are being published dealing with the many phases and questions of modern life.

Sad to relate, despite these advances and improvements,

Catholic literature is little better supported than formerly. No doubt that is because it has a reputation to live down. The buying and reading of Catholic literature should be encouraged. It is a form of Catholic Action that cannot be recommended too highly. If you are going to give books for Christmas, buy good Catholic books. There are plenty of them to choose from. A group of suggestive lists, arranged according to certain states and positions in life, will be found under the heading: *Notes On New Books.*



THE alarming recurrence of strikes and other labor disputes in so many sections of the country serves to emphasize the fact that something definite and lasting must be done in the way of reaching an amicable and decent agreement between employer and employee. Of course this is merely to state a platitude.

The Laboring Man is Still Discriminated Against

Social reformers have been singing this same tune for years on end. But never before, perhaps, has there been such a rapid and disastrous accumulation of serious labor difficulties up-setting the land.

The causes are not far to seek. All friends of labor hailed the promulgation of the much-discussed Section 7(A) of the National Industrial Recovery Act. It was claimed on all sides that a solution had at last been reached for the problems that beset Labor and Capital. Now, however, we are confronted with a Section 7(A) that is not enforced or that is squared and cribbed and maimed to fit the selfish desires of the powerful interests. A glaring instance of this is to be found in the shilly-shallying of the Government, especially of the Department of Labor, in the trial case of the Automobile Industry. It is now definitely up to the Government to perform this necessary work of amelioration and settlement, even at the risk of the charge of "government interference." In the words of Pope Leo XIII, "whenever the general interest of any particular class suffers or is threatened with injury which can in no other way be met or prevented, it is the duty of the public authorities to intervene."

The Wagner Bill should be resurrected and studied again and enforced without amendment. The fact that this legislation of Senator Wagner was dickered with and changed by some of the "Brain Trusters" is responsible for the hornets' nest that is now around the ears of business and industry. The result has been a positive retardation of any steps toward industrial recovery.



AN informative and somewhat startling communication has been received from Most Rev. James H. Ryan, S.T.D., Ph.D., Rector of the Catholic University in Washington.

The Catholic University: A Plea for Coöperation

THE SIGN is asked to announce that December 2 will be "Catholic University Day" in eighty-two American dioceses. That Sunday has been set aside as the day for discussing, praying for and collecting for America's foremost Catholic institution of learning.

Bishop Ryan tells us that the growth of our Catholic University has been most encouraging. In three years' time the student body of the Graduate School has increased over three hundred and twenty percent. The three centers at Washington, D. C., Dubuque, Iowa and San Francisco, California, where the annual summer schools are conducted report an unprecedented increase in registration. The Catholic University now holds fifth place among the twenty-nine members of that privileged group known as The Association of American Universities. It is the only Catholic member.

Among the interesting facts stated by Bishop Ryan in his communication are the following: The Alumni of the University are the backbone of the Catholic college and parochial

school systems of the United States. 89% of the students of Catholic colleges for men are taught by graduates of the Catholic University, and 60% of the girl students studying in Catholic women's colleges are taught by teacher-graduates of the university. Two-thirds of the diocesan superintendents of schools received their training at the Catholic University. The new colleges recently added to the University are performing a marvelous work. The School of Social Work has students from every section of the country. The School of Scholastic Philosophy bids fair to become a bulwark of the Catholic intellectual forces in America. The improvements already made, as well as those planned for the future, necessitate the collection and spending of vast sums. The greatest means of revenue must come from the generosity and support of our Catholic people.

Few Catholic colleges can boast of any sizeable endowments. Most of them have to struggle along in a sort of hand-to-mouth manner, hoping for a generous donation now and then, and trusting to the providence of God. This is a serious indictment upon the Catholics of America. Harvard University has an endowment of one hundred million dollars; Columbia University has an endowment of eighty millions. The Catholic University of America has an endowment of only thirty-five thousand dollars that is unrestricted. This fact alone should serve as a spur to forward looking and zealous American Catholics to do everything that they can for the advancement and up-building of this great Catholic University which is America's own.

THE SIGN considers it not only a privilege but a most pleasant duty to call the attention of its readers to the urgent needs and tremendous possibilities of the Catholic University of America.



A SHORT time ago England's famous Dean Inge announced his intention of retiring. "Going on the dole," as he expressed it. For some years past this so-called "gloomy" gentleman has managed to gain world-wide attention as a sort of *enfant terrible* of the Church of England. The more conservative members of that

Dean Inge and Popular Pulpit Antics

body regarded him and his antics with mild horror. Whatever he said, or wrote, or did was generally able to provoke violent disagreement.

On the occasion of his last public appearance he delivered an address at Westminster entitled, "The Work of the Clergy in the New Age." It is a variegated and intimate document containing, among much that is superfluous, irrelevant and bitterly bigoted, some sound advice and prudent counsel. The "gloomy" Dean made a strong plea for what he termed the "imponderables," and condemned superficial success in religion. He readily admitted that churches can easily be filled by providing what are called bright services, topical sermons, politics in the pulpit and clever advertising. He insisted, however, that what really matters is whether the congregation is brought nearer to God. The clergy can give nothing which they have not got themselves. To him, as a clergyman, the most important thing is the care of souls. The clergy should not propound schemes of sloppy socialism and call them Christian politics and economics.

These words may well be heeded by many of our better known and highly publicized non-Catholic pulpiteers who are so frequently guilty of making a travesty of religion. A glance at almost any Monday morning edition of a metropolitan daily, reporting the sermons of a previous Sunday, reveals the depths to which these men have sunk to gain popularity and an audience. What they preach is not Christianity, but mere ethics and Rotarianism. They have put Jesus Christ out of their churches, and with Him has gone all that is real, all that is vital in religion, all that is powerful for winning and holding the heart of man. They have turned their churches

into show houses or open forums for every manner of strange doctrine. To them the powerful words of Scripture may be fittingly applied: "... The error of Balaam they have for reward poured out on themselves. ... They are ... clouds without water which are carried about by the winds, trees of the autumn, unfruitful, twice dead, plucked up by the roots, raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own confusion; wandering stars. ..."

Amid all this nonsense and silly showmanship stands the Catholic priest. He needs no high-pressure methods to bring crowds. He knows that if crowds come it is not to listen to him because he may be a clever fellow or a good speaker, but because he breaks the bread of God's word to them. He is the ambassador of Christ. In their Churches, Catholics do not worship the sermon: they worship Christ present in the Holy Eucharist.



THE annual drives in support of various charitable and welfare organizations are now being carried on in hundreds of communities. People who have steady work or other means

Christmas Time Challenges the Generosity of America

of income are asked to give generously for the sake of their less fortunate brethren. The task facing these societies for human relief is, this year,

greater than ever. It is estimated that there are over 10,000,000 men out of work in America. In New York City one out of every four persons is receiving unemployment aid.

President Roosevelt in his appeal for contributions for civic and local relief work said that "none of us wants to eliminate the personal factor in taking care of human needs." The President also appealed for the support of private charitable institutions and societies. It will be a sorry day for America if private societies should ever be forced to discontinue their magnificent work. A large number of these organizations are under Catholic auspices, conducted by self-sacrificing religious men and women who seek no reward or human glory. No convinced Catholic can shut his ears to their pleas for aid. This is not said, however, with the idea of having Catholic support only Catholic charities. Creed restrictions and racial boundaries are out of place when it is a question of relieving those who are in dire want.

Giving in the sweet name of charity is one of the noblest forms of Christian virtue. Christmas Day is itself the anniversary of the birth of the spirit of peace and brotherly love—a spirit that was intended to be an abiding heritage of Him Whose birth is celebrated and a spirit which is needed today more than ever before. He who gives to the poor, he who feeds the hungry, he who gives shelter to the homeless and clothes his brother who is in rags, he who sacrifices that others may be happy, approaches the real appreciation of Christmas and discovers the true Christmas spirit. There is no joy to be compared with that which comes to a man from the knowledge that the human race is a little better and stronger and made more hopeful because he has lived and given cheerfully from the abundance or paucity of his means.



THE correspondence columns of the *Sign Post* contain a letter from an irate lady of New York City who condemns us for criticising ex-President Herbert Hoover. It is but one of several letters which have been received written in the same strain. This fact, if it does nothing else, shows a gratifying reader-interest. We were once accused of being subsidized by Jewish interests.

The President's Social Security Plan Deserves Support

The matter of politics is a touchy one and is something in which *THE SIGN* refuses to take sides. Our editorial policy is strictly non-partisan, unless the Church be attacked. We sup-

port no particular party or subscribe to no definite political credo. The nation and its interests, the commonweal and economic stability are far more important than any party or clique. Anyhow, party politics is largely a case of the pot calling the kettle black.

Still, now that the recent campaign is at an end, and the choice of the majority disclosed in the returns, we have no scruple in announcing that *THE SIGN* will extend its fullest coöperation to the present régime wherever such coöperation can conscientiously and reasonably be given. In no sense will it be a blind support. It would be just as freely given if Mr. Hoover were in the White House. At the same time, criticism and dissent will not be spared wherever and whenever occasion demands. It is unjust to infer that *THE SIGN* is unreservedly pro-Roosevelt. The President was roundly scored in these very columns for his attitude concerning child labor. If *THE SIGN* is pro anything it tries to be *pro bono publico*.

At present, however, we firmly believe that the efforts being made by Mr. Roosevelt toward recovery and for the betterment of the laboring classes deserve the hearty support of every American citizen who desires the establishment of genuine social justice. Moreover, not a few of his enactments and plans, especially his "ten-point social security plan," closely resemble the doctrines enunciated in the immortal encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII. At least half of the proposals in this program are to be found in the writings of that great pontiff:

- Unemployment insurance.
- Provisions for old age security.
- Provisions for meeting the economic risks of illness.
- Special measures for the economic security of children.
- Survivor's insurance.
- Dependency and relief.
- Employment opportunities.

Such forward looking and constructive social legislation calls for immediate and unqualified public support. Likewise it will require vigilance and constant investigation to see that its measures are carried out honestly and completely.



TO the editors and publishers of *The Commonweal*, America's leading journal of Catholic lay opinion, on the tenth anniversary of its founding. ¶To Cardinal Mundelein of

Toasts Within the Month

Chicago, on the completion of his cherished project, the seminary of Saint Mary of the Lake. ¶To George A. Delhomme, Jr., a student at St. Thomas College High School, Houston, Texas, on winning first place in the sixth annual national Gorgas Memorial Essay Contest. Students of Catholic schools won first, third and fourth places in this contest. ¶To Archbishop John J. Glennon, of St. Louis, on the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. ¶To the Supreme Board of Directors of the Knights of Columbus, on their vote to continue the organization's financial support of the weekly Catholic Hour broadcasts. ¶To Bishop Gabriel Reyes, on his being made Archbishop of Cebu in the Philippines. He is the first native Filipino to be elevated to such a high rank. ¶To *Catholic Art*, a new bi-monthly magazine soon to make its appearance. It will devote itself to stimulating an appreciation of the arts preserved by the Church and to pointing toward their further development. ¶To Werner Janssen, on his becoming, at the early age of thirty-four, the first American conductor of the famous Philharmonic Orchestra. ¶To M. Jacques Maritain, one of the world's greatest living authorities on Thomistic Philosophy, on his arrival in the United States for a lecture tour. ¶To G. K. Chesterton, on the anniversary number of his internationally known *G. K.'s Weekly*.

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

LEISURE

By Grace Noll Crowell in the "Good Housekeeping" Magazine:

I SHALL attend to my little errands of love
Early this year
So that the brief days before Christmas may be
Unhampered and clear
Of the fever of hurry. The breathless rushing that I
have known in the past
Shall not possess me. I shall be calm in my soul
And ready at last
For Christmas: "The Mass of Christ." I shall kneel
And call out His name;
I shall take time to watch the beautiful light
Of a candle's flame;
I shall have leisure—I shall go out alone
From my roof and my door;
I shall not miss the silver silence of the stars
As I have before;
And, oh, perhaps—If I stand there very still,
And very long—
I shall hear what the clamor of living has kept from me;—
The Angels' Song.

TALE FROM A WAYSIDE TAVERN

SURELY the picturesque Alderman in this incident taken from Dr. Halliday Sutherland's new book "A Time To Keep," must have strayed out of the pages of a Dickens story:

I landed at South Farnbridge to look for an Inn. A short road led from the water to a single street of houses. To the left of the road was a deserted factory, most of the houses were empty, and at the further end of the street I found the Anchor Inn, a modern brick house.

I entered the Saloon Bar. There was no bar in the room. At a table sat a clean-shaven, short, broad old man wearing a check suit with tight-fitting trousers; a scarlet waistcoat with brass buttons, and a white top hat. He had a narrow forehead, and a small bald head, defects revealed when the white top hat was removed. His knuckles were gnarled with rheumatism, and he was playing cribbage with another old man who looked like a villager. On the walls were colored prints of coaching and race horses, flanked by coach horns, whips and polished bridles.

"May I have some beer?"

"Yes, Alderman," said the old man, without looking up from the cribbage board.

"And some supper?"

"Yes, Alderman."

"And a bed?"

"Yes, Alderman." And the old man rose, raised his hat, clapped his hands, and shouted, "Beer for the Alderman."

A barmaid from the adjoining public bar, where a few customers were playing darts, brought a tankard of ale, set the cloth, and produced a supper of pressed salt beef, raw onions, lettuce, cold potatoes, bread, butter and a ripe Stilton cheese.

The old man addressed all males as "Alderman," and expected to be called "Alderman" in return. He was no alderman, but a semi-retired publican from Hackney. His recreation had been coaching, and for many years he had driven his coach-and-four—The Old Times—to the Derby, and in old age he had come to this quiet inn.

At ten o'clock the customers, including his cribbage friend, departed. The Inn was closed, and the Alderman's wife, a deaf old dame in a black stuff dress and lace cap, now joined

us, and sat knitting placidly. The old man drank neat gin, and was soon on his feet reciting stanzas from Macbeth. He had never read the play, but had often seen it acted at the Old Vic.

At half-past ten he stood on a chair, took a coach horn from the wall, unlocked the door, went outside, and sounded a blast to the stars. Macbeth was then forgotten, and his conversation became rather Rabelaisian. At eleven o'clock he finished an unprintable story by putting his hands to his mouth, and shouting like a newsboy, "Death of Gladstone—death of Gladstone." This shout his wife must have heard, because she put away her knitting and spoke for the first time:

"You've had enough."

"Did you hear what she said?" said the Alderman, looking at me.

I nodded, and he rose to declaim at the top of his voice, "How now, you secret, black and midnight hag! What is't you do? A deed without a name."

The old dame went to the door, held it open, and without another word the Alderman went to his bed.

A NEW YOUTH PROGRAM

IN a letter to the "Times" of New York, a former advocate of Pacifism radically changes his views and offers some new ideas for the training of American youth:

To the Editor of the New York Times:

You have published letters from me during the past year pleading for the disarmament of American babies by restricting the sale of toy weapons of crime and war.

I wish to withdraw all of those pleas and register my complete change of view.

Today's dispatches from Rome announce the new Italian policy by which all boys must enter the army at 8 years of age for preliminary training in the art of killing; then enter the military service at 21, and after that phase is ended serve ten years in actual or potential slaughter. Mussolini wants Italian infants to become murder-minded before they are old enough to get any humane point of view.

America must have a fleet second to none, an air service second to none, a land army second to none. It must be prepared at all times to outnumber, with superior equipment, the next greatest national murder machine on earth. Thus, protected from Europe by the Atlantic and from Asia by the Pacific, we may live to see Upton Sinclair President of the United States.

To this end I withdraw my suggestions for disarming the babies and substitute the following competitive platform:

1. Every American boy baby must, immediately upon birth, be swathed in a national flag.
2. All milk bottles for boy infants must be made in the shape of automatic revolvers, sub-machine guns or gas bombs.
3. At 4 years of age each boy must be given a real revolver or rifle, and after three months' learning how to pull the trigger must kill his nurse.
4. At 8 each American boy must sing the words backward of "Maryland, My Maryland," which, written at the time of the Pratt Street riots about seventy-five years ago, is still sung lustily in Maryland public schools. The song pledges all singers to "avenge the patriotic gore that flecked the streets of Baltimore," referring to that fight with Massachusetts troops.
5. At 9 years of age every American boy must go on the

warpath at railroad stations, hotels, Kiwanian, Civitan and Rotarian meetings and hunt down and kill any person present who is known to have come to Maryland from Massachusetts. He must then place his foot on the neck of the corpse and sing the song of hate partly quoted in Paragraph 4. He may kill all the other Kiwanians, Civitans and Rotarians also without censure.

6. At 10, 11 and 12 and on the anniversary of his birth at these ages each boy must shoot and kill his youngest sister, his nearest aunt and his grandmother.

Other paragraphs will be added as ideas occur. The present move is to get quickly into action to match the Italian program. If Mussolini teaches babies to think violence and look forward to massacre, we must not be behind.

Baltimore, Md.

HENRY EDWARD WARNER.

CHRISTMAS 1933

It is nearly a year since this tender poem by Philip Jerome Cleveland appeared in the pages of one of our popular monthlies. The sentiments which it contains are still appropriate:

A city mother in the long ward lifts
Her tired eyes to nurse and asks, "May I
Look at my baby?" then she reaches hands
To press her husband's fingers. With a cry
A little bundle, wrapped in shining white,
Nestles to her heart; she moves the seam
Of cloth to see his face; the color glows
Upon her cheek. "See, George, we have our dream."
No song—except the snow-winds of the sky
That part the curtains close behind her cot;
No light—except the arc lamps of the street
She can not see tonight. Perhaps there ought
To be the Magi, shepherds here, instead
Of crowded beds and restless eyes and pain;
The only form in white—the faithful nurse
Who walks the silent corridors again.
The girl of twenty-two, at length she sleeps;
Nurse takes the little bundle, with a smile
Speaks to the father, "Now you'd better go."
He turns and softly passes down the aisle.
She sleeps, and all the winter skies gleam gold—
Stars, angels, songs, and God are everywhere;
The city clock strikes midnight; in the ward
Earth dreams again of love, and Christ walks there.

DANCER'S DIET

BILL ROBINSON, America's premier tap-dancer, has a diet of his own invention. The "New Yorker," in a brief biographical sketch, published this information. It may be tempting but it is hardly advisable as a health measure:

He looks about half his age. He is built like a middleweight boxer, and never gains or loses a pound. His weight is one hundred and sixty pounds, his height five feet eight. His hair is black, short, and kinky. His complexion is like luminous teakwood. He has all his own teeth; a few years ago, he had three of them encased in gold plate, but this operation was purely decorative. He is examined regularly by a white physician with an office in the East Sixties, but no signs of chronic ill health have ever been detected. The dancer's only sickness in the past forty years have been three attacks of ptomaine poisoning. He has been shot four times during the same period, but the wounds in each case were trivial. He has been slashed by knives and razors a dozen different times, but never stabbed. His physician was for a number of years concerned over Robinson's diet, which consists mostly of vanilla ice cream. Bill eats four quarts of this every day. The dish forms the main course at his morning and evening meals. For lunch he has nothing but ice cream. For breakfast he eats, along with the ice cream, eight or ten hot buttered biscuits. At dinner, after ice cream,

he has a steak, some chops, or a mess of fried fish, with hot buttered biscuits. His doctor has decided that there is no use in insisting upon a revision of this routine until there appears some slight sign of a deleterious effect. Nothing of the sort has ever developed. "Organically," the doctor says, looking rather baffled, "Bill Robinson is perfect."

PRESIDENTIAL FOIBLES

IRWIN (Ike) HOOVER, in his best seller "Forty-Two Years in the White House," relates the following three inconsequential but delightful anecdotes:

When Taft came to the White House a large tub had to be placed in his bathroom, since the one already there was not big enough. The President would stick in it when bathing and had to be helped out each time.

President Wilson had an album made containing pictures of all the members of the Senate and House, so that he would recognize them when they came to see him. He spent many hours studying the pictures, which were taken by a prominent photographer.

Coolidge used to have his head rubbed with vaseline, regularly, while eating breakfast in his bedroom. A couple of times he actually had his hair cut while eating breakfast.

GOING UP

THE following interesting statistics, found in the New York "Herald Tribune," prove that elevators carry more people than subways, buses and street cars. Somehow, one never hears of elevators being in traffic jams:

Vertical transportation by means of elevators in the buildings of Manhattan Island accounts for the movement of 12,350,000 passengers daily and greatly exceeds the number carried on the subway, street cars, El lines and buses, which total but a little more than 9,000,000, and is much safer than horizontal transportation, according to a survey just made by the management division of the Real Estate Board of New York, Inc.

Clarence T. Coley, operating manager of the Equitable Building, 120 Broadway, said recently the sixty elevators in the building carry from 75,000 to 90,000 daily.

The seventy-one elevators in the Empire State Building, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street, according to Chapin L. Brown, operating manager, carry from 35,000 to 40,000 persons daily. The elevators have a maximum capacity of 85,000 persons daily.

A NEW DICTIONARY, CONTINUED

HERE are a few more extracts from the dictionary of J. B. (Beachcomber) Morton, columnist in the London "Daily Express." Taken from "Morton's Folly," his latest book. With delicious irony he pokes fun at the vagaries of the modern mind:

BOYISH: An adjective applied to girls.

BREWER: An almost obsolete word. It now means chemist.

CHATEL: A woman who so far humiliates herself as to marry, to remain faithful to her husband, to have children and to manage her home, is known as a chattel.

CLANDESTINE: Well-advertised; adjective usually applied to the visit of an American film star to London; or to a fashionable wedding, widely photographed and described.

CLEAN-UP: A system employed by the police to get rid of undesirable night-clubs. The clubs are closed, and may only be opened again under new names.

CLEAR-CUT: Any policy of the government, e.g., the present policy with regard to disarmament.

CONFESSION: The widely advertised publication of the intimate details of somebody's private life.

HERALD: A dressmaker who imposes a new fashion upon women is called a herald of whatever it may be.

HERO: One who breaks a speed record.

HESITATION: When a pedestrian, in trying to cross a road,

finds motor vehicles coming at him from every direction, at a high speed, he makes use of what is called, for want of a better name, hesitation.

HIGHER CRITICISM: Saying that Homer and the Song of Roland were written by committees, Shakespeare's plays by Bacon, the Gospel of St. John by anybody but St. John and so on.

HOME: An institution for the infirm or aged.

HOME-LOVING: Any actress who is photographed in some one else's rock-garden is described as home-loving.

HONEST: A man who has not actually been caught red-handed in any dishonest act. When there is nothing whatever to be said about a politician, he is called honest. The public usually understands.

HUMAN: Adjective applied to a novel, as in the sentence: "It is a human story, brilliantly told."

HUMDRUM: A word to describe people who prefer their own home to other people's homes; and even to restaurants and night clubs.

INDEFATIGABLE: Women who keep on giving parties are said to be indefatigable.

INDEPENDENCE: A state attained by women when they all began to dress and walk and talk in the same way.

INDISPENSABLE: Anything any one wants to sell you.

INTELLECTUAL DRAMA: Strindberg, Ibsen, Pirandello, Toller, Tchekhov, Bjornson, etc.

PRICELESS: Adjective used to express admiration for anything that is within the reach of all but the smallest purse; e.g., a film-play.

PRIEST-RIDDEN: Adjective used to describe the state of affairs in those countries where the Catholic Church is said to have no power any longer.

PRIMITIVE: Any hotel is primitive which is without running water, electric light and telephones in every room; and has no cocktail-bar, dance-floor, swimming pool; and no loud-speaker in the lounge.

PRINCE: Any exiled Russian.

PROBLEM: A noun used almost always in connection with women's clothes, as in the phrase, "The dress problem."

PRODIGY: A child who plays the piano when he ought to be asleep in bed.

PROGRESS: A system by which everything new is better than the thing it supersedes. All history teaches us that the world is slowly advancing towards a millennium. This constant improvement may be noticed today in, say, the department of Architecture.

PROVOCATIVE: A reviewer's adjective for any book, when his other adjectives have been used up.

PUGILIST: A business man who is occasionally compelled to box a round or two in the interests of his business.

QUAINT: Adjective used to describe the customs, manners, dress and architecture of a foreign nation.

QUIXOTIC: Any one who attacks an existing evil.

RAID: When members of the police force visit a night club, it is called a raid.

HELPING TO MAKE LIFE EASIER

THE weekly feature "Saturday Night Thoughts," in the Boston "Evening Transcript," recently carried these appropriate words of counsel and encouragement:

Tomlinson would like to be rid of his wife, because, as he says, "she is difficult to live with." I have not heard Mrs. Tomlinson's account of the situation, but most people in my opinion, certainly at times, and some of them all the time, would answer to that description. Human nature is a thing alive and in its own interest is inclined to be assertive. And undue self-assertion is one of the conditions which unquestionably make living together difficult. I was tempted to answer complaining Mr. Tomlinson that invariable ease in living together was probably not mentioned as a promise, or allowed as a reason for separation, in the marriage vows

he made. We do not even promise that we will make married life as easy as possible for the bride (or bridegroom) when we wed; though I think that should be instinctively accepted as something naturally involved in the marriage vows.

The three prerequisites of success in living at ease with others whether in the married state, or in any of the other close relations of our life, are—(I might call them the three C's)—contribution, consideration, cheerfulness. There is no passivity in close relations of shared life; no walking with eyes downcast, hands in your pockets or under a coat. The duty of contribution lies upon everyone. The words of duty and opportunity run: "Give and it shall be given unto you." One must be generous, if one would live at ease. It is a high art to hold the tongue at the right time and in the right company; but the strong, silent man who sits through a family meal and opens his mouth only for his fork and spoon is not a real contributor toward ease of living. Indifference is too provocative of dislikes.

In order to be generous toward those with whom we live we must be considerate. Living at ease is largely made up of little, often trifling things. And its word is, even in these little things, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." How much broader, how much more interesting and delightful is the world of the considerate man! It is of the essence of politeness to be thinking of the needs and wishes of our neighbor. And how much it adds to ease of living, let him who has been so unfortunate as to be for a little linked up with an inconsiderate person in close relations, tell.

And the third word of ease in living together is cheerfulness. Its Scripture text is: "Be of good cheer!" Why not? Are we not all God's children, his allies in living, partakers of his care along our way? Shall we be daunted by the happenings of a day, when we are heirs to everlasting life? Do we not owe it to our neighbors and our household not to go with long-drawn and lugubrious faces, walking tombstones in the light of day? Did not our Master recognize the inevitable trials of this life, yet say, "In the world ye shall have tribulations; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." In cheerfulness, we are His witnesses. Is it not a rare privilege that each of us may help to make some part of our earth cheerful by the manner in which we live!

YOUTH AND OLD AGE

TED ROBINSON of the Cleveland "Plain Dealer" compares the wisdom of youth with that of old age and draws his own conclusions:

Old men are wise about youth,
Young men are wise about age;
But each finds it impossible
To understand or forgive the other.
Shaw says every man over forty is a scoundrel,
Ford says the world couldn't be run
Without the judgment of men over fifty.
A great bishop says that the colleges
Are lunatic asylums to keep youth out of mischief;
And another cleric says he believes
Everything a young man says,
Because a young man is not a dodger of questions,
As an old man is.
And as long as I'm quoting,
I may as well quote Swift, who says
That no wise man ever wishes to be young—
But who also says that old men, like comets,
Are only revered for their long beards;
And the superstition that they can prophesy.
What may we conclude?
That the young are as wise as the old,
And the old as silly as the young.

Thirty-Second International Eucharistic Congress

By Wm. O'Brien Reeves

I HAVE just come away from what I feel sure must rank as one of the most stupendous and profoundly impressive spectacles that has ever been witnessed in the demonstrative annals of mankind.

It was the concluding ceremony of an epic week of memorable ceremonials in connection with the Thirty-Second International Eucharistic Congress, which has transformed this great Capital of the Republic of Argentina into a mighty al fresco cathedral, within the spacious boundaries of which has been celebrated a manifestation of religious Faith on a scale and with a measure of devotional fervor that has never been exceeded since the world began.

Words can never genuinely interpret what this past week has meant not only to Buenos Aires and Argentina, but to the world at large, and neither can they adequately convey with anything approaching fidelity the splendor and magnificence of the services; the wealth of wisdom and learning that has been represented here; the great minds that have spoken words that will live as long as memory holds; the prodigality of decorations and illuminations that turned this metropolis into a beflagged and bannered town by day, and a fairy city of dazzling incandescence by night; and last, but most wonderful of all, the amazing demonstration and unbridled display of an all-consuming Faith by the people of a nation to whom their Catholic religion is something closer to them than breathing and more intimate than the sense of touch itself.

For months past intensive preparations had been proceeding apace in order that the Thirty-Second of these renowned pageants in honor of the Blessed Sacrament in the Holy Eucharist should go down to history as something worthy of a country in which the Faith is such a virile and vigorous force in the national life.

And how magnificently that inspiring ideal has been fulfilled will yet be told from many a pulpit by the great host of prelates and priests who came to this distant land from all parts of the world in order to participate in this great and spontaneous act of Faith.

The high honor that was accorded Argentina by His Holiness the Pope in

nominating as his Legate to the Congress, his own Secretary of State, Cardinal Eugene Pacelli, fired the imagination of the people of the whole country, and when his Eminence arrived here the day before the Congress opened he was given a tumultuous reception that was indeed historic.

Travelling with his entourage on the Italian vessel, the *Conte Grande*, the Papal Legate was received with the full naval and military honors of a visiting monarch, and every ship that passed the *Conte Grande* on the high seas, saluted and rendered respectful homage to the representative of the Sovereign Pontiff.

As soon as she passed into the dun-colored waters of the Rio de la Plato, the *Conte Grande* was joined by a squadron of Argentine battleships; and before she entered the port of Buenos Aires a fleet of airplanes supplemented the naval guard of honor, while a salute of twenty-one guns informed the waiting and expectant city that a great Prince of the Church stood upon its threshold.

The capitol itself had been decorated on a scale that had never been attempted on any previous occasion. Yet we in Buenos Aires are not unaccustomed to seeing this "Paris of the South" wearing those colorful garbs which she dons with such light-hearted gaiety and happy frequency on the festive occasions of those national anniversaries, feast days, and the hectic week of the annual Carnival, when King Momus holds his Court of High Revelry before Mother Church calls upon her children to put away frivolity and submit to the penitential discipline of Lent.

THERE are no more gifted artists in the creation of decorative effects than in the Argentines, and their capacity in being able to devise and conceive electrical colored patterns and designs, presenting when displayed, vistas and perspectives of bewitching and transcendental beauty, amounts to veritable genius. That genius reached its highest expression of achievement for the Congress. This ordinarily beautiful city, adorned its fair countenance by the gorgeous effulgence flowing from a scheme of decorative lighting that turned

its *avenidas* into boulevards of enchanting beauty, and threw a glamorous veil of many-hued lights over Palermo Park, the principal venue of the ceremonies. That rural demesne was changed into an arcadian garden of indescribable loveliness.

Penetrating this Park in cruciformation are two magnificent *avenidas*, Alvear and Sarmiento; and at the point of bisection in a spacious plaza stands the Spanish Monument, a gift from the people of Spain on the occasion of the centenary of Argentine Independence. This monument, a great pile of masonry, had become completely enveloped by a gargantuan cross of reinforced concrete which towered to a height of over a hundred feet and became the predominating landmark of the entire city. The great plinth had been constructed with an expansive platform some thirty feet from the ground, which provided accommodation for several hundreds of prelates, members of the Government, diplomatic corps, and other privileged persons.

ON each of the four sides of the base of the Cross were erected altars. Attached to the dais of the plinth by a broad carpeted stairway was the elevated High Altar in a huge glass-incased pavilion, with its protruding pulpit, similarly protected, to allow of a crystal clearness of audibility in broadcasting the sermons to the tremendous congregation. The throngs occupied benches extending for half a mile down each of the four sections of the *avenidas* that radiated from the foot of the Cross like the naves of some colossal church.

Surrounding the pedestal of this great Sign of salvation on the ground level was a statuary of angels. The general effect of this mammoth white structure, with its broad, whitened façades reflecting the iridescent brilliancy of the tropical sun, and its gigantic contour vividly silhouetted against the cerulean blue of the cloudless southern sky, constituted a massive shrine of grand and imposing splendor.

Never had there been erected at a Eucharistic Congress such a Cross as this. To its foot there flocked enormous multitudes—men, women and children of

all nationalities, from every walk of life, speaking diverse tongues, yet all united by a oneness of purpose in subscribing a great gesture of homage to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. They were there to thank Him for favors received, to humbly beseech Him for blessings to come, and to solicit from Him that strength, fortitude, and grace to bear bravely and uncomplainingly the trials, sorrows and tribulations that have pressed so heavily upon mankind during these recent bitter, post-war years.

BUT it was at night time that the pilgrims, who had journeyed from afar, beheld a Buenos Aires they can never forget. That portion of Avenida Alvear extending from the Cross to the residence of the Papal Legate resembled some brilliantly illuminated corridor in a vast Palace of Light. Festoons of colored electrical globes threaded their way through the trees on either side. In the center of this commanding thoroughfare the tall lamp standards had been ingeniously intertwined with electrical designs of all the colors of the prism. Between these, huge electrical candelabras drenched the roadway with their luminance and imparted to its precincts an atmosphere of magical unreality. Outside the residence of Cardinal Pacelli there had been suspended a wonderful illuminated night sign representing the Papal Coat of Arms, in tints of scarlet and gold. It extended right across the highway, and was the most superb example of electrical decorative art that had ever been seen in this city, which yields to no other in this class of craftsmanship.

It was to such a Buenos Aires as this, which I have all too inadequately described, that the Cardinal Secretary of State of the Vatican City arrived on October 9, vested with his high and Solemn Pontifical responsibilities from the hands of the Holy Father himself. In the mid-afternoon of that day the *Conte Grande* crossed the bar, amid a tornado of booming sirens that crashed out their concerted roar of welcome, and stirred the hearts and quickened the pulses of the tremendous crowds that had assembled to extend a great reception to a great priest.

Every ship in the port had been gaily decorated for the occasion, and as the *Conte Grande* slid into the waters of the North Basin, pandemonium broke out. Ships of every size and calibre roared forth in hissing steam, that expression of applause and approval peculiar to boats, and rising in uproarious crescendo, deafened the ears and made heads swim with the reverberations of their obeisance. Those were thrilling and unforgettable moments.

The vessel itself was ablaze with hundreds of colored streamers and bunting that flaunted in the breeze like those

of a conquering cruiser as she steamed slowly past liners, manned warships, cargo boats, tramps, tugs, yachts, dinghies, all of which bore decorations that trembled with the concussions of the acclaim that issued in one uninterrupted sequence from every side. And the *Conte Grande* acknowledged on behalf of his Eminence the welcome by a booming rejoinder of appreciation and gratitude. The quays were black with cheering, flag-waving, and enthusiastic thousands of people. A band strove valiantly to contribute audibly its meed of melody against the tumult of the ships—and lost without dishonor.

Throughout all this clamor, the central figure of this vociferous demonstration, Cardinal Pacelli, who was visibly moved by the emotion of the experience, stood on the bridge, repeatedly raising his hand in benediction towards the crowded shore. As the ship drew to its moorings, the waiting thousands caught sight of the tall, thin, scarlet-clad figure of the Cardinal and gave him an ovation, the swelling echoes of which informed a waiting and expectant city that a great Prince of the Church had arrived outside its gates.

Disembarking, with musical honors, his Eminence was greeted by the President of the Republic, General Augustin P. Justo. It was after an address of welcome had been read that there came one of the most delightful surprises that has charmed the people of Buenos Aires more than anything else during these wonderful days. Cardinal Pacelli replied in fluent Spanish, the language of the country. The crowd almost went mad with joy when they heard that this distinguished prelate was intimately familiar with their own mother tongue. Remarkable scenes were also witnessed in the city itself as the Papal Legate drove through the streets with the head of the nation. General Justo, commenting later on the reception to the Cardinal remarked: "In all the years of my life I have never witnessed a demonstration so grandiose and overflowing with sympathy as I have seen today."

THE same evening the following message to the Argentine people was issued by the Papal Legate: "While the whole world turns its eyes towards Buenos Aires, where redeemed humanity celebrates a new triumph of its Divine King, alive and present in the Sacred Eucharist, it is my pleasure to transmit to you through my humble person the approval, benediction, and participation of His Holiness Pope Pius XI, Christ's Vicar on earth.

"As a messenger of him who represents on earth the King of Justice and the Prince of Peace, I express my fervent wishes that, as occurs today in Buenos Aires under the Eucharistic banner, all countries should fraternize in one and

the same hymn to the greater Glory of God, and in one and the same purpose of perfection; and that the same fraternal union should rule over all understandings and all hearts, under the august sway of the Lord who lives on our altars.

"To all the generous activities of the Argentine Catholics; to their works of charity, piety, and social beneficence; to their efforts in the cause of culture and education; to the Apostolic work of the Catholic Press; to the multiple flourishing institutions of Catholic action, an ideal so vehemently wished for by our Holy Father Pius XI; I send, on treading Argentine soil, my applause, my words of stimulation, my best auguries, while I invoke the propitiatory benediction of Our Lord on this treasure house of good works."

AMONGST the distinguished prelates who also arrived were their Eminences Juan Verdier, Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, Augusto Hlond, Cardinal Primate of Poland, Sebastian Leme, Cardinal Archbishop of Rio de Janeiro, Manual Gonçalves Cerejeira, Cardinal Patriarch of Lisbon, together with thirty-three archbishops, hundreds of bishops, and thousands of clergy and laity from all parts of the world.

The outstanding events of the Congress were the inauguration ceremony; a monster demonstration at midnight mass of men; the receiving of Holy Communion by over one hundred thousand children, dressed in white; seven thousand communicants from amongst the officers and men of the Argentine army; and the Pontifical High Mass and Grand Procession of the Blessed Sacrament on the final day. Every one of these events provided spectacles and scenes that time nor distance will ever obliterate from the minds and memories of those who witnessed them.

At the official inauguration, High Mass was celebrated by the Archbishop of Buenos Aires, Monsignor Copello, at the Altar of the Cross at Palermo, with a choir of five hundred voices, whose magnificent singing has been a feature at all the great services. The Papal Bulls were read in Latin and Spanish, and the Papal Legate blessed the huge concourse. The ceremony, which concluded with the congregational rendering of the Congress Hymn, was broadcast to twenty countries.

The grand midnight Mass for men in the Plazo de Mayo and the monster procession of these sons of the Church from Plaza Congreso along the Avenida de Mayo, was one of the sights of a lifetime. Even the Central Organizing Committee never anticipated that the demonstration would assume such astonishing proportions. The respective national communities congregated at separate points and converged on Plaza de Congreso, where they were marshaled

for the procession down the Avenida de Mayo which is the main thoroughfare of the city. Preceded by their national flags, on they came, tramping sturdily down the roadway in their thousands upon thousands. It was an epic scene.

Midnight mass was said at four altars, and vast crowds of the men went to Holy Communion. Confessions were heard on the sidewalk, priest and penitent standing together making the pavement the confessional. The brilliant decorations, a sickle moon pinned like a crescent brooch against the purple robe of a starlit sky, the music, the hymns, the singing and the tramping of this vast multi-clad army of over half a million men, was an exhibition of such dramatic and moving power that it is quite beyond the range of my pen to paint any word-picture which would re-create in writing the splendor and majesty of that superb and wondrous scene. Many of the women who packed the sidewalks to proudly see their menfolk go by, wept openly as a result of the stirring and emotional reaction of it all, and many of the people did not get home until five and six o'clock the next morning.

WHEN over one hundred thousand children assembled at the Communion Mass, held in the shadow of the great Cross at Palermo on Thursday morning, there was presented such a picture that prompted the Papal Legate when he mounted the steps of the altar and stood transfixed with delighted amazement at the view, to remark: "This is Heaven!"

The spectacle of over a hundred thousand children, the boys dressed in white suits, the girls arrayed in bridal attire, certainly looked like no terrestrial scene. It was one of resplendent and ecstatic beauty. Four cardinals said masses at the four altars; three hundred priests distributed Holy Communion, and at the conclusion of the service, two thousand of the children walked to the altars and deposited their symbolical offerings, a bunch of grapes, a loaf of bread, and an ear of wheat.

The assisting at mass and the receiving of Holy Communion by seven thousand soldiers was another function conspicuous for its impressive grandeur, and during mass a number of non-Catholic members of the Army announced their conversion and were immediately baptized amid the loud cheering of their comrades. Airplanes hovered overhead and from the heights bestrewed showers of flowers, which fluttered down over and around the Cross, providing an ethereal effect which enchanted all who beheld the descent of this harvest of blooms.

Just before I commenced to write these lines I witnessed the concluding services of the final day that have brought to an end this epochal Congressional

Pageant, which has been characterized by demonstrations and scenes that we of this generation shall never see again.

Today, Sunday, like all the days since the Congress began, has been brilliantly fine, summer having come at a bound, anxious to greet and serve this glittering Religious Carnival. From early morning all roads led to Palermo, and it seemed as if the great Cross that had reared itself far beyond the tree tops had become a mighty and irresistible magnet, drawing all hearts and directing all feet to within the restful shelter of the enormous shadow with which it had blessed the land. By ten o'clock a congregation of seven hundred thousand people had assembled. They clapped their hands like the sound of myriad machine guns as the Papal Legate arrived to himself officiate at High Mass as celebrant.

The Monstrance

By E. M. D.

THE Manger was His Monstrance

When shepherds bent the knee,
Reft from His Mother's bosom
That all the world might see
Its Monarch, in a manger
That thrones His Majesty!

A glittering golden monstrance
We found for Him too late.
A cattle trough enshrines Him,
Displays His pomp and state;
And Mary's arms are empty
At her pondering heart's dictate.

Oh, sorry throne, a manger!
But men must see their King
Oh, piteous gaud, a monstrance
To hold a Heavenly thing!
But shepherds are adoring,
And seers their tribute bring.

As his Eminence walked round the four sides of the platform to acknowledge the wonderful ovation, the multitude adopted their more customary method of applause, which I think is the most charming I have ever seen. Everybody commenced waving a handkerchief, and the visual effect created by the fluttering of these hundreds of thousands of little white banners was incredibly wonderful to behold. It was like an illimitable landscape of moving snow, or a vast field of lilies blowing before the influence of a strong breeze.

The Papal Legate also preached in Spanish, and his voice was relayed by a network of loudspeakers to all parts of the metropolitan area. You could have been stationed at a point in the center of the city, two miles away, and heard

every word as clearly as if you had been sitting on the steps of the pulpit.

Then, after the consecration, a stenorian voice came through all the amplifiers: "Silencio! — silencio!! — silencio!!!" and it seemed as if the very birds had stopped singing and men had forgotten to breathe, so completely enveloped had the mighty concourse become in the weird and wonderful silence that descended upon it.

Standing, frozen into immobility, we waited; and then from his private study in the far away Palace of the Vatican came the voice of the Holy Father himself, speaking in Latin, words of gratitude, of pride, of peace, of sweet counsel, and of benediction to those of us of his world-wide flock, who, in this City of the South, had gathered to render homage to Christ, the Eucharist King.

IN the afternoon the procession of the Blessed Sacrament was the most spectacular one that has ever been seen in Latin-America. It proceeded from the Church of the Pilar along Avenida Alvear to the Cross. The white and gold vestments of the Papal Legate and his deacons, the scarlet of the cardinals and the archbishops, the purple of the bishops — as they marched six and eight abreast respectively — the uniforms of the troops, the various habits of the different religious orders, and the white surplices and black cassocks of the secular clergy, provided a feast of kaleidoscopic color that was bewilderingly brilliant.

Benediction was then given and the singing of the hymns by an assembly, which was computed at not less than a million people, was wonderful beyond all words. After the Papal Legate had given the Pontifical Blessing, that stenorian voice again came through the amplifiers: "Viva El Papa" and the terrific voluminous response of a million tongues roared back: "Vi-vaa."

"Viva El Cardinal Pa-cell-ee,"—"Vi-vaa."

"Viva La Patria,"—"Vi-vaa."

"Viva El Congreso Eucaristico de Buenos Aires,"—"Vi-vaa."

A section of the crowd close to where I stood, started chanting "Pa-cell-ee, Pa-cell-ee." When his Eminence entered his car and proceeded slowly down the *avenida* amid that deliriously enthusiastic throng, blessing them as he passed, one realized then what an unexampled triumph the Thirty-Second International Eucharistic Congress had been.

I feel sure that if the rest of the believing world had witnessed those final and unforgettable scenes, and a voice had paid its tribute to the people who participated in them by calling: "Viva El Pueblo Argentino," the remainder of the mighty assembled hosts of Catholicism would, with resonant and resounding acclaim, have thundered back: "Vi-vaa!"

Beatrice Chase— The Lady of the Moor

By Annie Russell Marble

BELOW the highest Tor in Dartmoor is a vine-covered cottage and a picturesque chapel that attract thousands of visitors. Some come as tourists, in quest of a new impression; more come to seek and find moments of peace and spiritual uplift before the shrine at Venton House, at Widecomb-in-the-Moor. If they should arrive early in the morning, when the birds are singing and the sunrise rays are shining through the stained glass windows of the chapel, they would see such effects as have been described in a story, "The Twelfth an Amethyst," of this chapel and its priestess: "They lit up the big crimson banner embroidered with white fleur-de-lis till the lilies blushed like the rose. One long ray of rose-red light from an angel's wing lay for a few moments right across the white altar cloth in heavenly benediction. In all this splendour, the silver lamp with its tongue of ruby flame burnt, still and calm, suspended from the black rafters. Sunrise and sunset glowed and faded; the rose lamp shone day and night, unfailing."

"Beatrice Chase," the creator of this "little shrine" in the chapel at Venton House, is Olive Katherine Parr. To her deep interest in the welfare of "tempted men," whom she has saved by her prayers and her practical helpfulness, hundreds have borne testimony and given gratitude. She is a descendant of Katherine Parr, the sixth queen of Henry VIII. She has written prose and verse, occasionally in her own name, but more often under her pseudonym. She is "The Lady of the Moor," vivid and appealing in that story with the same title by "John Oxenham."

These two authors, both using pen-names, established during the World War, what was called *The White Knight Crusade*. It was an earnest effort to keep the hearts and souls of men white by friendly interest and religious services. Here Katherine Parr kept her record-book; from this shrine she influenced hundreds of men and scores of women to pray for tempted men. She writes me: "I am a member of the Third Order of St. Dominic and have lived, since my majority, under the vow of perpetual chastity."

In her book, "White Knights on Dartmoor," she recounts the incentive and

progress of this White Knight Crusade. The first suggestion came in a letter from a lady about her son, at the outbreak of the war: "He was the only son of his mother and she was a widow." This young man was to be sent overseas. His name was Michael. The statue of St. Michael, erected at the shrine at Venton House, was in memory of the answers to prayers by Katherine Parr's mother who was seeking aid to open a home of rest for poor ladies. In another book by Katherine Parr, "Through a Dartmoor Window," she tells more about this cottage home and "The Rainbow Maker" who sits at her window, weaving rainbow chains and necklaces of Venetian beads, "to sell to rich women for the help of their poorer sisters." In this way she has been able to transform certain "alluring old cottages into a tiny free holiday home for poor ladies who have to earn their own living in large cities."

To this Michael, the son of the widow who was soon to go to war, Katherine Parr sent a medal of St. Michael, blessed for his safety and soul. In time, other mothers sent her the names of their sons, to be inscribed behind that statue of St. Michael and to be remembered in the prayers in the little chapel. At first the special petitions were for their safety but, in May, 1916, a letter came from one of these men asking prayers for "the

BEATRICE CHASE wrote personal messages to the men, urging them in the name of chivalry as well as religion, to take a pledge: "I promise with the help of God to be true to honor." They were to become "Knights in the Name of God and St. Michael." In a birthday book of olive wood and with gilded edges (which had been given to her by her mother) she inscribed the first three names—those of John Oxenham, a young officer, and a friend whose father had been a hero in the Crimean War. These names of stainless men were inscribed, she writes, "in the little white chapel which is set like a tiny seed pearl in the great ring of the hills of virgin Dartmoor."

soldiers who were in danger of immoral influences."

John Oxenham, the poet-friend of Katherine Parr, corroborated the tales about the temptations that menaced the moral stability of men in the army. One day she said to him, "We must do something at once. We must write, of course. You and I can write. If we save one man from destruction, life will have been worthwhile and if we do not save even one, we shall have done our best and shall dare to stand before the Seat of Judgment. You are actually writing now. Well, write a poem at once, warn them and save them." Within a few days John Oxenham had written the two poems of strong, emotional appeal, "The Mother's Cry" and "The Boy's Reply." The first expresses the poignant fear of the truly Christian woman who dreads more the thought of her son's defilement than his death.

THE MOTHER'S CRY

My lad, my lad, you must go with the rest,
And I would not have you stay;
But, oh, my own, who drew at my breast,
How will you answer the terrible test;
How will you keep The Way?

There are ills that are worse than the
bullet or blade,
And those are the ones I dread.
I shudder to think of your dear limbs
torn,
Flesh of my flesh, of my agonies born,
But what I most dread is not steel or
lead,
But your virgin soul forsworn.

Heart of my heart, I would sooner you
dead
Than home to me maimed of soul,
Ravaged and marred by that terrible
thing
That is death in life and life's worst
sting;
Oh, my Boy! Come back to me whole!
Remember! Your mother was once a
girl,
Oh, son! What would you have thought,
If you knew that some man had wrought
her shame,
And withered her youth with his fiery
flame,
And upon her such woe had brought?
Son! Remember! These girls were in-
nocent once,
Dare you further their souls defame?
You cannot—you may not do this thing!

It is death in life, it is life's worst sting;
And the price you pay is . . . EVERY-
THING.

There is bitter anguish in the answering confession of the heartbroken youth who has lost his innocence. In the closing lines he voices the hope that willing atonement will satisfy for his sin.

THE BOY'S REPLY

God! If I could but undo it all!
I shall never be clean again.

What a price to pay for a moment's
sway!

A clean, sound life given up to decay,
For a thrill that was half a pain!

Now God forgive me that foolishness!—
Would my body could pay it all!

It will pay, I know, while my flesh
remains,

For nothing can ever wipe out the stains,
Or shake off the horrible thrall.

What a fool!—what a fool! What a fool
I was,

To walk into such a snare!

For I knew full well 'twas the gate of
hell,

And all who entered that doorway fell;
Yet—I entered—and did not care.

Did not care, until it was all too late;

And then! O, my God, the sorrow!

But, you see, we lived on the edge of
death,

From pulse to pulse, and from breath to
breath,

And there might be no tomorrow.

Well, what's done in the flesh must be
paid in the flesh;

Thank God, there is something after!

I have blasted the hopes that were more
than my own,

I have hurled my love from her pure
white throne;

My God! If there's naught I can do to
atone,

Then . . . I thank Thee for what comes
after!

BEATRICE CHASE wrote personal messages to the men, urging them in the name of chivalry as well as religion, to take a pledge: "I promise with the help of God to be true to honor." They were to become "Knights in the Name of God and St. Michael." In a birthday book of olive wood and with gilded edges (which had been given to her by her mother) she inscribed the first three names—those of John Oxenham, a young officer, and a friend whose father had been a hero in the Crimean War. These names of stainless men were inscribed, she writes, "in the little white chapel which is set like a tiny seed pearl in the great ring of the hills of virgin Dartmoor."

When priests come to the chapel, Masses are said. "Whatever may be the temperature," she tells us, "in proper summer, perhaps it may be one hundred and sixteen degrees in the lily-bed, but around the corner to the north, where is

the chapel, it may be only sixty degrees." In seven convents, on special days like Whitsuntide and the feast of St. Michael, the nuns prayed for these Knights. The booklet, prepared by Beatrice Chase, with her pledge and John Oxenham's poems, was circulated among all creeds. There were two hundred and fifty thousand in the Y.M.C.A. that were paid for by a baronet; they were distributed by Army and Navy Boards, and the Knights increased "as the prayers at the shrine became more fervent and far-reaching."

The zealous work of Beatrice Chase for the cleansing and uplift of the souls of her Knights, and her vital interest in all men and women who were struggling against evil passions and corruption, did not cease with the Armistice in November, 1918. Into her heart and to her shrine, during the years since then, have come many others who have acknowledged, in different forms, their debt to her prayers for their salvation and restoration of manhood. Sometimes this recovery has followed tragic events in their lives. Such confidences are not alone sacred but they are never used as literary material by their benefactress. In one of her stories, however, "The Twelfth an Amethyst," she has narrated a strange, true tale of one of her Knights, an embodiment of belief in Redemption. It is far more than a sermon. It is filled with the atmosphere of Dartmoor, of the quiet beauty of the valleys and gardens and the majestic scenery of the Tors that encircle the Moor.

THIS story opens in a gloomy prison, where three officials are discussing certain criminals and what shall be done with them. One of the "puzzles" is Michael Donovan, sentenced to penal servitude for life for murder. He has served his first ten years as an exemplary prisoner and seems now to be dying of a broken heart. He is only twenty-eight years old; he has been imprisoned ten years for the crime of stabbing a man. Michael was drunk. His victim was "a blackmailer who lived on the immoral earnings of women, and he was a skunk"—such was the memory of the official, as he cited the case. Michael had never forgiven himself. "Would release save him?" asked the Governor, turning to the doctor. "It might. It would depend upon conditions outside and where he went. He's entirely alone. And it's partly the loneliness that is telling on him," was the doctor's reply.

A few days later there came to Beatrice Chase, from the Home Office of the Prison Commissioner, a letter recalling that when Miss Parr had been one of the prison visitors, several years before, she had dealt with a woman named Elizabeth Donovan, now deceased. This woman's son was the prisoner who was a puzzle; he would be released if "some reliable person could be found to take charge of

him under police supervision." She must decide whether she would take this responsibility.

In reply, after she had thought long about the sad conditions under which Michael had been born and bred, she offered shelter for him with one of her cottagers, an Army pensioner with a kind wife. Miss Parr made one condition—that the "Home Secretary should waive license and allow Michael to come without a life ticket." The point was waived and the coming of this young man, stunned and seemingly indifferent to any interest in life, is the theme of the opening chapters in this story.

IN addition to the redemption of Michael and his amazing development there is another romance interwoven, sometimes it is dominating in "The Twelfth an Amethyst." It deals with the passions and experiences of Brian Fothergill and Eve Fortescue, their unhallowed love and selfishness, and their gradual purification spiritually, under the influence of Beatrice Chase and her shrine. From his doubts and negations as a deicide, due in large part to his conditions of birth and lonely brooding, Brian gains a strong faith. In token of what these lovers have endured, and their victories of the spirit, their benefactress gives to them amethysts. This is the stone of chivalry and romance but, even more, it is the symbol of their "climb to the highest" in spiritual conflict and victory.

Before and since the War, and her creation of this White Knight Order, Beatrice Chase has written a variety of books. Some of them are literary word-pictures of her beloved home-region; such are "The Heart of the Moor," "A Dartmoor Galahad," "Gorse Blossoms from Dartmoor" (a collection of poems) and "Pages of Peace from Dartmoor." In addition to this form are romances, in brief or longer text, like "Lady Agatha"; "A Romance of Tintagel"; "Patricia Lancaster's Revenge," and "Lady Avis Trewithen"; this last is an idyll of a girl who sought to escape from her environment of rank and become a child of the soil, loved for herself and not for her possessions.

This author can use the camera as skillfully as she does the pen; "Dartmoor Snapshots," with forty large pictures for which she has written the Foreword, is a colorful, charming book which visualizes for the reader this country of the moors, in summer and in winter. Amid these wider vistas there will linger in the memory of every visitor to the home of Beatrice Chase, or Olive Katherine Parr, peaceful, uplifting influences of the pictorial thatched cottages and the secluded chapel at Newton Abbey, in Devon, and "The Lady of the Moor" who has given spiritual awakening and hope to many saddened lives.

FACT *versus* GUESS

By George Rypins

MR. GUESS: I heard you just came back from Europe. Quite a few friends of mine took a trip across the Atlantic this year. I guess Americans, after staying home and seeing America first in the past year, are turning about again and prefer to visit foreign shores. What has happened?

MR. FACT: Yes, I think times are getting better. Rising travel statistics are a sure indicator. In the first six months of this year American tourists spent something like \$105,000,000 abroad.

MR. GUESS: How much did they spend last year during the same period?

MR. FACT: Only about \$25,000,000. They spent more than four times as much this year.

MR. GUESS: Did you ever try to figure out what the average tourist spends on a trip abroad.

MR. FACT: That would be a mighty difficult thing to do—for you cannot very well ask every single tourist when he comes home how much he spent in Paris, and how much on the boat; and how much went for shopping, and how much for the races, the theatre, and railroad fare. But what you can do, is to take the total expenditure and the total number of tourists.

MR. GUESS: Right, how much would that come down to per tourist?

MR. FACT: Well, there were about 103,000 American tourists counted in the first half of the year. So that would make an average expenditure of \$1,000 or thereabouts.

MR. GUESS: Say, if one-hundred thousand Americans went abroad in the first half of the year, what became of the domestic travel? There could have hardly been anybody left to see our own scenic marvels?

MR. FACT: Heavens, no! You are all wrong. Nearly forty times as many tourists went to see our national parks in the year ended September 30 than went abroad. The figure was somewhere in the neighborhood of four million. And it established an all-time record. The year before, not even three million people went to see our parks. So you see there must be still some of the depression left if so many more go West rather than East.

MR. GUESS: Why do they?

MR. FACT: It's cheaper, that's why!

MR. GUESS: Why, don't you think that people have always a couple of loose coins left when they want their fun? And how cheap you can go to Europe these days, even on the instalment plan.

MR. FACT: Let me answer that with another question: Don't you think that people can have a lot of fun even with-

out spending a great deal of money?

MR. GUESS: No, I don't. If you want fun, you have to have money. There's nothing for nothing.

MR. FACT: I am afraid the majority of the American people disagree with you.

MR. GUESS: How come? Open your eyes and see for yourself. Girls will pay the last dollar if they can have a fur-coat; boys will buy a car even if they are dead-broke. People in general will not shy from spending a lot of money just for the sake of keeping up appearances, just so they won't fall behind the standard of the Joneses.

MR. FACT: You may see a lot, on the streets, in the stores and among your friends. But you can look into precious few homes—and there, and there alone, can you trace the living habits and the spending habits of people. Now let me give you a few facts.

MR. GUESS: Where did you get them from? You are no Mephisto to steal into homes through keyholes?

MR. FACT: True, I am no Mephisto. But I like to read some good and solid information once in a while. I happened to read the results of a survey among more than five-thousand persons; and this survey included a total of 120,000 leisure activities, or an average of 25 for each and every person.

MR. GUESS: Why should anybody have more than one leisure activity, or hobby?

MR. FACT: Because they are not all exactly like your boys who buy a car, or like your girls who cannot live without a fur-coat and rather starve wrapped in one. People are not a dumb and clumsy average, they do have interests, they do care for things of an individual character. Now what do you think most of these people do to fill their leisure time?

MR. GUESS: They go to the movies.

MR. FACT: Wrong. Most of them, nearly 4,000 out of these 5,000 people, read newspapers, or magazines, or both. What is, do you think, the next favorite activity on the list?

MR. GUESS: Car-riding.

MR. FACT: Wrong again. The most popular activity after the newspapers and the magazines is to listen to the radio. Guess, Mr. Guess, what's next?

MR. GUESS: Now let me see. If it isn't the movies and car-riding, I guess it's just talking to and with and about each other.

MR. FACT: This time you should have guessed the movies. That's what they prefer next. And after, you were not far wrong, comes visiting or entertaining others. And then, people like to read fiction books, after which comes your highly-touted car-riding for pleasure. Can you guess the sequence to this?

MR. GUESS: No, I can't.

MR. FACT: You never would: swimming. Nor would you hit the next leisure activity right. It is writing letters.

MR. GUESS: Imagine that. Considering that lots of people feel as enthusiastically about letter-writing as I do, I am really surprised. I would have never thought of that.

MR. FACT: Yes, sir. And after writing letters, people like to read non-fiction books. And only at the end of the list comes general conversation. Now I ask you: Is there any expensive activity among this whole bunch? Are the majority of these people crazy to spend their money on just one thing on which they have set their minds? Or aren't these people rather modest in their tastes?

MR. GUESS: I admit, I am surprised. I thought that we are a rather extravagant people, what with cars, and fur-coats and the movies three nights a week. But from the picture you draw it would rather appear as if we could still enjoy the quiet of the home and a few leisurely hours with a good book.

MR. FACT: Yes, I think this money-madness is just one side of the medal of American life, and probably many people join it only because they have to between nine in the morning and five in the afternoon. Once they are out of this mill, many of the "live-wires" are glad to settle down for the first time of the day.

MR. GUESS: Leisure is a great thing, you know, if you have it. I have a business of my own, but as far as I know I have no leisure, and never had any.

MR. FACT: Of course not. Only those can enjoy leisure that are their own masters and have their own ideas and ideals about life. You have neither—but you have a business of your own. You have money—but you cannot buy leisure. It is too costly. A man without a job has leisure. Some of the unemployed know how to use their leisure. You don't, but you have a business of your own.

MR. GUESS: Don't get sarcastic. I am a hard-working man and I need a rest and leisure as much as anybody.

MR. FACT: You can chase money with success or you can have leisure. You cannot have both.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

The Fourth of Twelve Articles Dealing with the Chief Personages in the Religious History of Europe During the Seventeenth Century

By Hilaire Belloc

WE saw in discussing the Emperor Ferdinand II that his failure was mainly due to the discovery of a great military genius by Richelieu, the hiring of that genius by Richelieu in the interests of France, and the launching of him, also by Richelieu, against the Catholic Emperor.

The name of this genius was Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden. But for his quite exceptional talents in the art of war Ferdinand would have succeeded in making all Germans united under the Catholic Imperial Crown and in making Catholicism permanently dominating in Europe. The astonishing victories of Gustavus destroyed that opportunity, and Richelieu his paymaster was principally responsible.

Gustavus Adolphus was the immediate descendant of the man who had ousted the rightful King of Sweden from his throne. The Royal Family of Sweden was called Vasa. The Reformation in Sweden had followed the usual lines; the great nobles or landowners of that small country had looted the landed and other wealth of the Church, just as they did in England. They had been supported, as in England, by a small but enthusiastic minority of religious revolutionaries, and they had precariously established a Protestant government. The whole thing was done with more difficulty than in England because it came later. There were rich monastic establishments working almost to the end of the sixteenth century in Sweden, because, in spite of one small clique of men working to fill their own pockets, there was a succession of erratic monarchs, whose individual eccentricity prevented a continuous policy; for there was something of madness in all the Vasa family.

Now the legitimate heir to the kingdom of Sweden in the second generation of all this affair was strongly Catholic; and because he was hereditary King of Sweden, he was also the elected King of Poland—a country which, after much hesitation, had come down strongly on the Catholic side. This legitimate hereditary King of Sweden, Sigismund, thus became at one and the same time, the King of Sweden and of Poland. Even strong Protestants in Sweden hesitated

to take the full step of rebellion and refuse to accept his sovereignty for that would have been shocking to the ideas of the time; but, being determined to keep their church loot and at the same time to maintain the independence of Sweden, so that her affairs should not be merged in those of Poland, they made the young King swear to respect all the institutions of Sweden and maintain the Reformation settlement of land in that country.

Such a situation was too unstable to last. The vested interests created by the loot of the Church in Sweden were, as in England, terrified lest a Catholic monarch should restore the Church's wealth to its rightful owners, and they repudiated, in spite of their oaths, their legitimate king and adopted for their candidate to the throne his usurping uncle.

WHEN the usurping uncle, who thus held the throne of Sweden against all right, died, he left a young heir, by name Gustavus Adolphus, and that young heir was at once regarded by all those who had made their fortunes out of the religious revolution as their champion. For they did not know, what was soon to be proved, that he was not only the leader of anti-Catholic influence in his little country (a community not much larger than Scotland then was—at the most a million and a half souls) but a man unique in his time for the power of moulding and using an armed force. Young Gustavus Adolphus began by making the wealthy men of his country impress by forcible conscription as great a force as so small a community could yield. He then crossed the Baltic and launched out into adventures on German and Polish soil, to the south of that sea.

He was occupied in fighting his cousin, the Catholic King of Poland, upon whose throne he was himself a usurper, when his reputation reached the ears of the great French Prime Minister, Richelieu.

Richelieu had that quality which one continually finds throughout history in men who decide the course of international affairs successfully. He could foresee the results of character. It is true that Gustavus Adolphus had already given proofs of talent, but on a small

scale and in a small field. Richelieu had gambled, if gambled be the right word, on the chance of Gustavus proving to be what, in fact he did prove to be, a captain of the first rank. Richelieu sent an agent to approach Gustavus during his Polish war and to offer him money on a large scale if he would direct the attack on Ferdinand, who was in the midst of his hitherto successful experiment of recapturing Germany and establishing the power of the Emperor over the cities and smaller states. The first offer Richelieu made to Gustavus was one of three big tubs of gold. Gustavus (who is always represented to us as the champion of ideal causes) held out for five. Richelieu was determined to secure his services and therefore agreed to the five tubs of gold. When this had been settled—and not before—Gustavus was ready to march.

At first it looked as if the new situation would not make a very great change in the religious and political war among the Germans. Many of the German princes were jealous at seeing a Swede laying down a policy for them and enforcing it by his army. Some of them, though Protestant and northern, that is far removed from Vienna, thought it was better policy to remain neutral. Moreover, they did not yet suspect (nor did Gustavus himself properly understand) what vast talent the Swedish king possessed in the trade of arms. This was soon to be manifest.

THE Thirty Years' War between Ferdinand and the Protestants had been going on for more than ten years. The critical point at the moment when Gustavus Adolphus had engaged himself in it was with the town of Magdeburg, of which I spoke in my last article. It was the lowest main crossing of the obstacle formed by the river Elbe, which prevented the Emperor's armies working from the south to master the Baltic shore. Therefore, the Imperial forces of Ferdinand were besieging Magdeburg. It will always be doubtful whether Gustavus Adolphus might or might not have relieved the town, and whether his failure to do so was due to personal prudence (that is, his conclusion that the risk of attempting it would be too great), or

to the stubborn neutrality of the Protestant German princes who stood between him and the city. At any rate he did not relieve it, and the rebel town upon which the eyes of all Protestant Europe had been attracted was stormed and sacked by the Imperial General Tilly and his army. The most horrible barbarities were committed, and nearly the whole place was burned down. Though Tilly did his best to restrain the soldiery he cannot be absolved from responsibility for the massacre which the rebels suffered.

Gustavus Adolphus published an open defense of his failure to relieve the town, upon the value of which defense opinion is divided to this day. At any rate, shortly afterwards the striking Imperial successes had got him further Protestant alliances, and he began marching southward against the Imperial armies, side by side with his Protestant German allies. It was at Breitenfeld, in the plain north of Leipzig, on the edge of the hills that bound that plain, that Europe woke up to a revelation of the King of Sweden's genius.

THEN for the first time did Richelieu find himself amply justified in having hired him to reduce the power of the Hapsburgs. Indeed, Richelieu found that he had purchased service too strong for him and likely to embarrass his own plans. For Gustavus Adolphus, after his German Protestant allies had broken, restored the battle and not only defeated the army of The Imperialists under Tilly but virtually destroyed it. The remnant of the Imperialists fought magnificently for hours, but only a fraction could be led in formation off the field. All the baggage had gone and all the artillery.

For exactly a year Gustavus Adolphus now gathered to himself greater and greater forces from all the rebel and Protestant elements in the Empire, and advanced southwards and westwards. He went to the Rhine, he held a sort of Imperial Court at Frankfurt, he very nearly did what Bismarck was to do more than two hundred years later—convert the German Empire from a Catholic to a Protestant power. The great powers of Europe paid him court as though he were already in possession of Imperial authority—all this in quite a few months after the tremendous victory near Leipzig.



GUSTAVUS II ADOLPHUS of Sweden was born December 9, 1594, the son of Charles IX and grandson of Gustavus I Vasa. At the death of his father in 1611 he succeeded to the throne. He was brought up in the Lutheran faith and carefully trained in habits of business. When he came of age he entered into a struggle of arms against Denmark and Russia, by means of which he wrested from them districts which he claimed belonged to Sweden. These successes inspired him to develop his armies, which were soon regarded as the best troops in Europe. He attacked Poland in order to compel Sigismund to acknowledge him as rightful King of Sweden. In June, 1630, he landed in Germany with an army of 13,000 men for the purpose of aiding the Protestants in their struggle with the Catholic League under the aegis of the Emperor Ferdinand II. It was his military success against the Catholic forces in The Thirty Years' War for which Gustavus Adolphus is chiefly remembered. When he attempted to dislodge the Imperial forces under Wallenstein near Nordlingen he was mortally wounded and died November 16, 1632. Gustavus raised Sweden to a commanding position in the north, and succeeded in saving Protestantism in Germany.

As may be imagined, Richelieu was alarmed by the unexpectedly great success of his hireling. He did what he could to save the Catholic cause in Ger-

many and he got verbal promises from the victor, but he doubted their being kept. He was thoroughly alarmed at the too great measure of success he had obtained by his right judgment of the military talents of the Swede.

Gustavus Adolphus, having thus made himself supreme upon the Rhine and having swept over the whole of the north and centre of Germany, proposed to turn upon the hereditary lands of Ferdinand II and to strike at the heart of the old Imperial power. There was a moment in which it looked as if he might have seized Vienna itself. He crossed the Danube, he invaded Bavaria, the great Tilly died of wounds received in action, and it seemed as though the Catholic and Imperial cause were lost.

AT that moment, in desperation, Ferdinand called upon the captain who had formerly led the Imperial troops to victory, Wallenstein. It was a risk for the army would follow Wallenstein in person rather than the Emperor, and no one knew what Wallenstein would do if he should prove successful again. He was quite unscrupulous and was playing his own hand. Armies in those days were nearly all mercenary. They followed a leader for pay. The Imperial Government was very poor. Wallenstein thus recalled, held a name which worked miracles among his soldiers.

But Ferdinand took the risk and Wallenstein marched against Gustavus Adolphus, whose center at the moment was Nordlingen, a nodal point in the communications between the Danube Valley and the north of Germany. Wallenstein refused to attack for a long time. He entrenched himself in the neighborhood of Nordlingen until at last he provoked the King of Sweden to attack him, almost exactly a year after the first spectacular victory of the Swedes at Breitenfeld.

The shock came in 1632 on a day of fog and bewilderment. One may say that the Swedes had the best of it. Wallenstein lost his artillery and was tactically beaten; but there was no true decision, and the essential fact of the day was that Gustavus Adolphus happened to be killed in the turmoil. He probably fell through the accident of losing his way in the fog and getting surrounded by a detachment

of enemies. At any rate the death of the great Protestant hero shook the whole fabric of his enormous, but ephemeral, success.

What followed was a series of ups and downs. The Swedish prestige could not be permanently maintained. The Imperial forces recaptured a sufficient ascendancy to dominate, more or less, their opponents, but not to dominate them completely. The Emperor, as we saw in my last article, was compelled, owing to the intrigues and surreptitious treasuries of the time, to give up the essential of the whole affair—the restitution of Church goods.

Further, Ferdinand discovered that Wallenstein was likely to betray him. For the great but unscrupulous captain had all the strength now of an independent monarch, and Ferdinand was determined to reassert himself. His Spanish allies, that is the other branch of the Hapsburg House, furnished a new

army and the Emperor behaved with admirable courage and tenacity during the crisis in which the more than suspected treason of Wallenstein threatened his throne and his life. Ferdinand had the strength of will and the judgment to dismiss that too dangerous nominal subject who was really his rival. Wallenstein then betrayed the Emperor and entered into communication with the Swedes, who were still the nucleus of the anti-Imperial forces. But the Emperor in this moment found men to serve him. Wallenstein was bearded in his quarters even in the moment of his betrayal and was put to death by a group of officers in the Imperial service. His second in command had already proclaimed his own loyalty to the Emperor.

WITH the death of Wallenstein the Emperor was free from his principal danger within, but lost his most talented commander. The struggle drag-

ged on, as we have been, until after Ferdinand's death. The Thirty Years' War did not end until the general pacification of the mid-century, in the treaties which are usually known as the Peace of Westphalia. These were signed just before the triumph of the English revolution against Charles I, and one may say that, after 1650, Europe was finally settled into the opposing cultures which it has since maintained. North Germany, thanks to the efforts of Gustavus Adolphus and in spite of his death eighteen years before; thanks also to the statesmanship of Richelieu, the paymaster of Gustavus Adolphus, who was also by this time dead—was to be securely Protestant and its princes and lords and cities to keep the loot of religion. Catholicism in South Germany was saved, nominally, and the power of the Emperor was still maintained, but it had failed to make a united country of its subjects. The great Swedish general had done his work well.

NRA'S MORAL CODE

By George Stuart Brady

IT is time to clarify some of the philosophic fundamentals of NRA. It can be done now because the feverish "revolutionary" period is over, and the NRA is settling down to an administrative period. I say "NRA" rather than "New Deal" because NRA is the life-stream of the moral and social controls of the industrial age. Other New Deal organizations are either temporary in nature or are specialized in scope. AAA is governed in its labor relations by NRA. The only one that approaches NRA from a social standpoint is the CCC, which through its training system over youth and control over natural resource preservation may well become a permanent part of the new social order.

NRA is neither communistic nor fascist. If it is socialistic, as its critics say, then any re-ordering of the social system is socialistic. It is not a fact that NRA is shaking the foundations of the capitalistic order, as some popular writers claim. The truth is that the whole structure of capitalism had already crumbled, and "rugged individualism" had already proved itself incapable of maintaining a planned pathway that would be reasonably free from dizzy heights of speculation and depths of depression. NRA is not a reformation. It is a Counter Reformation. It is an attempt to purge our economic system of the abuses of baronic wealth and save it

from being overwhelmed by the wave of Communism and dictatorship that is sweeping the world. Our industrial age has become complicated. We must now plan or be engulfed in anarchy. We can no longer maintain an economic feudalism and save the political democracy.

Picture a condition, if possible, where a manager of an individual enterprise prior to 1933 had stated that he would keep no accounts, would never plan the production of his factory, never estimate and schedule his sales, never try to judge in advance the buying desires of his market, never make an investigation before installing new equipment. We would have said that such a man was incapable of operating a business. His business would run in fits and starts. His workmen would live in constant terror of lay-offs without pay. Banking houses would refuse to trust funds to him. He would soon be in bankruptcy. But that is exactly what every industry in this country did before NRA came. Men planned for individual business before 1933, but nobody planned for industries.

Capitalism before 1933 was not orderly. It was anarchistic in its business economy, and was without moral obligation in its relation to labor. It permitted companies to enter into any business they chose without considering the possible disastrous effects on other com-

panies in the industry. It permitted companies to open plants and take men from other plants and other regions without obligation of any kind that they and their families would have any security of employment. It permitted as high as eighty per cent of the gross sales price of a product to be spent in sales and advertising that was uncoordinated, wasteful and not particularly truthful. Men who in private life were charitable and kind were frequently unscrupulous and hard in ordinary business dealings. Such was the "American Individualism" advocated and practiced during the prosperity era.

IT is a mistake to consider NRA merely as an instrument of shorter working hours and increased pay. The immediate thing that brought it into being in 1933 was the need for an agency to put men back to work into industry instead of putting them on the dole of the government, but this feature was simply a trading point between industry and the government. The statement of the President on signing the National Industrial Recovery Act sets that point clear. He said specifically that business men who had complained for years that the government's anti-trust laws had prevented them from planning, now were to be given an opportunity to sit down together and plan for their industries. The law

gave them that power if they drew up for themselves codes of fair practice to which all would adhere. In return for that privilege they were to incorporate into each code hourly limitations of work that would be short enough to require the services of more workmen on their payrolls, and they were to stipulate minimum wage provisions that would guarantee every workman sufficient to enable himself and family to live decently and purchase some of the products of the factories. By a "living wage" it was specifically intended that the workman would receive enough to purchase those products of the machine age that the genius of the workers of this age had brought forth.

THE code system constituted a bargain with industry. Every code provided specifically for a governing body to be elected by the industry members to see that the pledge of the code was carried out. This governing body, usually termed a Code Authority, was to act as a board of directors for the industry. It could sit down together just as does a board of directors of an individual corporation and plan for the industry. It could talk prices and collect statistics to enable it to judge requirements. It could regulate prices or control the installation of equipment previously forbidden by the anti-trust laws, if such regulation were shown to be for the best interests of all concerned and written into the code. In other words, each industry and trade was to be set up as a corporation to plan in an orderly and commonsense manner as individual corporations had always done, and without which no intelligent guidance of the complicated problems of the industrial life of the machine was possible.

This may be termed corporate industry control, but it is not Fascism. Industry control under the NRA code system differs vitally in principle from the Italian corporate industries. In Italy the industries were commanded to set up into corporations, and only ten per cent of an industry was needed to carry out the commands of the government. In Italy the president of each corporation is a Fascist government official with dictatorial powers. Under the NRA code system no industry was forced to submit a code. It was simply given the opportunity to set up for commonsense planning *if in return it would put men back to work*. Under NRA the proponents of a code had first to show that they were truly representative of the whole industry, not merely that they represented sixty or seventy per cent, but that they had first given everyone in the industry an opportunity to be heard and to state his case. Under NRA the government does not elect the governing body of the industry, but merely sees that a truly representative group has a fair election

to select men from the whole industry. Under NRA the government takes no part in the operation of the industry. It merely places on the governing body an "administration member" without power of vote simply to watch for the general public interests.

In the face of a wave of Communism and dictatorship that was arising from the complete failure of the capitalistic system to function, and which was engulfing the whole civilized world, and in the face of a serious rebellious situation that was imminent in America because of the starving condition of millions of families whose heads could not obtain work, here was a generous and glorious opportunity for industry to save itself from complete conscription and to set up for an orderly operation of the machine age.

But was that challenge to industry accepted by the captains of industry? Under a wave of patriotism that swept the whole nation, two and a half million firms signed voluntarily during the first three months to carry out a pledge of putting men back to work and of operating their places of business on shorter hours during the period of code preparation. Then the codes began to come in for hearing and signature and the hand of the reactionary was to be seen at work.

A COUNCIL of men from all walks of life had set down and drawn up the so-called "President's Reemployment Agreement" which business men had signed voluntarily at the first outbreak of patriotism. It called for a 35 hour week. Those men, and the country at large, including the labor leaders who had been studying the situation intimately, felt that a week as short as 35 hours was vitally necessary to take care of the crushing burden of unemployment that was overwhelming the country. The officials of NRA kept up an insistence for the short week needed during the emergency, and the Labor Advisory Board of the NRA fought persistently for the short week, but the fact remained that most of the codes signed contained provisions for no less than 40 hours per week with exceptions requiring a 44 and 48 hour week for many types of labor. In the vast metal working industries, where unemployment was worst, practically no workmen were put back to work by any shortening of hours. The release of government funds made new work and took up more men, and immediately the reactionary baronic element, that begged piteously for help in March, 1933, took on again its old arrogance. The deadly influence of the small but powerful group representing the old greed and unscrupulousness of American anarchistic capitalism fought a relentless battle against the shortening of hours and won its first skirmish.

Is the campaign lost just because this first battle was partly lost? By no means. The campaign has gone forward to great victories in spite of the setbacks of battles lost. The NRA sought to save this country from Communism. It will win that fight in spite of the blindness of the reactionaries. In this country we have a situation differing from that of any other country in the world at any time through the ages. There is a relatively high level of education, higher than ever before known in any country. Moreover, in spite of gangster rule, the low morality of a society permeated with divorce and birth control, there is a higher generally recognized moral code than at almost any time before in any large country. There are great crimes in the United States, but they are not open and countenanced as they were in ancient times or during the middle ages. The open obscenity of Greece or Rome, or the beastly treatment of the serf women and the brutal crimes that passed without censure of court in the middle ages would not be tolerated openly in this country today. All this indicates that in this country we have a great middle class that prefers to do right. On one end of our society we have extreme labor radicalism, and on the other an extreme of greedy capitalists, but in between is the great majority of American business men and workers who want nothing more than a reasonable living for their families.

It is true that American business dealings have been permeated with selfishness, but it has been through an inherent fault in the system. The man who wanted to pay decent wages could not do so and continue in business because his competitors did not pay decent wages. He could not shorten hours because he had to compete with others who worked long hours. He had to join in the rotten barrage of unscrupulous and untruthful advertising or have his products considered as secondary. Thus, it is most certain that in spite of the fact that the NRA code system has not accomplished much in having written into the first draft of the codes provisions for an equitable share in the benefits of the machine age for the worker, it has succeeded in gaining for this great middle class of worker and employer the beginning of a medium whereby the two minority extremes of radicalism and selfish capitalism can be controlled.

MORE than five hundred industries and trades are now set up as corporations under the NRA code system. Men have been elected from these industries and trades to serve on the code authorities, and government men have been appointed to attend the meetings. The function of planning that is so vitally necessary to take care of the complicated operation of this industrial age has begun. Re-

calitrants can no longer remain outside to upset the plans of those who desire to do right, because every person who enters an industry must be a member of that industry and abide by its code.

It was too much to hope that capitalism would immediately throw off all the accumulated practices of a century and a half. Perhaps it was too much to expect that capitalism, which had never treated labor as more than a servant, and had never paid sufficient wages to give labor the products it made, would immediately pay an adequate wage, especially when the drafting of the codes was for the most part in the hands of the more powerful captains of industry.

But these directorates of industry and trade cannot and are not remaining in the hands of the selfish few. Every day they are coming to represent more and more the great middle class of Americans. As time goes on, and as they amalgamate into larger groupings of truer industries, similar directorates of workers will be elected to meet with them. The beginning of this is already seen in the construction industry and in others. Once set up into great vertical corporations like management labor can integrate its functions and place minimum values of a relative nature upon the work of different trades and classes of work based upon the elements that make up that work. An end can be put to the inhuman practice of buying labor at the lowest price set in a market where the laborer must work cheaply or starve.

IN the code system of NRA there is a decidedly moral difference from the system of Russia or that of Italy. If NRA were merely a machine to force employers to give a greater share to the workers in order to forward the production of the machine age, it would be as materialistic as the Gosplan of Russia. But it is not materialistic, although material benefit will be an immediate outcome of its success.

The will to do right is preferable to the mere doing of right momentarily under the compulsion of government, and the NRA code system is the expression of that will to do the right thing. It recognizes a difference between the function of management and that of labor, but it does not concede that the laborer is any less a human being than the manager. It says that because a man is born without executive ability and is willing to serve in the common forms of labor he shall not be condemned to bring up his family on a scale lower than the dogs of his masters. It recognizes that the dirtiest and roughest of labor are links in the chain of necessary organization of the industrial age, and they shall be compensated in such a way that the lowest worker shall be able to bring up his family in decency and health.

The NRA code system retains man-

agement as a higher function over labor, but unlike the doctrine of old capitalism of the "survival of the fittest," it places a definite obligation upon management to see that justice is done. The plan now moving forward is to bring into play the so-called "planning and adjustment boards" with members elected from industry to sit with labor leaders who represent the various types of labor in the industry. If industry rejects this and refuses to recognize the right of labor to act through labor officials, as it wants to do in the steel and automobile industries, it will do so at the peril of an ultimate terrible reaction. The company union, operated by management, has never been anything but a failure and a means of oppression, and never can be anything but a failure. It is inevitable that the most skilled workers and those workers who become educated are

selected to become foremen and ultimately to go into the ranks of the employers. Therefore, it is not morally just that the workers be left without skilled leadership to bargain individually or in isolated groups with their employers.

Every old tenet of unbridled capitalism has been challenged by the leaders of the new deal. Herbert Hoover, in his book, *American Individualism*, which was the handbook of the old era economists of 1928, claimed for Americans nothing more than the right of equal opportunity. This was a magnificent doctrine for the old captains of industry, permitting them to ride roughshod over the backs of their less fortunately gifted fellow men. But the NRA doctrine recognizes more than a right of equal opportunity. It recognizes the moral obligation of the more fortunately gifted to be just and charitable to those less gifted by nature.

In A Stable

By Beatrice Barry

GOLDEN the straw on which the Baby lies,
Golden the mist that shines around His Head,
Golden the oxen breathing slow and warm.
Shall men alone have hearts and souls of lead?

Silken the web that spins the spider grey
To veil the cold from the Dear Child away;
Silken the robes the prostrate monarchs bear.
And men weave ropes that tender flesh to tear.

Silver the stars that light their lamps for Him,
Silver and blue the mantle Mary shrouds,
Silver the patient ass, honored and grave.
Silver it was the traitor Judas gave.

Soft are the wings that angels fold above;
Soft are the eyes that watch the Child with love;
Soft are the sighs of awestruck shepherds shy.
Softly, apart, the cooing wood doves cry.

Did they foresee what cruel men would do—
That golden mist changed to a crimson hue,
Those eyes, still soft, with bitter tears abrim—
The faithful beasts alone not wounding Him?

* * * * *

Know, gentles, then—for such would ye be called
And thought of by the poor world ye revere—
There's finer Gold and Silk than ye can hire.
Come, in soft virtue clad, to this Child Dear.

THE HAPPY FAULT

A Few Consoling Reflections on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception—God's Merciful Plans Fulfilled Despite the Fall of Man

By J. B. Lux, D.D.

SOME people think that religion is a most dry and uninteresting subject, but that's because they haven't a sense of humor. This, in itself, is bad enough, but such people cannot even imagine God having a sense of humor! Why picture God as some impersonal tyrant who has not the slightest interest in the world He has created? Still, we know that God is completely independent of all His creatures. None can injure God in the least; none can make Him one whit happier. Don't you suppose, for instance, that He sees the ridiculousness of those who try to fight Him? It is barely possible that God wrinkles the face of the universe into a smile when He perceives the idiocy of the atheist and the futile attempts of the intellectual giant to destroy Him!

The Immaculate Conception of Our Blessed Lady is a perfect example of this. The story of how Satan tried to spoil the whole plan of creation and the manner in which God turned the tables on him has all the plots of fiction surpassed. God planned a creature to take the place of the fallen angels, and then, when everything was ready, Satan came along and spoiled things by the fall of Adam and Eve. Of course, Satan didn't really spoil things for God knew all along what was going to happen and He permitted it in order that He might have a greater triumph through another creature He had planned—but I'm getting ahead of my story!

Nowadays, there are many of us who never understand anything fully because we lose sight of the background. We don't grasp the setting, and so we see each doctrine of religion isolated from all the rest. Let's go back to the beginning. Let us imagine God having, from all eternity, all the good things possible. We know He has all the perfections and is the Creator and ruler of all possible things. What would you do, if you had everything and weren't entirely selfish? You'd want to share it with somebody, wouldn't you? Anyhow, God wanted to express outwardly these great perfec-

tions which He knew that He had, in order that others might enjoy them. So, He created the world. He must have had a lot of fun in doing it. He says so Himself: "I was with him forming all things: and was delighted every day, playing before him at all times, playing in the world."

If it was a delight to be forming all things, it must have been much more delightful after they had been formed. Everything made showed forth a new perfection of the divinity, like the many facets in a jewel of great price. The little acorn growing into a huge oak tree demonstrates the marvellous intelligence that put all the powers of the tree in the tiny seed. After the trees were made, the seasons sweeping over their leafy heads sounded the symphony of the Intelligence that made them. The gentle life-giving rain formed the orchestral overture to the tiny buds which make their appearance silently above the ground in the Spring. The warm breezes blow, the sun shines and, like some slow moving picture, they rear their heads on high and, as rockets shot into the air, burst in a million shades of beauty to clothe the Summer. As silently too, they feel the increasing coolness of the air which warns them that their part is played and the scene is ready to be changed for the stark beauties of Winter in their setting of ice and snow.

IN the reverse process they pass through a kaleidoscope of new shades as Autumn falls upon them. The tempo of the music quickens, the volume rises to a roar, for nature must show that God not only possesses the softer virtues of mercy and charity, but is also the personification of rigorous justice and retribution. And so the Winter storms break upon us, and we are as frightened as the flowers, which have long since betaken themselves from the stage. Amid the awful beauty of a world grown cold, the Almighty deigns to write his signature in a million geometric designs of

snow and ice, so symbolic of the dispassionate rigor of His justice.

The order of the universe showed forth God's intelligence. Its creation from nothing, at a mere word, demonstrated His power, its beauty gave an indication of His goodness which He further explained in the animal kingdom. The timid little rabbits scouring the fields, show by their agility that God has not forgotten their weakness. The slow-moving turtle is safe in the castle of his shell. All these and like wonders barely rippled the surface of His goodness, far less sounded its depths. "Let us make man to our image and likeness." The rest of the creation seemed hopelessly inadequate to give any idea of His infinite perfections that He decided to make a small imitation of Himself. God would create a being which, though it had a body in order to exist in a natural world, would be similar to Himself through its immortal soul.

THE soul of man is exactly like God because it is a spirit and it has an intelligence and free will. The other creatures are forced to praise God. The mere fact that they exist shows forth His perfections. But God wanted free praise and only through man could He get it. It amounts to this then, that He said: "Let us make a creature and give it an intelligence like ours, so that it may look around the world and from all these beautiful things discover the Maker. Then, let Us give him free will that he may praise us or not as he will."

It was quite an idea! Fancy what would happen if you gave a four year old a hammer and put him in a room full of china and expected everything to turn out right. That's the wonderful thing about it all, that in spite of our free will everything turns out as God wanted.

This new creature, man, was just a little less than the angels, and that little less was the fact that he had a body. It hampers us at times, you know, and we have to invent all sorts of machinery to

get away from the body's limitations. Nevertheless, it was perfect in its own way. God had given everything necessary to its state. He had to do so if He wanted to be reasonable. He had to give man the ability to eat, if He wanted a creature that would be sustained by eating. Otherwise He would have been working against Himself. It would be as if one should want an auto which would go, but refused to put an engine in it. These natural gifts then are due to us according to the design of our nature.

God went further than that. He gave Adam and Eve gifts that were in no way due to nature. He promised them immunity from sickness, suffering and death, from concupiscence and all irregularity in their own nature. We know that if one of the complex system of nerves in our bodies is disturbed, we will feel pain. It is obvious then that immunity from suffering was a free gift. What about death? Death is the most natural thing there is. You plant a living seed and it must die to bring forth a tree or flower. Scientists tell us that every time we move a muscle we are burning up cell tissue which is rebuilt again. So the whole system of nature is based on death. Never to die was certainly a free gift. No wonder we read in the book of Genesis that God looked on everything after He had created it and said it was good!

JUST a minute ago I used a big word—concupiscence. Nowadays, one must use a big word or two for the sake of prestige. However, the explanation is very simple. God not only does things well, but also very orderly. He put a splendid order in the creation. The lower animals were subject to man as right reason would demand. The faculties of the body, like the appetites for food, for seeing and hearing, were all subject to the faculties of the soul—the intellect and the will. Thus when Adam's intellect told him he had eaten enough, his appetite did not demand more. This is what the big word means. Freedom from concupiscence means that there was no struggle between what Adam knew should be done and what he wanted to do.

The same was true about sex. The Book of Genesis says that Adam and Eve were naked and were not ashamed. They were not ashamed because reason told them that God, through sex, was making them partners with Him in the creation. They knew that, though God wills to create each soul that comes into the world, yet He wills it only on the condition that men will cooperate in producing the body. Adam knew, that sex was for that purpose and immunity from concupiscence in this regard was that he had no desire to use sex when the purpose of God would not be ac-

complished. Why should he have been ashamed?

I suppose that you are wondering where the thrilling story is. It's my fault, for I became a little too enthusiastic about the creation. Wouldn't you? Think of that beautiful order in the world arising from the fact that the will of Adam was in perfect accord with the will of God. One could write for hours about it, but we must go on with the story. The villain must be produced. Oh yes, there's a villain. God was creating man to supplant those rebellious angels who had followed Lucifer and become devils. There is a big thrill in the fact that besides the natural gifts, and those others which are called preternatural, God promised Adam and Eve, if only they would remain faithful, that they would see Him as He is. They would not only supplant Satan but even be closer to God.

That was the way things stood when He put our first parents in the garden of Eden. It was a pretty nice place. A good climate, much better than California, with rows and rows of trees that never had to be sprinkled or cared for. They were allowed to eat anything they wanted except the fruit of one tree. God was not stingy, as we saw before, but He knew His Adam. Here was Adam, monarch of all he beheld, having no superior except God whom he could not behold. You couldn't run a class room and allow the children to do as they pleased all year, and then on the last day of school expect them to obey you. God knew that Adam would get so used to being boss of everything that the day would come when he would refuse to recognize God as his superior merely because he couldn't see Him. That's why He gave Adam the tiny little command of not eating from a certain tree.

There have been a great many jokes made about that apple, but when you obey a command you admit a superior, and if you can suggest a better command, go ahead. Should God have forbidden them to walk in a certain place, or talk at a certain time, it would have been equally "funny." Personally, I've never thought the apple a bit funny, because I couldn't suggest anything better. Ultimately, it was the principle of the thing and one command was as good as another.

THERE seems to be a slight difficulty about bringing in the villain. Lucifer knew what was going on and he knew that he was being supplanted in heaven. He was jealous, and that's what makes him the villain. He couldn't do anything to God about it, so he got the bright idea of ruining this brand new creature of God's benevolence. Whether it is easier for the devil to tempt a woman than it is for him to tempt a man,

I have no idea. It is hard to say whether Adam would have resisted if he had been tempted first. Anyhow Eve was strolling through the park one day and Satan tempted her along two different lines. He appealed to her appetite for food and to her pride by suggesting that she would become like to God if she ate of the fruit of the tree of good and evil.

TO give Eve credit, she does not seem to have aspired to be like God, for Scripture says that she saw the fruit was good to behold and she ate. Nothing happened immediately, so when Adam came along she gave him the fruit and he ate also. Then something did happen; something big happened all of a sudden, for Adam perceived that he was naked and began to make himself a dress of leaves. He had broken the bond whence flowed the unity of his nature. He had opposed his will to the command of God. He had severed that unity between himself and God upon which the unity of his own nature was based. The lower faculties of the body were revolting against their master—the will of Adam. They were blindly seeking their object in spite of the fact that the intellect was saying that they should not. All the undue gifts, the immunity from suffering and death, the right to see God in heaven, were gone in that instant. Satan had really accomplished something, and one imagines that he left the garden chuckling with glee.

It has been a long time since the devil had this triumph in the Garden of Eden. Looking back at it now, some people think that we have received a rather severe punishment for something we didn't do. There may be some who would have resisted the temptation, had they been in Adam's place, however, for my part, I think I should have fallen. So I don't blame my revered first Father. Moreover, I can't for the life of me see where any injustice has been done to us. The things God promised were in no way due. He had promised them conditionally and the condition was not fulfilled. So we lost when Adam sinned.

Original sin seems horribly simple to us, but perhaps that shows a lack of intelligence. I can imagine very easily, someone promising my father a huge sum of money, providing that he filled a certain condition. If he didn't fulfill the condition and I was deprived of my inheritance, I might be indignant, possibly, with my father, but I am sure that I would be just enough to hold no resentment to the donor, who had no obligation of giving the money in the first place. So I have little sympathy for those "learned" gentlemen who, today, object to the idea of original sin on such grounds. In fact, it seems to me the only logical explanation of all that

topsy-turvydom in our nature. The rest of the world moves serenely and smoothly to its end and purpose of existence. Only man has that constant conflict in himself which caused Saint Paul to cry out: "The good which I will, I do not; but the evil which I will not, that I do . . . For I am delighted with the law of God according to the inward man: But I see another law in my members, fighting against the law of my mind, and captivating me in the law of sin, which is in my members." Something must have upset the nature of man, and without a doubt it was original sin. The beautiful order was disrupted, and, instead of all faculties harmoniously seeking the good of the whole, each pursues relentlessly its individual object regardless of the repeated warnings of the intellect that the purpose of the entire being will not be obtained.

Your patience certainly must be exhausted with me now. Where is the point that would move God to mirth? Dear reader, the joke is on Lucifer! God knew it all the time. In fact, He permitted the fall of man precisely that He might produce yet a more wonderful creature. Every day in Mass the priest prays as he puts wine into the chalice: "O God, Who didst wonderfully *create* the dignity of human substance and more wonderfully *reform* it." Yet you never suspected that it was a hint in regard to a clever victory of God over Satan.

After the fall, Adam and Eve hid

themselves. Most likely the Almighty released a few thunder-claps to frighten the wits out of Satan and then told him what was going to happen. The serpent which had been used as a tool of Satan was condemned to be the most despicable of creatures. Eve would henceforth have to be subject to her husband and her lot would be one of suffering and pain. Adam fared slightly better, because from now on he would have to wrest a living out of an unwilling earth. And then, when all this was said, God had the laugh on Satan. Satan had used a poor weak creature to destroy man, and he himself was going to be conquered by a woman. He had tried to spoil a very nice bit of God's handiwork and unwittingly gave God occasion to create a Masterpiece. Listen as God tells the Serpent what will happen. "I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed: she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel."

BEFORE the Fall, nobody was absolutely immune to the deceptions of Satan, nobody had absolute dominion over him, nobody could avoid his child, sin. Now, instead of strengthening his reign over man, he has by his own act, weakened it. A woman would bear a Son who would conquer sin, Satan's offspring. This woman, in turn, would be Satan's absolute enemy. It doesn't take much reasoning to see who this woman is. Certainly it is not Eve, for she was

more or less Satan's tool since she had done his bidding and might do it again. Moreover, she had no son who had any such power over sin. No, it was the Masterpiece of God, the Blessed Virgin Mary, who would conquer Satan by her Immaculate Conception. Mary would not have the slightest stain of original or any other sin, and so would be at perfect enmity with Satan. Her Divine Son, through His death on the Cross, would conquer sin entirely and win for all of us the means of doing so. It was a bad day for Lucifer.

Perhaps you miss the preternatural gifts and the supernatural gift promised to Adam and Eve, so much, that you can see only sorrow in this story. I miss them too. Yet, whenever I think of the Blessed Virgin and her Immaculate Conception which makes her the greatest of all creatures, I cannot help being glad that Adam and Eve fell, for otherwise she might not have been created. When I think of how the tables were turned on Lucifer, and how our Blessed Lord came down on earth only to repair the damage of that first fall, I feel very happy. Life would be rather empty without Jesus to talk to as the days go on and the road gets rough. So I have no difficulty in imagining that God wreathed the whole universe in smiles and made the stars dance with joy over this victory, and I understand why the Church on Holy Saturday jubilantly sings: "O Happy Fault which merited so great and such a Redeemer!"

A Crib for St. Mary's

By Grace Brewster

BUT — Mother! Christmas and no crib in Church! I can't imagine it. It won't be Christmas!" Monica Darcy's great dark eyes were like troubled water, and there was a quiver in her voice.

"Cheer up, Mona dear," said her mother. "Just remember how new and poor St. Mary's is. Father Sherry is having all he can do to get enough money for the winter's coal. Comfort yourself with the thought that this year we can all go to Midnight Mass together. In the city, you know, Father Delaney could never let the children come; St. Anthony's was so crowded. Don't take it so hard, sweetheart. Christmas will still be Christmas."

Then, seeing that the shadow still lingered on Monica's face, she said, "Go

round up the boys and have them wash their faces, while I get these pickles in the jars; and then we'll all pile into the car and run out to Rusty River."

"To see the little German boys that walked all the way in to Mass last Sunday? Oh, the boys will be crazy about that, Mother."

"You'll like it too. Mrs. Bates says it's an interesting old place. It's queer we never knew they were Catholics."

"Hans told me that it was his old Grandfather who said they should come. Perhaps they used to be and something happened," concluded Monica sagely.

She had come quite out of her melancholy now, at the prospect of seeing a new place and new people. Her mother smiled as she heard the clear young voice calling, "Joe! Pete! Chris!"

What a mixture this thirteen-year-old daughter was, to be sure! So quiet and earnest, and at the same time so eager for living and for all the beauty and charm that life could bring. "She's years older than I am," vivacious Mrs. Darcy laughed to herself, "and yet she's as young as little Chris."

THE Darcys had acquired their "three acres and a cow" in the spring: refugees from the city. They had arrived just when young and energetic Father Sherry was building St. Mary's Mission, the only Catholic Church for twenty miles around. The Darcy's place was near the tiny Church, and Monica had taken upon herself the duty of raiding the fields for altar flowers, along with all the other fresh experiences the country brought—

exciting new interests that country life had given her—fishing and swimming with her lively little brothers, and helping her mother with the eggs and butter, the gardening and canning. It had been a gay and riotous summer, for Mrs. Darcy's high spirits could make the hardest work seem like play.

Dad and his friend, Paul Gavin, ran the store in the village. A musty, dusty old establishment when they took it over, it had now bloomed out with fresh paint and new stock, and was actually doing paying business under the management of these two alert young men, aided by Paul's brisk little red-haired wife. The Darcys and the Gavins had been friends since their courting-days, a lifelong double-date, Bab Darcy called it. And so it was natural on this bright autumn Saturday, to stop at the store and add a brace of young Gavins to the back-seat-load of tempestuous arms, legs and tongues.

BUT Monica, on the front seat with her mother, was strangely quiet. "Thinking about the Crib again, I suppose," was her mother's inward comment. But she wisely held her peace and gave herself to the joy of the October sky and the cider-sweet October air, and said a quiet: "Thank You, God."

As they turned into the Millers' tidy lane, two boys and a few dogs came tearing to meet them, demanding that the contents of the back seat be liberated at once; and the entire combination was soon romping over the grass, one indistinguishable whirl of long legs and wagging tails, Millers, Darcys and Gavins being at the inarticulate age of six to twelve. Mona, being in one of her moods of mature dignity, went on with her mother to the house. At the open door they were met by a severe-looking woman whose face relaxed into a smile at sight of her genial visitors.

"Come in," she said. "I am glad you have come. My boys talk of nothing but your boys since last Sunday. It was kind of you to have them to your house to dinner. I thank you."

The kitchen was large, well-kept and cheerful. The fireplace had not been blocked up by the kitchen stove, as so frequently happens in old farm-houses. A little fire on the hearth dispelled the early autumn chill, and beside it an old man, in an arm-chair, dozed in the easy sleep of age.

Mrs. Miller brought fresh-churned buttermilk in fine old glasses that must have been brought from Germany, and cheese, and fresh-baked coffee-cake. The women talked of children and cooking, as women will, and Monica listened and looked about her. Then the boys came in, with the sure instinct of boyhood for arriving at the passing around of food. One corner of the kitchen seemed to be Hans' and Friedrich's special

domain, and here the crowd retired with their cakes and milk. Presently Mona began to get scraps of their talk.

"And this is *die heilige Jungfrau*."

"It's not. It's the Blessed Virgin. She looks just the way she looks in Church, 'cept she's kneeling down."

Mona set down her glass quietly and crossed the room. Looking over Joe's shoulder, she saw the Wonderful Thing—all the precious figures for the Christmas Crib, exquisitely carved and about four inches high. At her gasp of delight, Hans looked up with a pleased smile, and said, "*Grossvater* made them. They are for *Weihnachten*."

Breathless with excitement, Mona took the St. Joseph lovingly in her hand, and sat down upon a low chair beside the old man. He must have been asleep. Now he opened his eyes, and his old face brightened as he met Mona's eager dark eyes.

"Did you really carve them?" she asked—"the Baby and the Blessed Mother and dear St. Joseph and all? They are so beautiful."

"You like them?" He smiled with appreciation of her praise. "I was a woodcarver in Germany in the old days. But nobody cares much any more. Now I just whittle—little things."

Of course they were little, thought Mona. But if he made these, he could make big ones, for Church. She was about to speak the thought, when the old man with a secretive air opened an oaken chest in the corner beside him, and from its depths lifted another St. Joseph, more than twice as large as the one she held in her hand.

"I carved the St. Joseph and the shepherds and two of the kings and the ox and the sheep long ago. But I never finished them. And here in this place it is hard to get good wood and it costs much money. And people do not care," he added with a sigh.

FOR a moment Mona was speechless. Then the words fairly tumbled out, eager and impulsive. "Do you think you could finish them all before Christmas, if we could get you the wood? For St. Mary's Church?"

"Before Christmas?" The old man's eyes opened wide. "That is much to do in little time." But Mona noticed that his face brightened as though the idea tempted him.

"It would be expensive, of course," she went on, "and we have scarcely any money."

"Oh, but dear lady, I could never take money for these. You wouldn't understand, but to carve again would be like going back to the old days. For years now, nobody has cared for my carving. Nobody cared for my religion. It is years since I have been to Mass or Confession. The little boys tell me your good priest will come to see me. That

is good. Now if you get me the wood, I'll try to finish by *Weihnachten*."

Monica could scarcely wait till they were at last on their way home, and she could pour out the tale of the crib to her mother's appreciative ear.

"But what can be done about wood?" was Mother's practical question. "Dick Bradley hasn't anything but soft pine in his woodyard."

"Yes, Mother, I was thinking that all over while Mrs. Miller was telling you how she made her coffee-cake. You know that old furniture of Hank Stevens that is stored in the barn-loft—the hideous old golden-oak bed and table? They have fine chunky posts that would be thick enough, I'm sure."

GAVIN and Darcy had bought Hank Stevens' establishment outright, store, house and all their contents; and Bab remembered at once the impossible pieces that Mona referred to.

"But who is to saw it up, my love?"

"Dick Bradley will, at the lumber yard."

"Yes, and charge a big bill."

"No, I think he'll do it for nothing. Because one day I dropped my handbag on the street and everything fell out of it. And Dick was going by and helped me pick them up. And when he saw my Rosary, he said, kind of shy, 'My Mother had one of those.' And I said, 'Then you should come to Mass.' And he said, 'I will some day.'"

"And what did you say then?" put in Mother.

"Oh, I just laughed and said, 'Well, don't wait too long,' or something like that. But I think he will saw the wood for St. Mary's and it will do him good."

"Well, I'll drop you at the Rectory, and you can tell Father Sherry all about everything. This is for him to take care of."

It was a joyful Mona who told all the day's doings to Father Sherry; and the good priest sent her home with his blessing and a great faith in her heart that her dream would really come true and there would indeed be a crib for St. Mary's.

So All Saints' went by and the frosts came, and the days whirled along, bringing Christmas ever nearer. Mrs. Darcy, with Monica's help after school, wound up the canning season with a flourish, stored away the winter vegetables, and made mince-meat and plum puddings, to stock the Gavin pantry as well as her own, for Agnes Gavin must spend most of her time in the store. The Darcy boys, with Dad's help and under Father Sherry's direction, built the hut of branches for the manger and the Christ Child. Dick Bradley's big saw converted the old golden oak into practical raw material for the carver. And Dick, be it mentioned in passing, left a pair of plump rabbits at the Rectory door, next

time he came home from a day's hunting.

Father Sherry called often at the Millers' farm. His mother had been German, and he and the old man found much to talk about. Even the big farmer son and his wife seemed to lose the veiled hostility with which they had first received him, and became almost friendly. The Miller boys frankly adored him. The figures for the crib progressed surely, as the old man's fingers recovered their oldtime skill. Hans, under his Grandfather's watchful eye, was allowed to assist with the painting of the robes. Every Sunday Hans and Friedrich would tell Monica how much had been done during the week, and she was fairly singing with happiness as she went busily about her own Christmas surprises for everyone she knew. And then—

On the Sunday before Christmas, the Miller boys' father drove them into the village to Mass, depositing them and a huge box at the Rectory gate. Father Sherry had no time to open the important box until after the late Mass. Then, lifting the cover he found a note laid on top of the carefully wrapped contents. In a cramped handwriting it said.

"My Father is very ill. He cannot finish the carving. He sends you all that he has done, that you can see he did his best."

THE priest lifted out the figures: Mary and Joseph, the shepherds and their sheep, the kings, the ox and the ass, the manger but—no Christ Child!

There was more in this than met the eye. Why had the carver left the Christ Child till the very last? And what was behind the old man's curious hesitation to make his confession, in spite of an apparent eagerness to return to the Faith of his childhood? Forgetful of such mundane things as dinner, the faithful priest of St. Mary's got into his car and headed with all speed for Rusty River. Two miles out, he picked up the Miller boys, warning them to be very quiet and reverent, as he was carrying the Blessed Sacrament to their sick grandfather.

The Millers received him with rather guarded welcome, thanked him for bringing the boys home and urged him to share their dinner. But when the old man was mentioned, Mrs. Miller said, "He is too ill to see anyone."

"He will see me," said Father Sherry, with quiet authority. "He is a Catholic, and I am his priest."

And at that moment Hans announced, "Grossvater wants to see Father Sherry."

The old woodcarver's cheeks were flushed with fever, his eyes unnaturally bright. But his voice was strong and eager, as he poured forth the story that had burdened him so long. "Father, it is no wonder I could not finish the crib.

It is no wonder I could not carve the Holy Christ Child. The figures were stolen."

"But you carved them yourself," said Father, mystified.

"Of course I carved them,"—with a flash of pride. "But their price was stolen. Many years ago, in Germany, the set was ordered by a rich man for his private chapel. As I lacked money, he generously paid me a large part of the price in advance. When I had about half the set completed, my son and I decided to go to America. Now what to do about the Count's crib? I could not return him the money; it was spent. To be sure I could give him what I had done: another carver could finish it. But I wanted to finish it myself. I was proud of my work—too proud; that was my sin. I forgot to give the glory to God. I thought I would take the figures with me, finish the set, and then send them to the Count, or perhaps sell them and return the money. Surely there would be much money and high prices in America. But we were poor. I worked hard helping my son with his farm, where we live there is no church. No one cares about my carving. It is hard to get good wood. And all the time I put off and put off, and always the money worries me. I could never get enough money together to make restitution. And the years go by, and I am just a useless old man in a chimney corner.

"Then I hear that a Church has come at last. I send the little boys. You come. The ladies come. You want a crib. I think, 'Now I can finish them and give them to this Church and God will forgive me.' But I cannot cheat God like that. My hand shakes when I try to carve the Holy Child. Now I am sick. And now that I have made confession, I have no money to make restitution. What can I do?"

EXHAUSTED by his long tale, the old man lay back upon his pillow with closed eyes. Then Father Sherry said, "You can send him a letter at once, telling him that you have nearly finished the figures and will send them to him, or do any other carving he would prefer to make good for the money you kept so long."

"He may be dead. That was all many years ago."

"Then the letter will go to his heirs, and at least you will have done what you could. I will write the letter for you, and see that it goes to Germany at once."

A long time Father Sherry stayed with his old penitent. When he came out from the bedroom, he said to Mrs. Miller, "He will be better now: his mind is at ease. Give him some nourishment; and whenever he wishes to carve, let him do so. It will make him happy."

Friday would be Christmas. Would four days be enough for the old man to

get better and finish the Crib? It was a time of heaven-storming prayers in St. Mary's parish.

Father Sherry drove out on Monday and found the old carver free from fever but still very weak; and again on Tuesday, to find him sitting in his old place at work, a new light in his eyes as though a load of care had been lifted from his heart. And Father Sherry thought to himself that whether or not St. Mary's had a crib this Christmas was a minor detail, compared to the peace of this harassed old soul.

AT ten minutes to midnight on Christmas Eve, St. Mary's was crowded. Every Catholic for miles around was there, and scores of their neighbors as well. Dick Bradley, in a rear seat, was fingering the rosary that had belonged to the mother who died when he was a baby. The altar was beautiful with evergreen boughs and trailing bitter-sweet. The hut for the crib was in its place, but a curtain was hung before it, and everyone knew that was because it was waiting for the Christ Child.

Monica, in her place in the little choir-loft over the door, was straining her ears for the sound of dad's car. He had driven out to bring the old man and the little boys to Mass.

Five minutes to twelve. The song of an engine at high speed was suddenly hushed at the Church door; and presently between the rows of crowded benches passed the tall, bent figure of the old wood carver, leaning on Hans' sturdy young shoulder. A moment more, and Joe Darcy came from the sacristy in his red cassock. Removing the curtain, he placed in the manger the beautiful figure of the Christ Child. And what was Agnes Gavin playing so sweetly on the little organ? "*Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht.*"

After Mass, friends and neighbors crowded into the Darcy's big hospitable kitchen for a Christmas revel. And then Monica slept long and sweetly, until the Christmas sun was high above the snowy fields, and the little brothers came crowding about her bed. She must come to Church with them again, to see the Baby. Of course Monica was not aware of all the story of repentance and forgiveness that only God and Father Sherry knew; but to her happy young eyes it seemed that never before had the Christ Child's extended hands expressed such love and blessing.

They pelted each other with snowballs all the way home, and when they opened the door, the fragrance of roast turkey was mingled with the odor of the evergreens. The Gavins and Father Sherry came to dinner with them, bringing mirth and fun; and—"Yes," murmured Monica, as she sank to sleep, "truly it is the best Christmas I ever had, and the crib was the best of all."

THE SIGN-POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions ♦ Answers ♦ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

PRIVATE REPLIES

H. H., CANADA.—The confession appears to have been correctly made, judging from the evidence. It was not necessary to confess to the other priest. Let contrition be directed to God and not to the humiliation of the person. It is not necessary to know which of the sins was greater.

A. J. M.—We cannot deal with questions of this nature. Your confessor and superior are the authorities to decide it. If you are unsatisfied with their position in the matter, you ought to seek the advice of others who are qualified, and who can obtain all the facts.

C. W. D., CHICAGO, ILL.—Your difficulties would vanish in an instant, if you would mention the cause of your worry to your confessor. There is nothing extraordinary about the case.

D. B. O'C., UTICA, N. Y.—Arnold Lunn is a recent convert to the Catholic Church from Protestantism. He has written his autobiography in a book entitled "Now I See." It may be obtained through THE SIGN for \$2.60, postpaid.

C. L.—The nearer the relationship between parties, the greater danger there is of begetting defective children. This may happen even though the parents are themselves in perfect health. There is an old proverb that "blood adorns blood" in regard to marriage. Of course, there are exceptions to this rule. But no one knows whether the exception will be the result in a particular case or not. Dispensations are sometimes granted for first cousins to marry, if there are good reasons which meet with the approval of the Bishop. The petition should be sent to him through one's pastor.

MEANING OF INJUNCTION, "JUDGE NOT": LESSON OF PARABLE OF WORKERS IN VINEYARD

(1) Does the injunction "Judge not that you may not be judged" (Matt. 7:1-2) mean that no one should judge another, e.g., serve on a jury? (2) What is the lesson of the parable of the Workers in the Vineyard?—C. J. C., PATERSON, N. J.

(1) "Judge not that you may not be judged" is a prohibition against rash judgment of the neighbor, and not a universal prohibition of the act of judging one's neighbor. In the Old Testament God sanctioned the setting up of tribunals for passing judgment on the people: "Judge thy neighbor according to justice" (Lev. 19:15); "Thou shalt appoint judges and magistrates in all thy gates, which the Lord thy God shall give thee, in all thy tribes, that they may judge the people with just judgment" (Deut. 16:18); and Our Lord Himself said: "judge not according to the appearance, but judge just judgment" (John 7:24). Therefore to judge another unjustly, rashly, and presumptuously is always unlawful and unjust; but to judge him in accordance with the dictates and norm of justice is lawful. Thus, it is lawful to judge one's neighbor when called to jury duty.

(2) The parable of the Workers in the Vineyard (Matt. 20:1-16) is an authentic interpretation of verse 30 in the

preceding chapter: "Many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first." Our Lord gently rebuked the Apostles, who may have protested with a sense of pride that they had left all things and followed Him, and considered themselves secure in the first places in His kingdom because they had been called first. Christ warned them that those who were called first would not necessarily be first in the attainment of reward.

The following parable expands and illustrates this idea. The householder goes out at the various hours of the day to hire laborers in his vineyard or kingdom. When the day comes to an end he instructs his steward to pay them the amount which had been promised—a denarius or penny. Those who were called earlier and had borne the burden of the day grumble because those who had worked but one hour received the same reward as themselves. The householder rebukes them and says that he can do what he wills with his own, and that they should not be envious because he is good. The parable ends with the same verse as chapter 19: "So shall the first be last and the last first."

The sense of the parable flows from this text. When this life is over each one called to work in the vineyard of Christ will receive a reward, which will be measured not merely according to his external work and the length of his service, but also according to the amount of grace granted him by God that he might labor (the measure of which grace depends on His good pleasure), and the generosity with which he corresponded with that grace. This parable, therefore, inculcates humility and a sense of dependence on the grace and bounty of God. It also warns those who have lived a good life for many years that they should not be envious of others, who, after having lead a wicked life, are called to eternal salvation at the last hour and are given the grace of a happy death. Instead of murmuring against God that the wicked have been given the great grace, they should thank God that sinners have returned to Him.

ATTENDING DIVINE SERVICE IN BAPTIST CHURCH

My Baptist friend sometimes accompanies me to Mass, and, in order to show him that I am not narrow-minded I have gone to his church a number of times, but I took no part whatever in the services of his church. My sister says that this is sinful for me, but I see no reason why it would be sinful for me to go to my friend's church when he comes to mine. Will you please settle this matter for me?—J. H., CHICAGO, ILL.

The law in this matter is clear. Canon 1258 says: "It is unlawful for the faithful to assist in any active manner or to take part in the sacred services of non-Catholics. But merely passive or material presence may be tolerated on account of a civil office, or for the purpose of showing respect to persons, at funerals, marriages, and like solemnities, provided there is no danger of perversion or scandal. In a doubtful case it pertains to the Bishop to approve attendance if there is a grave reason." This Canon forbids any kind of active participation in the sacred services of non-Catholics, for such would be tantamount to formal heresy, or at least to a suspicion of heresy. But mere passive and material presence at their services may be tolerated for good cause in certain cases.

Your case does not come under the paragraph tolerating passive and material presence. Mere friendship for a non-

Catholic, and especially a desire not to appear narrow-minded, does not furnish a valid reason for attending heretical services. This is not the kind of tolerance expected of a convinced Catholic. Catholics must believe that they have the fulness of divine revelation, and all the means requisite for salvation. Moreover, they must be convinced that the form of divine worship which is objectively pleasing to God is the Sacrifice of the Mass. The Mass is divinely ordained. Since all other churches not holding the Catholic faith and obedience are in error, Catholics may not by their presence give support to religious error even by their material presence, except for just cause. Truth must always be intolerant of error. You show more friendship for your neighbor by upholding the unique position of the Catholic Church than by weak concessions to religious error and heresy. It is not a question of avoiding the appearance of narrow-mindedness, but of loyal adhesion to religious truth and principle. When principles are involved, human considerations must give way. You do more good to your friend by maintaining a loyal support of your faith, than by weak and cowardly concessions to heresy. Your uncompromising conduct in this regard may inspire your friend to seek information regarding your faith, and by God's grace he may be led into it. There is too much compromise in this matter. A firm, but polite refusal to reciprocate by attending heretical services is the thing needed. Do you imagine that a patriotic American would agree to accompany a Communist friend to a Communist meeting? Or a convinced Republican countenancing, even by his material presence, the platform of the Democratic party? Hardly. If there is so much loyalty shown to political creeds, in which there is no question of sublime truth, how much more conviction and loyalty should be shown to divine revelation, and especially to the Sacred Person of Jesus Christ? We must be either for Him or against Him. (Read "Tolerance in a Triangle" in the November issue of THE SIGN.)

MONEY AND ANNULMENTS

The charge has been made that rich people are able to obtain from the Church what the poor cannot, because "all the Catholic Church wants is lots of money." As an instance of this the declaration of nullity granted to Signor Marconi and Lady Beatrice O'Brien by the Rota was cited. What is the answer to this charge?—C. B., PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

This is an old accusation, which cannot be sustained. It is easy to make accusations but difficult to prove them. As the person who made the charge had the procedure of the Sacred Roman Rota principally in mind, it would be well to make clear what the Canon Law says in regard to those who petition the Rota for a judgment regarding the validity of their marriage.

Canon 1914 prescribes that those who are unable to bear the expenses of their trial have a right to be released entirely from the payment of fees. Those who are able to meet part of the expense, but cannot pay all, have a right to reduction in costs. Those who are able to bear all expenses connected with the trial of their marriage are justly expected to do so. The fee is regulated according to their ability to pay, in somewhat the same manner that physicians and surgeons treat their patients. The rich in paying high fees are thus able to maintain the physicians and surgeons, so that they may be able to serve the poor gratis. But that is as far as the comparison goes. The fancy fees asked by professional men do not figure in annulment trials before the Rota. It is alleged that the fee paid by the litigants in the Marlborough-Vanderbilt annulment trial was around \$150.00. It is safe to assume that about the same amount was paid in the Marconi-O'Brien case.

As evidence that the provision for the poor is not merely theoretical, the statistics of the Sacred Rota for 1932 show that there were fifty matrimonial cases heard by it—18 of which were decided in favor of nullity, and 32 against nullity.

In 23 instances the parties paid no fee whatever. This is almost 50% of the cases. The court provided lawyers and all legal services, itself sat to hear the evidence, and all other matters were expedited as in cases where the fees were paid in full—yet not one cent was paid. What court in this country, or anywhere, can show a record like this? Thus, the charge that the Church favors the rich over the poor in the matter of annulment trials is shown to be a gross and ignorant calumny. Unfortunately, the cases heard gratis by the Rota in favor of the poor do not furnish occasion for sensational stories in the papers.

INFALLIBILITY A NEW DEFINITION—NOT A NEW REVELATION

I was shown a clipping from a newspaper which says that the Infallibility of the Pope dates only from 1870. How is this explained?—R. S., NEWARK, N. J.

The dogma of the personal infallibility of the Roman Pontiff was defined as an article of faith in the Council of the Vatican, which was held in 1870. This does not mean that the Roman Pontiff has been infallible (that is, not liable to error in teaching matters concerned with faith and morals), only since 1870. He was infallible from the very beginning of the Church, and will so continue even to the end. The definition of the Vatican Council is an *explicit* affirmation of a revealed truth, which was *implicitly* contained in the teaching of Christ. When Our Lord said to St. Peter: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven; whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, it shall be bound in Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed in Heaven" (Matt. 16:18, 19), He implicitly revealed that St. Peter and his successors in the primacy would be infallible in teaching the revelation of Christ.

When doctrines held by the Church are attacked, she defines her position more clearly; just as the Supreme Court of the United States defines the meaning of the Constitution, when the Constitution is attacked, or when it is necessary to know just what the Constitution means. The decisions of the Supreme Court are not considered to be anything but explicit explanations of what is implicit in the Constitution. So, likewise with the definitions of the Church. She does not receive new revelations from God, but she does exercise her divine right to explain and defend the deposit of revelation delivered to the Apostles. The Church is a living organism, vivified by the Holy Ghost—not a dead body. As a living organism she grows and develops with the passing of the years. Just as the man is the same as the youth, though accidentally different; so the Church defines and increases the teachings of faith, but only in an accidental manner. The ancient creeds of the Church are like an acorn, which contains in itself the mighty oak. The increase in the Church's definitions are the development of the acorn of revelation, not the substitution of other acorns for the original one.

NO FANATIC

What are the symptoms or characteristics of religious fanaticism? Because I omit breakfast and lunch occasionally, so that I can receive the Holy Eucharist at the noon-day Mass, and because I read with avidity and almost exclusively every book or newspaper that is Catholic, I have been called a "religious fanatic." I do not go around trying to convert people, but when any occasion arises I express the Catholic viewpoint. Of course, whether I have a knack or tact in doing this is another question. I try to the best of my ability, however.—N. N.

Fanaticism is defined as "extravagant or irrational zeal." Therefore, a fanatic is one with the characteristic of extravagance and irrationality. If these are exercised by a person

in religious matters he may be called a "religious fanatic." You have no cause for worry. Your conduct is motivated by truly Catholic principles and carried out in a reasonable manner. Calling names is the easiest thing in the world. In many cases this contemptible game is nothing more than what psychologists call a "defense complex." It may be that your conduct amounts to a reflection on others to their disadvantage. And they don't like it a bit. Cheer up!

"LET THE DEAD BURY THEIR DEAD"

St. Matthew (8:22) says: "But Jesus said to him, follow me and let the dead bury their dead." Will you please explain what is meant by "let the dead bury their dead"? I cannot understand how the dead can be buried by the dead.—M. F. L., HARTFORD, CONN.

There is a play on the word "dead." Jesus called the man to His service, but the man countered the invitation by saying, "suffer me first to go and bury my father." Jesus refused the request in words that are figurative and paradoxical: "let the dead bury their dead." The first "dead" refers to one physically dead, and the second "dead" to those who did not believe in Him and were "dead" to His mission. He said, in effect, "let those who deny my divine claims to be the Messias bury your father; I have work for you to do now." The case is a particular one and not a general rule. But Jesus did mean to emphasize that obedience to God must take precedence over the highest and holiest affections. When the duties to parents conflict with obligations towards God, the first must give way to the second. On another occasion Jesus said: "He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me." (Matt. 10:37.)

DOMINICAN RITE

Why is it that the Dominican Order has a Mass which is 500 words shorter than our Mass? What are the main differences between the Dominican Rite and the Roman Rite in the celebration of Mass?—L. B., JANESVILLE, WIS.

The Dominican Rite, or manner of celebrating Mass, is derived from the ancient Roman Rite. The great Religious Orders adopted the Roman Rite but made changes peculiar to themselves. Thus, the Dominicans, Franciscans, Carmelites, and Cistercians differed from each other in accidental matters in their adaptation of the Roman usage. So great was the diversity of use throughout the Western Church that the Council of Trent ordered a revision of the Missal and the Breviary, which was carried out by Pope St. Pius V from 1568 to 1570. But those Orders which had used their own Rite for two hundred years prior to the Council were allowed to retain it. This explains the practice of the Dominican and other Orders which differ from the ordinary Roman Rite.

The principal differences between the Dominican Rite and the ordinary Roman Rite are the following: at Low Mass the celebrant prepares the chalice with wine and water before beginning the prayers at the foot of the altar, and at the Offertory he offers both host and chalice together. Again, there are minor variations in the prayers said by him before he receives Holy Communion. For your information we suggest that you read "The Mass of the Western Rites" reviewed in this issue.

ARMENIAN CATHOLICS AND BLOOD RELATIONSHIP

Under what conditions are two first cousins who belong to the Armenian Church allowed to be married? Their Church is united with Rome. Is it permitted in their Church and not in the Latin Rite?—E. M., WATERTOWN, MASS.

In the Latin Rite the impediment of blood relationship in the indirect line extends to the third degree or second cousins. It is a diriment or nullifying impediment, but it may be dis-

pensed with in the second and third degrees in certain cases for sufficiently grave reasons.

The Canon Law of the Latin Church does not embrace Catholics of Oriental Rites, sometimes called Uniats, except in those matters which, of their very nature, affect the Oriental Church (Canon 1). Such matters would be faith and morals. Uniats are governed by their own laws in regard to rites and discipline, subject to the Sacred Congregation for the Oriental Church.

Whether or not the impediment of blood relationship extends to the third degree or second cousins in their discipline, as it does with ours, we cannot say. Very likely it does. In arranging for their marriage they should consult their proper pastor, if they have one. He will be guided by the discipline of his own Rite. If they have no proper pastor of their own Rite, they should make known their case to the Bishop of the diocese, who will apply for faculties from the Sacred Congregation for the Oriental Church, in case they are needed.

DISPENSING FROM BANNS OF MARRIAGE

Is it at all possible to be married in the Catholic faith without the announcement of the banns for three consecutive Sundays? In other words, can a Catholic marriage be performed more or less secretly? We have friends and relatives innumerable and would prefer to make the announcement after the ceremony is over, thereby preventing a great deal of injured feelings among them.—E. G., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Canon Law prescribes that the banns of pending marriages must be announced on three successive Sundays or holy days of obligation during divine service. The purpose of these announcements is to discover if both parties about to be married are free from impediments. Therefore to omit the banns is, in some measure at least, to frustrate the intention of the law. Nevertheless the Bishop of the diocese is empowered to grant a dispensation from the banns for just and reasonable causes. Whether or not he will consider your reasons sufficient we cannot say. Anyhow, the petition must be addressed to him. Besides the officiating priest you must have at least two witnesses.

FORMS OF SALUTATION AND CONCLUSION

What are the correct forms of salutation and conclusion when addressing a letter to a cardinal, an archbishop, a monsignor, and a priest?—M. A. C., MILTON, MASS.

TO A CARDINAL:

Superscription—His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, Archbishop of New York, Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Salutation—Your Eminence:

Conclusion—I have the honor to be, with profound respect, Your Eminence's most humble servant—

TO AN ARCHBISHOP:

Superscription—The Most Rev. Archbishop John M. Farley, D.D., Archbishop of New York, etc.

Salutation—Your Grace, or Most Reverend Archbishop:

Conclusion—I have the honor to be, with profound respect, Your Grace's most obedient servant—

TO A MONSIGNOR:

Superscription—The Right Rev. (or Very Rev.) Monsignor John M. Farley, etc.

Salutation—Right (Very) Reverend Monsignor (or Sir):

Conclusion—I am, Right (Very) Reverend Monsignor, your devoted servant—

TO A PRIEST:

Superscription—The Reverend John M. Farley, etc.

Salutation—Reverend Father, or Dear Father:

Conclusion—I am, Reverend Father, your devoted servant—

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

M.D., Long Island City, N. Y.; M.T., Brooklyn, N. Y.; D.McD., Orange, N. J.; M.D., Greenwich, Conn.; A.V.P., Rye, N. Y.; F.H., Jersey City, N. J.; L.V.G., Jamaica Plain, Mass.; M.P.J.G., Yonkers, N. Y.; H.McI., New York, N. Y.; M.A., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; J.W., New York, N. Y.; F.M.M., Brookland, D.C.; M.E.McG., Dedham, Mass.; D.N.M., Convent Station, N. J.; F.B., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M.A.D., Jersey City, N. J.; A.M.McC., Brooklyn, N. Y.; E.W., Pittsburgh, Pa.; G.E.R., Whitestone, N. Y.; T.F., Gloucester, N. J.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

Blessed Mother, M.B.G., New York, N.Y.; Our Lord, Gemma Galgani, M.G.S., Joliet, Ill.; St. Anthony, B.D., Richmond Hill, L. I.; Sacred Heart, B.Z., St. Louis, Mo.; St. Joseph, M.C.F., Napoleon, Ohio; Blessed Virgin, D.N.M., Convent Station, N. J.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Wyneoto, Pa.; St. Gabriel, M.A.D., Jersey City, N. J.; Gemma Galgani, A.M.McC., Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Francis, M.P.A.J.H., McKeesport, Pa.; Poor Souls, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c. each or 15 for \$1.

TWO CORRECTIONS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Although not a subscriber, I see THE SIGN regularly at the home of a sister. I enjoy it and think it well edited.

Occasionally an inaccuracy creeps in and in the October issue there is one in the "Congratulation" column which touches my pet aversion, trying to make Catholics out of people of more or less prominence, such as Madame Curie, etc. Are you sure that Doctor Dafoe is a Catholic? Investigation, I think, will convince you that he is not.

Also the biographical sketch of Hilaire Belloc is not very clear as to where the Oratory school was located, France or England. I think a person not familiar with the fact would say France after reading the article.

MAYSICK, KENTUCKY.

DECLAN F. CARROLL.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The Oratory school referred to in the THE SIGN-Post of October was in Edgbaston, England. We were misinformed in regard to Doctor Dafoe's religion. There was no attempt on our part to make a Catholic out of him. We simply followed press reports. As the Editor of a Canadian paper well put it in writing to us in regard to the same mistake, "If I am correct that the good Doctor is a Protestant, then his behaviour at the birth of the Dionne quintuplets adds lustre to his fame, and entitles him to at least a couple of honorable mentions in your columns."]

MARRIED WOMEN AND POSITIONS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I see from the November issue of THE SIGN that we really have a "live" young lady brave enough to expose the employment of married women, whose husbands hold permanent positions, thereby preventing single girls, and married men also, from obtaining jobs.

Your correspondent states that "while this condition exists, the buying power will never be restored, as it is the family who consumes." With this young lady, I agree 100 per centum, but I venture to go further, by adding that, until, and not before, all married women whose husbands also are employed,

are discharged from their respective positions, need we pretend to want prosperity. Such pretense is unadulterated hypocrisy. May I further add that the removal of the married women from jobs would mean greater efficiency in our Government service, and furthermore, I believe it would mean that the question of Veteran's two billion dollars bonus would be allowed to remain unpaid, at least, pro tempore.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

H. PAUL CONWAY.

APPRECIATIONS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

A little over five months ago I became a Catholic and I am ever so thankful for that great blessing. Recently, one of my Catholic friends gave me several back issues of THE SIGN. I was so impressed by such a wholesome, instructive and interesting magazine that I wish to subscribe to it. I will be anxiously waiting for my first issue—so please send it as promptly as possible.

HONOLULU, HAWAII.

FRANCIS J. CHING.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It is with great pleasure indeed that I renew my subscription to your magazine for another year. As secretary of the Sacred Heart Mission Unit here in the seminary, I am in a position to note just how popular your publication is with the students, and how eagerly each issue is awaited by them. THE SIGN is not only in demand here for individual private readings, but it is very often to be found at our spiritual lectures where its interesting and varied articles are read to all.

We have found it necessary to cancel our subscriptions to many of the religious magazines, but I am very happy to state that our Mission Unit feels it cannot afford to be without THE SIGN. Please accept my congratulations for the marvelous work you are doing.

MONTREAL, CANADA.

JOHN B. NOLAN.

M. H. DAVIES ANSWERS A QUESTION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The October SIGN has arrived. I read the article called "Walking With God." One wonders what the religion of the writer of it (M. H. Davies) is. She says in the article "I had a religion." The question naturally arises: "Was it the Catholic religion?" If she was a Catholic, why does she not say so? It would seem most strange for any devout Catholic to speak of the glorious Catholic Faith merely as a religion. Lower down on the page she says: "God wasn't only in my church." Every Catholic child studying catechism knows that God is everywhere. Is she a Catholic?

Further on she says, "I had been a pessimist all my life" and again one asks, "Is she a Catholic?" For the Catholic religion is the very antithesis of gloom. It is joyous—it is soul-satisfying. It is the Church's teaching that union with God results in peace and happiness, and She tells us how to be united to God. (The Sacraments and Holy Mass are not even mentioned in the article). So one would like to know if M. H. Davies is a Catholic.

Pardon my curiosity, but please just state in the November SIGN what the religion of M. H. Davies is. I sign myself POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

"ENQUIRER."

[EDITOR'S NOTE: An inquiry addressed to contributor Davies brought the following answer.]

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Quoting from my article "Walking With God" that appeared in the October copy of THE SIGN I wish to offer the following explanations of what seemed to be misinterpreted statements of mine.

First: "I had a religion." The lady enquirer wants to know what that religion was. I should think by my article my religious affiliations were very much in evidence, but because the lady didn't comprehend my meaning, I'll tell her that I am

and always have been an ardent Catholic. Not one of the type blinded by false devotion but of the sort that goes down into the dogma and ritual of the Church to come back with the philosophy that I described. Of course, dear Enquirer, God is everywhere—that was the essence of my article, the entire substance on which it was built. The trouble is so many of us can't find Him. I thought I'd found a new opening to His humanity and wanted to share my treasure.

Secondly: "I had been a pessimist all my life." We can't, dear lady, all be Pollyannas. If you have never in your lifetime known a moment of pessimism you are to be offered heartiest congratulations. Even the Little Flower of Jesus had as the bitterest trial of her life the depression of desolation near the end of her living. Was she less Catholic because of that?

I am not a ranting, raring convert. I am merely a servant of a God I love so well I want others to know Him as I do—not only through His Divinity as given in the Sacraments and the Mass, but in His humanity also.

My whole answer to the adverse criticism of my personal beliefs (which I offered in all humility of heart) is that I wrote the article while in the full joy of loving God. I wrote it a short while after having received Him in Holy Communion and while His Sacred Body was yet within my poor human one. If I failed in my humble effort to tell how much He meant to me, the failure is my own human one. But it does not mean I shall not try again.

BALBOA, C. Z.

M. H. DAVIES.

WE LOSE ONE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The article which appeared in the October number of THE SIGN on page 132 has made me decide to discontinue my subscription to your paper. It is so unjust that, like a former article some months ago which also upset me, has made me make this decision.

When you speak of the slavery of Mr. Hoover's Administration I do not know what you mean. The only slavery I know of ever having existed in this wonderful country, was in the Democratic South and was abolished by a Republican, a great President. The rule of tyranny began in this country on March 4, 1933.

Surely you cannot have forgotten the breaking of the airplane contracts and the endeavor to indict Mr. Mellon, who, though rich has a right to justice and protection of our Constitution as well as a poor man.

Mr. Roosevelt's campaign speeches, so full of abuse of his predecessor, makes one feel that he and some of our Catholic papers would do better to copy some of that virtue, so wonderful in Mr. Hoover, that St. Paul said without it one becomes as sounding brass on a tinkling cymbal.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

MRS. C. J. WELCH.

APPETITE FOR CATHOLIC LITERATURE IN THE PHILIPPINES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

A few days ago I received a package containing a few back numbers of THE SIGN. It is simply impossible for me to write to the generous person who sent the magazines in view of the fact that no trace of his name and address is found on the wrappers thereof. My warmest thanks for this, and perhaps others to follow, are expressed in this letter, which I ask you to publish in some issue of THE SIGN. Possibly my new friend and benefactor may have read of my poor situation described in a recent issue of THE SIGN.

Every magazine, paper, or article sent me from America is avidly read or used by the young men and women who vie with one another to approach me for said articles. Most of these participants of your bounty are high school students, belonging to one or the other parochial organization. Our Boy

Scouts never fail to get their share. But you may be interested to know that Public school teachers also read and appreciate THE SIGN. They like not only its Sign-Post, news, and book reviews, but also its articles presented in a clear and commendable literary style.

The reconstruction of the rectory is going on. Next December Sisters from Manila will begin to occupy it. They will open classes in June, 1935. It is our problem whether the school we hope to open can last long. The solution depends much upon the help of the faithful. We here see the dire need of a Catholic school, but we cannot provide for all that is needed. We appeal to the generosity of the readers of THE SIGN. Back numbers of this or other magazines, books, and religious articles sent us will always be gladly received and used. Your prayers above all are earnestly sought.

LUNA, LA UNION, P. I. (REV.) GODIFREDO A. ALBANO.

A MATTER OF TASTE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Tuck that front cover (November) poetry inside and go back to the former cover, advertising your leading wares. You'd not know how I take change except for this card.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

A. B. ROGERS.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Thanks to Mr. Rogers for his opinion. We received several compliments on the November cover. What do you think about it?]

A THOUGHT ON SUNDAY CONGREGATIONS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Last Sunday as I listened to a well prepared and well delivered discourse on modern decadence in morals, instead of a short instruction on the meaning of Christ's Kingship, I realized the significant truth that lay Catholics are suffering from spiritual malnutrition, referred to by W. Petkin. The young and eloquent priest seemed anxious to dispense the bread of life to Christ's little ones to keep them from going astray after the husks of swine. His audience reacted to his efforts and every word reached an attentive and willing ear.

The sermon ended, the Mass went on to its conclusion and the priest approached the sacristy. Immediately there was a harsh scraping of feet and, as if of one mind, the entire body of Catholic worshippers in the back seats stampeded towards the door. No holy light shone in their eyes, no peace of soul gained by attendance at the greatest act of public worship reflected itself in their countenances. Rather, each one seemed impelled by the determination to get out of that Church as quickly as possible, and if necessary as roughly. In the midst of the human turmoil my attention was attracted to a young couple directly in front. The husband was just attempting to join the stampede when his wife gently rebuked him for his lack of faith. Apparently he was not inwardly troubled, much less satisfied with her persuasive criticisms. Raising his voice above a whisper he impatiently remarked: "Well—it's all over, isn't it? There's nothing else!"

I reflected. This was a familiar utterance. Where had I heard it before? I had heard it at ball games, parades and other centers of popular interest. But in Church—never! It was a new experience. I had always been taught that somehow in Church the last act never ends. Services, devotions of every sort that make up the varying pageantry of the Liturgical Year run their course, but yet I felt that something new was ever taking place within these sacred walls. I looked at my fellow Catholic gentleman with mixed feelings of pity and regret. He was living in spiritual darkness!

This is an isolated case, the expression of an individual's religious and Catholic life, but very indicative of the majority of those Church-goers hurrying from the presence of God to duty and pleasure. They too thought that all was over; that is why they scurried for the open air.

Who is to blame? It is not for me to sit in judgment on

priests or laymen. We do not know all the circumstances. What is certain, however, is that Catholics need to be instructed on the positive truths of their religion and to have revealed to their untutored minds the riches contained in the Mass, the Sacraments, Christ's sacramental presence and the entire liturgical life of the Church. This would produce a strong and intelligent Catholic body so necessary for the purposes of Catholic Action and would fill each individual Catholic with a consciousness of the sublime truths hidden in that simple word, *Faith*.

I am afraid Catholics are being instructed too closely along the lines used by the well-meaning French priest who attempted to imbue his penitent with a strong and Christlike spirit: "The cloister, my child! The music! The arches! The altar steps!"

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

J. FEAR.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Courage, friend Fear! If the young priest delivered a "well-prepared and well delivered discourse on modern decadence in morals" he was very unlike the French Father who spoke of "the cloister—the music—the arches." Since "every word reached an attentive and willing ear," we may hope that some good was accomplished. We do not apologize for stampeding. But the Editor's personal experience in preaching in large and small churches has proven to him the necessity of a congregation moving quickly to accommodate the large crowds which usually, thank God, attend the Sunday Masses.]

THE SIGN-POST IN BOOK FORM

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I subscribe to *THE SIGN* and enjoy it very much. Of course there are some parts which I like more than others. The Sign-Post, Enid Dinnis, and The Passionists in China are my favorites. Nevertheless I must say that after I have read these the rest of the magazine is read from cover to cover. I would like to know if it is possible to have a compilation of The Sign-Post. A book of these Questions and Answers would I am sure find sale, especially if the enthusiasm among the seminarians is any criterion.

ST. VINCENT SEMINARY, LATROBE, PA.

SEMINARIAN.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Thanks to Seminarian for his commendation of *THE SIGN* and especially of The Sign-Post. We always try to make it an interesting and instructive feature of the magazine. The Questions and Answers have not been published in book form. There is not sufficient demand for them to move us to make the venture.]

JUSTICE FOR THE NEGRO

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Reverend Dear Father:

Sometime ago I wrote a rather lengthy letter touching on the Negro problem. It seems to me that, in a certain sense, it offended those worthy clergymen who are doing something to help the Negro. This was far from my intention.

Since that time I have given some thought to the subject and I have noticed and heard various things about the Negro in general. There is present in the Negro himself a distinctly marked contrast—he is at once humble and very proud, and, in some cases, will show only one side of his nature.

If you are interested enough to visit Harlem, in New York City, to talk to various Negro tradesmen, to observe the manner of life in the section, you will find that the Negro, with very few exceptions, hasn't a chance to better himself because of various reasons, the main one of which is hatred for the very soul of the Negro.

I have heard it said, not on very good authority, that the Jewish people hire the Negro and that the said Jewish people are the only ones, with the proper exceptions, who will hire the Negro. However, when you seek the source of employment which the Negro holds you will find that the greater majority are Jewish.

I said that the Negro needs a champion (really a score) from among the Catholic clergy. I do not mean men like Father Moeslein, who is more than a champion; I mean men who are in those parishes which are predominantly white; I mean men who will explain to the white people that the Negro is a human being; I mean men who will take it upon themselves to show that it is wrong for a Catholic to look down upon a Negro, who will insist that it is right for Catholics to accept the Negro as an economic equal, if not a social equal.

One look at Harlem will show you: "Father Divine is God," the "Harlem Hitler," the strike to force store owners to employ colored clerical help, a flagrant disregard for morals in certain sectors, hatred for the Negro; and running through all that there is a certain bitterness between certain classes of Negro—the West Indian Negro considers himself so much better than the Negro whose origin is the South. There is all this among a people who are essentially care-free, credulous, simple and hopeful.

In general, the whole point is that a priest, no matter how able, no matter how much he is doing, stationed in the Midwest, cannot help the Negro population in a parish in the East where that population, although small, is being neglected. And this is intended for white communities.

In my letter, which I referred to in the opening paragraph, I went to some length about the apparent disregard for backward children—that was the subject in which I was particularly interested, and in which I am still interested. The thought that the particular comment on the Negro would be printed did not cross my mind. I still hope that someone will see that the backward child needs certain provision made for him in the parish schools. Do you want to find a real simple faith? Well, collect a child, or children, from the ungraded class of some public school. It will open your eyes.

Thank you for your kind attention to these remarks. I am most unfortunate in meeting people who have nothing good to say for the Negro—but it is due to these people who will not say something for his good. I sincerely hope that you will see fit to publish at least an apology to those priests who are doing something.

Very respectfully

NEW YORK, N. Y.

J. GERARD OTTMANN.

NEW KIND OF MINCE PIE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I love your magazine and so hate to be (or seem) snippy or snooty, but truly, mince pies aren't *always* made of mince meat (I refer to pp. 154-55 of the October issue), as you appear to think. All my life I've been peeved because we weren't allowed to have mince pie on Fridays (of course), and four or five years ago I came across a recipe for mincemeat made with carrots instead of meat—and did I try it on my family? I did, and was all but annihilated the first time it figured at dessert one Friday evening! They refused to touch it. Didn't I know we couldn't have mince pie on Friday, and what was the idea anyway—trot out some other dessert and hurry up about it. Protestations were no good (from me) so I just helped myself generously and proceeded to eat. A few gasps, and then they decided that it *must* be meatless, for they couldn't quite see me disregarding a Church commandment in that cool, off-handed manner. Well, to make a long story short, they liked it and could hardly believe it wasn't the regular stuff—we very nearly had to take a Bible oath—but it is delicious and impossible to tell from regular mince-meat. Best of all we have mince pie on Friday if we want it! But I really don't think it is obtainable in a restaurant; at any rate I wouldn't risk it myself, and I'd have to know the person who assured me that it was carrot mincemeat instead of meat mincemeat, too. But it's great. Now, just in case you'd demand that I produce the recipe I'll have to hunt it up for I haven't used it yet this year.

BOSTON, MASS.

ONE WHOSE HOBBY IS COOKING.



The Ancients Clean House

By the Sisters of Charity

THE housecleaning really began immediately after Sister returned from Wuki, though the old men had no way of knowing that. They were too busy taking their ease in whatever cool spot they could find, and they didn't hear her exclamations of disgust. So all through that sweltering morning while they puffed away idly at their pipes, she inspected their dormitories—her conviction meantime deepening that not a floor had been swept, not a stick had been dusted, not a bed had been washed during the past seven weeks. "But it's too hot for that kind of work now," she thought. "I'll wait until the weather is cooler."

It was late in July and according to the Chinese calendar the heat would break on August fifteenth. Not that anyone feels an appreciable difference in the temperature! But in theory, at least, the heat that has been slowly and steadily mounting, then begins to just as slowly lose its intensity. "It add-cumulates from April to August 15," our Chinese teacher who had a flair for coining his own English once informed us, "after which it sub-cumulates until December, when there is no longer heat to cumulate." Perhaps the chief advantage of having the breaking point so arbitrarily dated is that everyone thinks with relief of the coming August 15. If it dawns as hot or even hotter than the days of the preceding weeks, well, there is some melancholy satisfaction in the reflection that according to the calendar it really shouldn't be. So, along with others of

us, Sister remembered August 15 and the cooler weather it has come to connote. She remembered it, and all during the intervening two weeks dispelled her annoyance with the old men by the thought of the rousing housecleaning party in store for them.

Although August 16 was as hot a day as ever slipped out of time, the work began. First, the old men carried their few possessions out of the dormitories into the yard, while the two young men improvised wall mops. Then, while the juniors brushed down the walls and thoroughly swept the floors, the old men sat among their treasures and held an indignation meeting. "We'll tell the Bishop on her," said one old fellow of seventy or more. "He's a man like ourselves, and he'll understand how we'll feel about being disturbed."

"That will do you no good," advised another. "She's a foreigner, and he's a foreigner. Two foreigners! And what have you? I tell you that though I haven't lived so long as you, I've learned this—that these foreigners will never blame each other!"

"What I'd like to know is this," chimed in a third one who was a comparative newcomer, "doesn't she know the customs of our country? Doesn't she know that she shouldn't be walking among us men this way?"

"It's like this," explained the fourth member of the group, and he a king among his fellows by reason of his one good eye. "It's like this: She's not an

ordinary woman. She's a Sister. And what is a Sister? A Sister is a foreign woman who wears a queer dress and can go where she pleases without anyone thinking the worse of her for it. And who is responsible for this state of affairs?"

We're still waiting to know with whom the responsibility rests, for at that moment his one good eye caught sight of Sister standing behind him, and he finished warily, "Not that it isn't a good arrangement. That isn't my meaning at all. I'll have you remember that a Sister may go where she will without anyone thinking the worse of her for it."

HE peered into her face to see how much she had heard; but she, without changing expression, told him and the other old men to carry the boards and the two wooden horses that compose their beds, to the other side. "And because you can see," she suggested to the last speaker, "you ought to pour the boiling water over the beds of the others who are not so fortunate as you."

Each old man obediently picked up some part of his bed, and they stumbled in unison over to the Chinese stove. It was at once pathetic and funny to watch them—pathetic, because they were all old and blind; funny, because of the open rebellion on some faces, and the humorous appreciation of their plight on some other faces. It was one of these last two remarked, not realizing that Sister was near enough to hear, "We are now the

men of Ho-Pai-Chang!" (Pai-Chang, is an officer in the Chinese Army who has charge of thirty men. Ho, is Sister's Chinese name.) "Yes," agreed his buddy just behind him, "and we're different from all others in that our Ho-Pai-Chang is a woman!"

That night when Sister left the dormitories, the walls were whitewashed, the floors clean, the beds sterilized, and everything dusted. Outside in a neat heap were chunks of iron, bits of wood, old newspapers, rusty nails, and still some other junk that had been filched from under the old men's beds. Sister's first plan for the following morning was to build a bonfire in the middle of the yard, and so dispose forever of the afore-

mentioned "treasures." When she returned early the next day, however, there was no junk heap in the middle of the yard! She questioned the old men about its whereabouts, and received in answer only negative shakes of their old heads. Then, while they stood about stoically smoking their pipes, she constituted herself a search party of one and soon discovered under the bed of each old man exactly the stuff that she had thrown into the scrap heap the day before. "Carry it out!" she ordered; whereupon each old man laid aside his pipe, and began to haul from under his bed chunks of iron, bits of wood, old newspapers, rusty nails, and still some other junk. The fire was lighted, and

the old men resumed their pipes. Not a word was spoken until Sister was about to leave, when the silence was broken by the old fellow of seventy or more who had considered informing the Bishop the day before. "I'd appreciate someone telling me," he murmured plaintively, "just where these foreigners get their energy."

"Don't you know the answer to that," retorted he who had argued against complaining on one foreigner to another. "I haven't lived so long as you, but I'll tell you this: They eat better food when they are children, and so they grow up stronger than we. That's where they get their energy! The strange part is, they work harder than we do."

From My Mission Diary

By Dunstan Thomas, C.P.

"THE Lord bless you and may that medicine your mother gave you for the colic take effect sometime," I said wearily. Rest? Who could with the Tsang baby crying all night? So I got up, washed and was going into the chapel to prepare for morning Mass when I heard the gateman calling hurriedly, "Father, Father!" And I heard a baby, too. "Probably it's that Tsang baby he has brought over for more medicine," I thought, as I saw the door opposite to me open and then in amazement heard him say, "I found her just now at the mission gate. She was crying all night." We have grown accustomed to many surprising situations in China. "Call the catechist," I said. Soon I saw the catechist coming along carrying the baby. "Looks encouraging," I thought, as I noticed how unconcerned he appeared.

"Don't be disturbed, Father. Mrs. Yang who cares for any waifs found at

the gate will take this one in. We can have her baptized. In any event she will be well cared for. After Mass I baptized the little "howler," Mary. Mrs. Yang with a mother's heart carried her away, happy in knowing she would be kept busy. Alas! Mary is too young to live away from her real mother who didn't want her, and if we judge right she may—like those waifs who have preceded her—be stopping over just long enough to thank by her smiles and winning ways, good Mrs. Yang, before continuing on to Heaven. But a month has gone and Mary is still with us. Perhaps the condensed milk we are giving her will tide her over the six-month period. Then, she will be able to eat rice.

It is a rare occurrence in this part of our district to find a waif at the mission gate. Then it is invariably a girl. Poverty in most cases forces the parents to abandon their child. It is hard enough

as it is to make both ends meet. If a boy is born, well—somehow or other he will be provided for. He is a potential bread winner. Not so the girl. She will leave the family in a few years to marry. So, particularly indigent parents of finer moral instincts will leave the unwanted baby girl at someone's door where it is sure to find a welcome. Parents of coarser natures will drown the unfortunate baby.

* * * * *

LIU JAMES considers himself a young man, though he has passed fifty and has had three "ventures." "The lady's name, please, who will take up the duties of the fourth Mrs. Liu?" I asked him when he intimated to me that he considered marrying once more. "She is a Mrs. Lee from the country and is a widow," he answered blushing. "A widow?" I asked in mild surprise. "Why, who else can I marry now except a widow? I am over fifty and Mrs. Lee is long past thirty," James remarked a little briskly.

"Life has been rather severe on you, James, from the matrimonial standpoint, but let's hope that the latest Mrs. Liu and you will go down life's pathway together," I told him by way of wishing him good luck. "When can Mrs. Lee start studying for Baptism?" He replied, "In a week's time." So, not long afterwards I saw the lady catechist coming along the walk with James' new wife, who was carrying the usual present that prospective catechumens give the missionary. What a formidable lady she was! A real country woman with a voice to suit her appearance. She remarked that the missionary lived in a wonderful house. When both ladies had come into my office and the civilities of



ENTIRE FAMILIES LIVE ON BOARD SMALL BOATS ON THE RIVERS OF CHINA. CHILDREN PLAY AMONGST FISHING NETS WHILE THEIR MOTHERS CLEAR THE DECKS WHICH SERVE AS DINING AND LIVING ROOMS

an introduction between Mrs. Lee and me were over, Mrs. Lee herself began the conversation in regard to getting ready for baptism. "I am no person for books," she admitted. "As for remembering what books say, I have a memory like a sieve." "Don't let that worry you, my good lady. The Lord won't bar anyone from Heaven who can't learn their prayers or recite doctrine from a book. He wants you to believe His word and live up to its practice," I assured her.

A MISSIONARY who has had experience training women for baptism knows that it is no easy matter for most of them to learn doctrine by rote. Few women coming to us have had the advantages of an education. They are thus seriously handicapped for learning the necessary doctrine by heart. We nevertheless baptize such who give conclusive proof that they believe the doctrine. Truly, the Chinese are long-suffering. Who but they—especially those in their thirties, with no knowledge of characters, no taste for books and a faulty memory—will persevere for three months as Mrs. Lee has done? And when you consider that the lady hasn't stirred from the Mission except twice to see her parents who live but a short distance away, you can't help but admire her grit. It pleases James to be told that he has a submissive wife. "Well, Father, that was the first thing I was sure about before marrying her. None of those modern ones for me, who think of only good times, no work to do and nice clothes to wear," he said. I encouraged him by saying that I married couples like him and Mrs. Lee and that the unions had turned out well. Anyway James has been to the altar three times. He ought to know.

Liu James' fourth marriage wasn't allowed to pass by as quietly as he had intended. He is popular with everybody. We were not satisfied to just assist at the nuptial mass and afterwards set off the usual firecrackers. The night before, without his knowledge, we all assembled in the school hall to draw up a spiritual bouquet to be given him and his wife in the morning. Communions and masses were the main good works and when the new couple were presented with the bouquet and read the number of Communions and Masses, they were much moved and thanked us effusively. However, we did not stop at spiritual gifts for the bride and groom. They benefited also by many useful gifts of wearing apparel and articles for their new home. I notice, while reading the marriage service, that James had on a white shirt with cuffs protruding which didn't have cuff links. It occurred to me that I had cuff links. So he got them as my present. The crowning event of a much filled day of happiness and celebration was the banquet I gave for the entire mission. It



AT SHENCHOW, HUNAN, FATHER LEO BERARD, C.P., IS IN CHARGE OF THE THIRTEEN BOYS OF THE PREPARATORY SEMINARY. THIS IS A RECENT PICTURE OF THE BOYS, TAKEN DURING A FEW MINUTES' REST ON ONE OF THEIR WALKS.

was the only way I could bring in the orphans who wanted to do something too for making James' fourth marriage an outstanding event.

SUPERSTITIOUS practices in Pao-otsing are as common as the air one breathes. Hardly a day passes that I don't see or hear of them. During the past three days and nights there has been an interminable round of banging on drums, cymbals, playing the fiddle and chanting prayers, all in a mighty effort to get the soul of Mrs. Han's father over the eighteenth degree of hell. When I heard this was going on in her house I was quite surprised, because Mrs. Han is the lady catechist's friend and often comes to Mass on Sundays. I was glad to hear afterwards that not she, but her clan was having the hell-raising ceremonies.

While out walking at times it is possible to see a mother weeping and wailing at the grave of her son. Poor thing, she believes the grave is the end to all. When there are Christians living along the route of my walk, I tell them to try to do something for the deluded mother by letting her know about the doctrine of the Resurrection.

This is the season when the snake charmer plies a lucrative trade. I don't mean the charmer who is pictured in books and performs at the circus, but the ordinary fellow who is about these days and who can rid your house of snakes. This fellow caught two big ones a few days ago in the school next door. He took a sheet of paper and then wrote a character on it, asking further where the snake disappeared to. He was shown a hole where the snakes had disappeared. Promptly he placed the sheet of paper at the entrance, clapping his hands vigorously. The mission boys told me that the charmer caught the snakes when they came out of the hole. "This same fellow can catch the big snake in our school, Father. Shall we call him?" Of course I wouldn't dare to call the fellow. It would mean encouraging superstition.

Hardly to be classed among superstitions, yet used by the pagans as an end, is the figure of a cross. I have seen it marked on the foreheads of the country children while I passed them by on some road. I asked my servant what the pagans mean by using a cross in that manner and he replied that it is a custom widely prevalent in China, and is used against the machinations of the devil. Whether the figure of a cross was in the past borrowed from Christianity or whether it is the character for ten in Chinese, I am not prepared to say. It may very well be a mystic number and as such used as a protection from the evil spirit.

TO see the representation of a cross on some child's brow is strange enough, but when a pagan asks for holy water or wants to borrow the altar candles, one is quite bewildered. I have had many such requests. I get out of the difficulty gracefully by compromise. The wife of our General Tchou was quite ill and superstitions were being practised on a grand scale. One day the idol of the god of health was carried in solemn procession to her home. Then, for some reason or other, the General had his secretary write me a letter, asking to borrow the altar candles. You may imagine how nervous I felt when my catechist read me this letter. There was the importance of his person to consider, whilst at the same time I had to safeguard the dignity of religion. "Which one of the General's wives is sick?" I asked the fellow who had brought the letter. He mentioned her name. "Oh, she was in the mission for a long time and often sick for long spells," I answered. So I told my catechist that I could do something much better for the General's wife than sending candles. I would have the Christians say some prayers at once for her. She was a good person at heart and was very anxious to become a Christian. But since she was a subordinate wife and had no hope of ever being given her liberty,



IN UNION THERE IS STRENGTH

Baptism was out of the question. The prayers of the Christians helped the sick wife. Soon afterwards the General came to thank me.

To refuse holy water to Mr. Liu, a pagan, was a much easier matter and done with no offense. The refusal, in fact, was delicately maneuvered by the suggestion of my Mass server. He tells me everything worth knowing in advance. Liu, a very pleasant character and a teacher in the mission school, is well disposed towards the Faith. He is as unembarrassed talking to me as to the other teachers in the school. He comes to the doctrine classes in the evenings of his own volition. Last January he asked for a calendar and a book explaining the doctrine and ceremonies of the Church, but still no word of wanting to be a Christian. It was the calendar with the image of Christ on it that was destined to bring Liu to me one day with his formal intention of wishing to become a Christian.

"Father, my wife is very ill. Could I have some holy water?" he asked me in a friendly way. "I'll do better than that, Mr. Liu. I'll go home with you," I told him. He had hardly expected I would condescend to go to his home and he was highly pleased. I went off to the sacristy with my Mass server to get the holy water. "Johnny, how am I going to get over this difficulty?" "Tell him to put the calendar you gave him over his wife's bed and then when you enter the sick room bless the calendar with the holy water," he suggested, rather ingeniously I thought. There wouldn't be any difficulty entering the Liu home since the other families occupying the house are Christians. I could be visiting them at the same time and sprinkle the vestibule as I entered, and then keep on to the sick person's room. Mr. Liu's request therefore was granted. I blessed the calendar which he put over his wife's bed and as the holy water touched the sacred image of Christ, a few drops fell on the coverlets of Liu's wife. She got

better. Liu now thinks a miracle was worked. After Mass one Sunday I saw Liu coming along the walk. We were talking about a number of things when he said quite frankly, "Father, I would start in at once learning the catechism were it not for my mother. I live with



ALONE AND VERY LONESOME

her. I've given up all superstition long ago, but she still observes the first and fifteenth of each month by burning incense to her ancestors."

* * * * *

A CHRISTIAN girl for a Christian wife, is the ideal we hold up to our young men contemplating marriage. We mean more plainly—a girl of some years in the Faith. We have two ends in view when advising this course. Young ladies of long years in the Faith and especially those living with the Sisters are thoroughly imbued with Christian principles. Therefore, judging from this standpoint alone, such young ladies are better qualified to become the wives of our young men. Then our young men, by choosing mission girls, help the missionary solve the happy future of the girl and thus settle her in life. But love is bound by no rule. The young man's ideal may be a pagan maiden of unblemished reputation and of excellent family connections who has caught his fancy. She too has been weighing matters. Such is the case of Paul Chang, a young man teaching in our school. He told me, without any coaxing, how he went about capturing his intended. I knew, of course, he was looking for a wife, but when he told me that it was the daughter of a friend, of course I recognized the futility of opposing the match. "You must have a free hand in the matter of choosing a wife," he offered to advise me. "I came to get mine by patronizing one store exclusively when buying things. I got to know the mother of the girl and at times saw the girl at close range, heard her remarks and was favor-

ably impressed by her disposition. The mother and I became good friends and naturally we both exchanged confidences regarding many matters until one day the topic of marriage was brought up. Now, as I look back on the whole affair, we had both been sizing each other up and all towards the one end of settling the daughter in life. So it was a very easy matter to ask for the daughter's hand and to be accepted. I've saved middle-man's money too by carrying on the negotiations myself," Paul told me quite unconcernedly.

"How do you go about settling the affair of engagement?" I asked Paul. He



THREE PENSIVE YOUNGSTERS

told me there was the document to be drawn up, giving the bride's name, year of birth, month, day and hour, and the middle-man's name. Then there were the clothing, ear rings, engagement ring and fifty pounds of meat to seal the bargain. In all, an expenditure of some sixty dollars. So as far as I may judge without having seen the young lady, I think Paul has made a wise choice. The young lady will be studying soon in preparation for Baptism and the other Sacraments.

Luke, my Mass server, and a fine lad, surprised me one evening by asking if he could become engaged. I thanked God inwardly, thinking to myself that the lad's heart was in the right place and that he was looking to the future. "Of course you may be engaged. Who is she, Luke?" I asked almost in one breath. He delighted me by answering, "It's Margaret Tien, one of the mission girls studying in Shenchow." I told him that he was safe in following the advice of the missionary and that he had made a good beginning by choosing Margaret Tien. "Will she care for you, though?" I asked him by way of warning. "Of course she will, Father," he replied. So, today I am writing to Sister Agnes Paula telling her that one of her girls has become matrimonial bait. It's up to Margaret to take Peng Luke, or else she may spend many a day with her long braid hanging down her back.

Yuanling Letter

By Quenten Olwell, C.P.

AMUCH belated letter from the old place with a new old name. We have been known as Shenchow, but now answer to YUANLING. The universal calling of the town by the name of Yuanling is new. The town, though, has had the name for centuries. It is the result of the changing of the civic units. Until lately, the provinces of China were divided into prefectures and sub-prefectures. Under each of these was a number of towns and villages. Shenchow was a prefecture; the city limits had the name Yuanling. Now China has done away with the prefectures and sub-prefectures, and has modeled its civic divisions on the United States pattern. The provinces correspond to our states. The highest unit in the province is now the city, each city being self-governing under its Mayor. Hence, the Prefecture of Shenchow is no more, and in its place we have the City of Yuanling. Until further notice, however, our ecclesiastical name still remains the Vicariate Apostolic of Shenchow.

Yuanling has progressed much in the past six years or so; not that its progress is apparent to the casual visitor. It is still a city of one main street—and here a street means an alley ten feet wide, banked on either side with Chinese stores. A store is an open air booth, roofed! Plate glassed emporiums are still in the realms of fancy. But the progress is deeper seated. Law and order of a modern complexion has put in its appearance. The word appearance is used advisedly; law and order as moderns conceive it has not fully grasped the city as yet, though real advancement has been made. No longer are the military running wild. The rich and powerful are no longer able to inflict their wills on the poor and weak.

In the educational line the most progress has been made. Schools that are real schools have been established, and are making great headway. Feeble but real attempts at industrial schools, night schools for the working classes have been made and, with the new desire for advancement gradually growing in the hearts of the majority, will in time greatly help in the progress of the city. Newspapers are doing their share towards the general education of the masses. In fact, two papers are published locally every three or four days. Late news is brought in to the paper via their radio.

It is among the youth that progress is most apparent. Not only in the foreign clothes they wear—and wear well for the

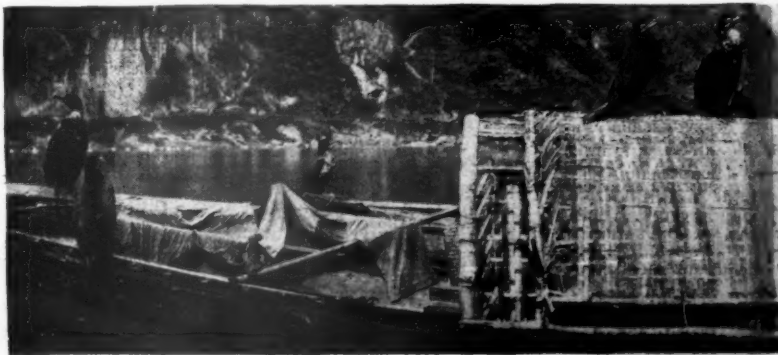
greater part—but in what is called the foreign manner matter of conventionalities, is their change for the better noticed. Handkerchiefs, used for their proper purpose, are much in evidence. A proper guarding of foods from flies and other contamination, and care that their food and utensils are clean, a general uplift in hygiene, both personal and domestic, all are greatly in evidence among the younger generation. Not a few of the elders are following the good example. In outdoor life and recreation, especially in sports, a distinct change is witnessed. Ten years ago games of basketball, volley ball, football, tennis, were unknown to the city of Yuanling. Now, daily in all the school yards these games are played, and in some of the inter-school meets some fine playing may be seen. The good from healthy sports and competition is working its way into the character of the Chinese youth, making them more manly and more forbearing, character developments which are much needed.

The change from a primitive standard where literally might was right, to a more up-to-date system of law and order was not, and is not, being made with the Catholic Church going through unscathed. Change brings much confusion and not a little extravagance. Through the confusion in the minds of those affecting the changes, many foolish acts were directed against the Catholic Church. With the virtues most necessary in China, patience and confidence in God, the Church not only weathered the storms but came through holding a higher place than ever. This means that the work of the Church can be effected more easily and with brighter hopes. Again the open sesame to more souls for Christ, namely, well-ordered charity, is

bearing fruit. Christ Himself used this method in His earthly ministry. Every now and again He permits the same need to arise forcing, as it were, souls to Him through their bodily needs. A time of "hua han," spotted famine, is with us in this locality. In many sections the rice crops failed. Already whole families are moving into the city seeking work whereby to obtain the food needed to keep them alive. The supply is much less than the demand, so that many are in danger of starving. Some are even now reduced to extremes. Many have come to us, offering to sell their children. This is just the beginning. Harder times are ahead. The opportunity for us has arrived. The missionaries see it and are anxiously preparing to grasp the occasion. But we need much help!

FROM the letters and the newspapers from home, the missionaries are led to believe that the depression is passing and good times are coming.

We know that we have an obligation to pray for our benefactors. This we have done without ceasing. We are here ready and willing to carry on the great work, but without the necessary support we can do but little. Hence, the intensity and the volume of our prayers that the depression pass! It is with great hope, then, that the attention of our good friends and co-workers is brought to bear upon the opportunities now facing us to do some intensive work for the salvation of souls and the increasing of God's kingdom among the peoples of Yuanling. Later, a more detailed account of the work and its methods and accomplishments will be offered to our benefactors. Meanwhile we ask your spiritual and financial support.



AT PAOTSIING ON THE NORTH RIVER CORMORANTS ARE MUCH USED BY THE FISHERMEN. THESE LARGE BIRDS ARE TRAINED TO DIVE FOR FISH. A METAL RING AROUND THEIR THROATS PREVENTS THE BIRDS FROM SWALLOWING THEIR CATCH

Gemma's League of Prayer

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of intercessory and united prayer.

The Object: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

The Methods: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

Membership: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

Obligations: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly *spiritual society*. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist Missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regular



BLESSED GEMMA GALGANI

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER

Masses Said	3
Masses Heard	27,910
Holy Communions	21,334
Visits to B. Sacrament	103,319
Spiritual Communions	69,230
Benediction Services	12,515
Sacrifices, Sufferings	29,452
Stations of the Cross	16,589
Visits to the Crucifix	77,174
Beads of the Five Wounds	10,835
Offerings of PP. Blood	162,240
Visits to Our Lady	158,096
Rosaries	19,495
Beads of the Seven Dolors	4,207
Ejaculatory Prayers	993,286
Hours of Study, Reading	46,192
Hours of Labor	46,722
Acts of Kindness, Charity	33,035
Acts of Zeal	56,428
Prayers, Devotions	86,532
Hours of Silence	44,718
Various Works	48,209
Holy Hours	1,442

money contributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

The Reward: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle "for their spiritual and corporal works of mercy."

The Patron: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Recently she has been beatified and we hope soon to call her Saint Gemma.

Headquarters: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7: 39.) ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

VERY REV. MSGR. LEANDER M. CANON ROTH
RT. REV. MSGR. JOSEPH F. SHEAHAN
MOST REV. J. W. SHAW
REV. JOHN J. A. O'BRIEN
REV. M. J. CARROLL
REV. MICHAEL J. MURNEY
REV. GEORGE F. BENNETT
REV. DANIEL J. CAREY
REV. J. J. HOWARD
REV. M. J. COYNE
BRO. NICHOLAS JOERNS, S.M.
MOTHER MARY OF THE SACRED HEART
SR. M. CATHERINE
SR. M. XAVIERIA
SR. M. NOBBERT
SR. M. JUSTINIAN, O.S.B.
MRS. MCTAVEY
MARY HIGGINS
ROSE GILLEN
JAMES A. REGAN
OLIVE M. SEYMOUR
HELEN FACHMAYER
JUSTIN J. MCCARTHY
MARGARET KENNEY
JAMES FARLEY
ELLEN WARREN
KATHARINE GRAHAM
CARRIE F. NEYON

NORA T. DUNN
MARY FARRELL
MR. GROSSMAN
JACOB B. HEMMER
THOMAS A. LALLY
CATHERINE J. DOWD
DELLA MURPHY
WAYLAND C. HAYWOOD
JULIA HUSTON
ANNA T. SCHELL
MARY G. CONNATY
CATHERINE BURNS
BRIDGET SHINE
ALEXANDER EWEEN
FLORIAN LANG
JOSEPHINE LANG
EVELYN O'BRIEN
EDWARD C. SNYDER
YESKA TYREE
ALICE GITHENS
W. J. MURPHY
JOSEPH T. MURTAGH
ANDREW J. LAURENT
JANE GLASCOTT
EDWARD G. O'REILLY
EDWARD C. SNYDER
P. L. CLIFTON
MR. J. W. HAYS
THEODORE C. LEIDLE
KATHARINE MCERLANE
WILLIAM S. POWERS
MARY MALLOY
EDWARD M. CASSIDY
MRS. ANDREW J. REILLY
MICHAEL CURTIS
OWEN CURTIS
ANNA MAIER
MARY COLLINS
WILLIAM E. McQUADE
K. CONNOLLY

ALBERT A. STONE
JOHN T. SMITH
IDA BOURGNIGNON
JOHN A. SLOWEY
PATRICK DUFFY
HELEN C. ELLSWORTH
HENRY R. ELLSWORTH
GILBERT HARTLEB
MARY E. HUBNER
CATHERINE O'NEILL
WILLIAM E. SMITH
PAULA LUCAS
MRS. WILLIAM H. WALL
JAMES A. CARROLL
MICHAEL J. WALSH
JUDGE EDWARD J. WALSH
JAMES F. WYNNE
FEDERICO PUARRO
CATHERINE C. HIRD
JOHN A. EMMERT
JOSEPH L. ARAGONI
MAURICE OTTERBACK
CHRISTINA EBLE
JOSEPH M. BURNES
FRANK C. CABOTS
JEREMIAH O'CONNOR
MARGARET WELCH
MR. P. T. KIRKEY
ALICE A. O'RAFFERTY
CHARLES J. SIEGLAR
CONNIE CAHILL
MARY KELLY
MRS. EDWARD DUREEN
MARY COLLINS
CATHERINE MCGUIRE
CHARLES E. MURPHY
ANNA F. STANFORD
MARY GREGORY
E. L. MURPHY
ADA E. KILNER

HONORA G. HEALEY
MARGARET C. CARROLL
AUGUST ARADO
MRS. P. A. ALWINE
ELLEN M. PHALEN
KATE C. KESSLER
MARGARET M. FEELEY
IRENE MCCORMACK
MARY SHARP
AGNES DOLAN
THOMAS MURPHY
ANNIE M. BRADY
MISS M. A. McLAUGHLIN
ANNIE PAGEL
MARGARET SERCOMBE
MARY E. EPPLER
SARAH McDEVITT
FRANK T. MATTERS
THOMAS F. MOORE
VICTOR E. LANOUEETTE
MRS. JAMES YATES
MARY KENNEDY
JUSTIN J. MCCARTHY
CHARLES HENLOCK
MICHAEL BYRNES
FRANK T. MATTERS
ANNIE SMETZER
MICHAEL DOLAN
MARY KENNEDY
ALICE MAHONEY

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

Culture Versus Civilization

IF only connoisseurs of life and happiness would take Our Lord at His word, that "seek first the justice of God and all these things shall be added to you!" The mere simplification which devotion and the single mind bring to a man or woman; the polarization of life and thought to one greater End; the deepening of the intelligence and the enabling of character and the mind's value—these, simply as assets of happiness and inner order, ought to commend this plan to men, in place of confusion, worry, the divided will and distracted mind and the subservience to crowd-opinion.

By W. J. Blyton

NO: this is not any cheap antithesis for the sake of mere effect, or for an argument. It expresses a real contrast for us at the present day, not least in America or Britain, and the mechanized western peoples generally.

But first, so that we shall not deal in vague terms and beat the air, get our terms justly defined:

By "civilization" I mean (as most people who use the word mean) the state of human-kind living together in cities, townships, workshops, mills, clubs and societies. It is an affair mainly of externals, of convenience, expediency, physical and business efficiency. It tends always to promote and exalt invention, labor-saving devices, man-production of the useful, quick and profitable production or distribution, accessible pleasures to all (or to as many as possible). Its ideal may be summarily described as a radio and an auto for every home, a vote for every adult, a job for all, insurance and increasing bodily security. To us modern men, "civilization" is something we submit to for the sake of what it promises in these directions.

Now before we exhibit its limitations, its poverty as an end by itself, common-sense forbid that we should deny its value (even, indirectly, its possible spiritual and cultural value). The Utilitarians were right, and are, except when they put apparatus in the first place and forget that place belongs to the soul.

Now for "culture." By this we do not mean the trivial polish—the tid-bits of book circles, talkee-talkie from the lips outwards—which can be acquired by anybody with a flair for imitation and with the "blotting-pad mind." We mean something so broad that it includes love and knowledge of art and science, people and history; and so deep that it simply *must* include Religion—the love of God and virtue, and the desire to help these prevail amongst men.

How far, how very far, this is from mere curiosity, ostentation, vanity or exclusiveness. How far from any 'ism or shibboleth of a clique! Said a great sage some years ago: "The culture which is supposed to plume itself on a smattering of Greek and Latin is a culture which is begotten by nothing so intellectual as curiosity; it is valued either out of sheer vanity and ignorance, or else as an engine of social and class distinction, separating its holder, like a badge or title, from other people who have not got it." Strong words to come from the famous son of the one-time headmaster of Rugby. The genuine culture is rooted in the love of perfection and the seeking of it in others, for others, and for ourselves. It is one thing more than that: it is also the passion for doing good (after finding out, under the best authority, what is good). It needs faith and ardor, together with perseverance and judgment, to flourish at its best.

Still, let us not despair. It is within the power of most of us. One has seen it possessed by quite humble people unknown to fame, who have seized the secret of secrets, namely: "To promote the kingdom of God, is to increase and hasten one's own happiness."

If only connoisseurs of life and happiness would take Our Lord at His word, that "seek first the justice of God and all these things shall be added to you!" The mere simplification which devotion and the single mind bring to a man or woman; the polarization of life and thought to one greater End; the deepening of the intelligence and the enabling of character and the mind's value—these, simply as assets of happiness and inner order, ought to commend this plan to men, in place of confusion, worry, the divided will and distracted mind, and the subservience to crowd-opinion.

As a matter of fact, we have reached a period in man's history when expansion

and dispersal of interests on the surface have gone far enough, and now in its place the time has come for a deepening of life inwardly.

Otherwise we are going to be choked mentally and spiritually with our "many inventions." We have, in the common phrase, "bitten off rather more than we can chew," and need a period of rumination and digestion—not one well-kept Sabbath in the week only, but more if possible. "The cares of this life" and its glammers have taken up too much of the time and health of men. We are being "cumbered with much serving"—we are Marthas who have forgotten the clue of Mary who "chose that good thing, the one thing needful, which shall not be taken away." It is the nemesis of cleverness, of worshipping the Baal of production, distribution and consumption as if they solved the question of life instead of adding to its gear.

LET us be quite honest with ourselves in this matter. The idea of perfection as an inward condition of the soul and mind is callously disregarded by the material civilization around us. What are our watchwords? Organization, machinery, system, business method, turn-over; things mainly disproportioned grotesquely to the ends which they are supposed to serve, if they are to be of any good at all. Yet they are talked about as if they were precious ends in themselves.

If the finest artist is he who can produce results with least expenditure of paints and material, is not the finest artist in living he who produces profoundest pleasure and blessedness with the least display of means and labor? Surely. Thus a Whittier in the woodlands is almost certainly nobler and better off than a man making merry (at great cost) amid the elaborate lights of Broadway. Our individual task is not merely to

read or repeat these facts, but really to see and feel that they are so—and to cut our lives to the pattern of them.

Occasionally a civilization receives a sharp jolt—Germany, Britain, France and America have all had their severe post-war reminders—that the so-called solid realities of cash and material are utterly elusive and tricky things which repeatedly play us false as peoples and as individuals. There is no security in them. There is no security, finally, anywhere but in the state of our minds and souls. And that is the work of culture, thought, religion to produce.

IT is a vulgar popular delusion—everywhere—that wealth is necessarily a means to happiness; to good reading, for instance, to rejoicing in the spectacle of nature, to the rewards of religion. The best things are, as it providentially happens, cheapest and within reach of very moderate purses. Some are free, and some again are “without price.” The greatest joys, as the sage saw, are “in widest commonality spread.” They depend on the man and his five senses and his mind and character; not on his status with his banker or auto-maker.

It must be, it is, very annoying to the wealthy to see here and there poor people with well-furnished and happy minds going above the world, too content to envy the paraphernalia of money. It conflicts oddly with their simple illusion that joy has to be bought, that there is somehow a price-label on it. Whereas, there is not. Joy in fact seeks out the suitable character. It is a result of living in harmony with several well-ascertained laws, which were declared several thousand years ago and have never failed yet.

Even bodily health, the call of sports and fitness, is not a talisman, though health of course is nearer as a means to well-being than are wealth, and fame and so on. But this modern worship of the body is mere vulgar idolatry which misses the point. Franklin put it crisply: “Eat and drink such an exact quantity as suits the constitution of the body in reference to the services of the mind.”

Why, even pagan wisdom of old was equal to this elementary discovery, and so-called Christian civilization over two thousand years after ought not to need (though they do) preaching of this sort. Epictetus however had got further than some of us western moderns: he said—“It is a sign of a nature not finely tempered to give yourselves up to things which relate to the body, to make a fuss about exercise, walking and riding, what you eat and drink.” And the Gospel more impressively shows up this curious commonness which besets material civilization, when it enjoins us not to fume about “what we shall eat and what we shall drink: for your heavenly Father knows you have need of these things. Seek you first the kingdom of God.”

Such ideals are not so hard to put into successful practise as is often supposed. The reason is that after all there is a nobility in humanity waiting for emergence; man was not made for a life of all means and no End, all action and no contemplation, all grasping and no quiet and sacrifice. Men and women were created with instincts for the altruistic, disinterested and divine—and are, quite naturally, vaguely miserable when thwarted of these by any cause. We were formed to live, not to be everlastingly doing chores and seeking the means to live. And formed, moreover, to live in the higher stories of our being, not in the cellars. We are far more human than animal: and the humanity in us—the spirit, love, admiration, imagination, faith—crave for scope.

Remarkable to say, it is the finer portion of us which can be appeased without the exchange of cash. It is the sensual pleasures that cost money. The way of the transgressor is hard even financially. But the more profound, exalted and delicate the pleasure, the more accessible has it been made to the human spirit. Who can deny this in an age when the classics of the world can be got for the price of a glass of beer, when walking is still the best way of seeing the country, when there is no tax on true religion, when the best food is still the plainest, especially if sauced with honest hunger?

These are the master-truths which the noises of Vanity Fair bid to obscure for us. There everybody echoes somebody else's unconsidered opinion—itself borrowed. People do not live from within, but in others' views. “Standards of living,” purely artificial and temporary, delude them. Convention runs their life for them. “You ought to have an auto, you know!” Why? “You can't do without a 'phone.” I can, very well. “What, you haven't a place in the country (or a town flat)?” No, and still I live. So the verbal persecution goes on, and most folk surrender without a kick. And the sillies have bad nights trying to think how to meet the bill.

THIS is the slavery of keeping up appearances, of being a “prominent citizens in our home town,” of accepting in short the current narrow interpretation of the word civilization, an interpretation, alas! which was forced on to it in the industrial revolution and the materialism that became more general at that time.

“The world is too much with us: late and soon,
Getting or spending, we lay waste our powers,
Little we see in Nature that is ours.

That is the judgment of interior culture upon external civilization's hold upon men. And this also: “Love not the world,” which runs like an undertone through the utterances of Christ Himself

and then of the Apostles. To them “the world” was a very distinct phrase standing for a clear conception—a powerful pull away from the things of God and the heart (“The world” is to be distinguished from the good honest earth and the things it yields: the phrase means temporal society and its transitory pursuits). The world was considered, and correctly considered, a hardening and coarsening agency, unless kept at a distance and counteracted by a hold on the spiritual world. In all this, Christians showed themselves from the first the true apostles of the deeper culture, raising in the minds of many races and ages a new standard of feeling and value, a new sensitiveness to the finer things of the spirit and the realities of the other world.

A certain “other worldliness,” whatever shallow positivists may say about it, is indeed a mark of the more fully tempered spirit, for it spells susceptibility to the enduring and unseen (the highest faculty which man has—the faculty in virtue of which he is immortal and charted for a vaster stage of being), and it spells likewise a liberalism from the cheap enchantments of the obvious, the material, and this ignorant present.

IT is this window into the invisible and eternal—the Real—which we most need in our day of noise and hurry to keep open.

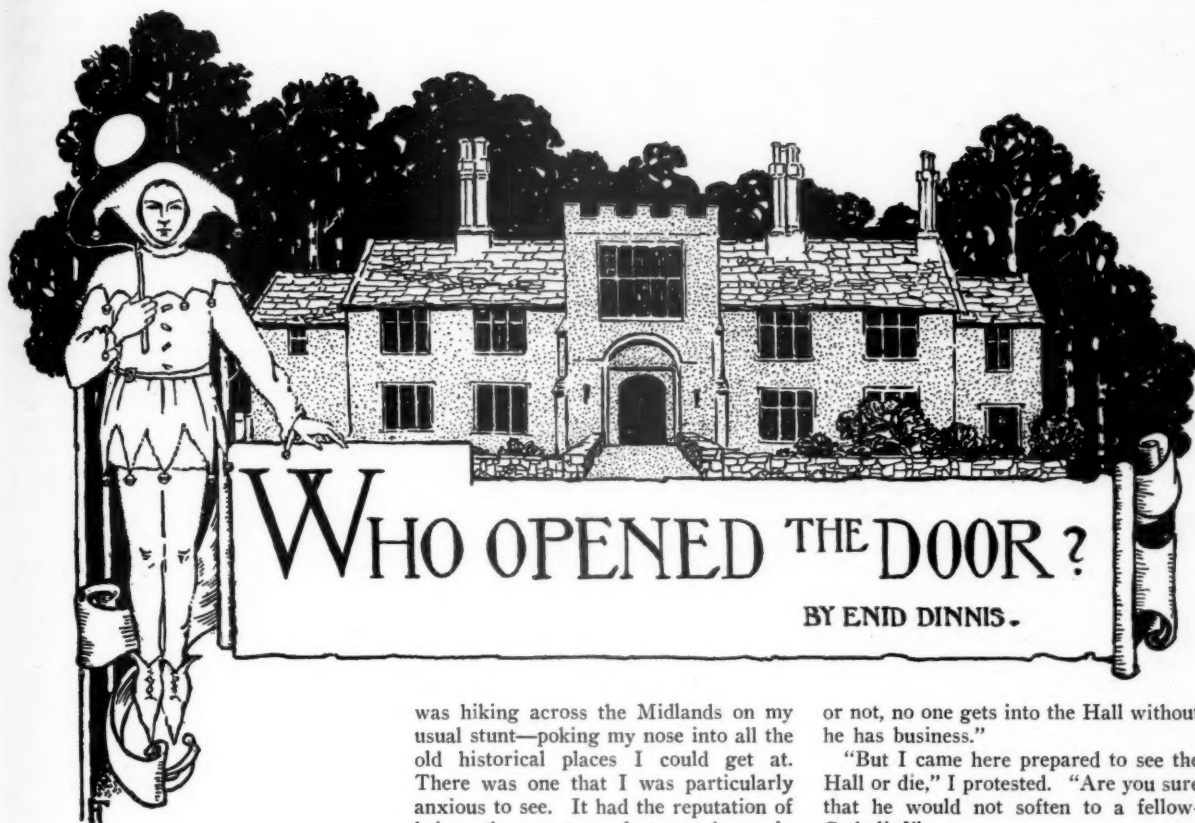
“Man's true end and home
Is with infinity, and only there.
With hope it is, hope that can never die,
Effort, and expectation and desire,
And something evermore about to be.”

So said the seer of Rydal, the modern poet-exponent of “the mind's internal heaven.” We should keep not only a Weekly Sabbath, but a “little Sabbath” each day, if only half an hour long, to converse with God and His gifted and inspired ones: it would be a charm against vulgarity, philistinism, worry, disproportioned ambition, envies, malice. Because in the great calms of Christian truth, in the serene amplitudes of Catholic verity—

“I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless
light,

All calm as it was bright”—

in such a setting, pettiness cannot long live. “When I am looking at the galaxies of heaven,” said Tennyson, “the country families and class division, the world itself, seem inexpressibly small.” Those mighty facts—the infinite outside us and the infinite within us—do not crush us finally but exalt and refine and subdue. To those by nature egoistic or excitable they could, if given the chance, bring detachment, proportion, quiet and the far view. They are the crown and completion of intelligence.



BY ENID DINNIS.

"A CHRISTMAS yarn," Paul Farran observed, "is expected to have a ghost in it, or a mystery. The only story with a mystery in it that ever happened in my direct knowledge has a midsummer setting. That, I'm afraid, would rule it out."

We all protested in a chorus that we had no objection to a midsummer setting although we were at the moment seated round a blazing hearth taking turns in the telling of a seasonable story.

"But it's very midsummer," he persisted, "ninety degrees in the shade."

"Make it an Australian Christmas," one of us suggested.

"But it didn't happen in Australia," Farran said. "It happened in England, in one of those old Catholic houses that are full of ghosts. What's to be done?"

We appealed to Father Smith. Trust a theologian for finding a way out.

"Well," the latter remarked, "if the ghost appears in midsummer, and ghost stories are only told round the hearth at Yuletide, the setting has gone wrong somewhere."

"It didn't appear," Farran urged. "It only—"

"Perhaps," Father Smith remarked, demurely, "if you told us the story we might judge of its suitability to meet the occasion?"

This is the story exactly as Farran told it:

It happened quite a few years ago. I

was hiking across the Midlands on my usual stunt—poking my nose into all the old historical places I could get at. There was one that I was particularly anxious to see. It had the reputation of being the most perfect specimen in existence of an English moated dwelling house—Mariana's moated grance. I will call it the Hall, simply, but some of you may guess at the place I mean. It lies hidden away in a thickly wooded country—the meadowland is dotted with dark clumps of trees and rough undergrowth. In the penal days it was a favorite hiding place for priests who were said to be able to make their escape by means of a secret passage running under the moat.

The Hall had remained in Catholic hands and I cherished the hope that I might be able to hear Mass in the chapel there, but I discovered to my disappointment that a public chapel had been built in the neighborhood, with the express purpose of keeping inquisitive visitors out of the Hall. The present owner was of what is called a retiring nature. I tackled the landlord of the "Cross Keys" on the subject.

"You won't be able to get into the Hall unless you're a personal friend of Sir Jasper's," he said. "He doesn't like strangers about, Sir Jasper doesn't. I think it's being papists for generations that gets him that shy way. He keeps himself very much to himself, does Sir Jasper."

"Well," I said, "he needn't fear I'm a pursuivant on his tracks. I'm a papist myself."

"He wouldn't be afraid of that," my honest host said, "they leave 'em alone now-a-days. I suppose they know they can't do no harm to no one. But, papist

or not, no one gets into the Hall without he has business."

"But I came here prepared to see the Hall or die," I protested. "Are you sure that he would not soften to a fellow-Catholic?"

My landlord shook his head. "Even papists don't get a look in," he said, "and it's a pity for the old place is well worth seeing. Why, even the Americans can't get in, and I can tell you it isn't easy to keep an American out of a place with a history."

"Might as well try and keep a bat out of an ancient ruin as a man from New York," I agreed. But, all the same, I was determined to succeed where New York had failed. By hook or by crook I would contrive to gain a more intimate view of the old Hall than that to be obtained from the surrounding meadows.

IT was scorching hot weather and there had been a drought for weeks past. I walked across the meadows to a spot where one could catch a glimpse of the old Hall with its 13th century gateway and grim, gray frontage. The old drawbridge over the moat had been replaced by a permanent one of stone. The gateway led into a quadrangle, and the moat on the three outer sides was thickly fringed with plantations. The shy old hall preserved its fortifications against strangers as it had done in the troubled days of old, the moat, itself mainly hidden by the thick growth of trees, had never been known to dry up. It had its secrets to guard.

I approached as near as I could and peered through the dark belt of trees, but the Hall retained its reticence as to its domesticities. What a tight little

hiding place it must have been in the days of persecution. It struck one as embodying the spirit of the Catholics of that sturdy age, its face set against the intruder; and, in later days, that aloofness that clung to the old Catholic families and cut them off from the world around them. The poverty of the present day was the heritage of a martyr race. The broad acres had shrunk into the proud, impregnable land covered by the ancient home of the erstwhile lords of the soil. It was all very fine and stimulating to think about, but, all the same, I wished that the present representative of the gallant line had not clung to the tradition with such tenacity. I positively hungered for a glimpse of the quadrangle beyond the gateway. The place was full of ghosts, I had been told.

THE approach to the Hall for those who possessed the right of entry, was along a rough track which had once been a carriage drive. The entrance gate and lodge had long since disappeared. It rounded the meadow, and a dense plantation lay on the left as one walked towards the house. One could easily picture the figure of a fugitive as one peered into its depth; the secret underground way might bring him thus far. I blushed a little as I thought of my Sunday grumble at a two-mile walk to Mass, as I made my way along the rough road.

The old Hall lay before me—the stern, gray frontage. I wondered if there were ever any visitors. Sir Jasper, I understood, lived alone with a small staff of servants. A chaplain came over and said Mass on Sundays. No one else crossed the erstwhile draw-bridge except the tradesman. It had all the make-up of a mystery spot. "It were well to be the grocer's boy" I thought to myself as I walked along, and as I was so thinking I heard footsteps. On turning round I saw a young man, a very fat, very heated, young man, approaching at a pace suited to the temperature of ninety in the shade. I waited until he overtook me and then I inquired of him if there were any better view of the Hall to be obtained, and added that I had heard that strangers were not admitted to see the place. For a moment he looked at me curiously.

"You have got as near as you can," he replied. He seemed inclined to be communicative. It gave him an opportunity for pulling up.

"No, you can't get inside unless you've got business. Sir Jasper doesn't encourage tourists and his man regards them as the same as mad dogs. Hereditary shyness, I suppose." He grinned. "It was a rare place for hiding in the old days."

"Got a ghost, I suppose," I said.

"Yes, there's one that looks after the family, that's the story—a sort of spirit that no one wants to, what d'you call it?"

—exorcise. A kind of hereditary protector."

He was a curious young man. I was trying to place him when he volunteered information. "I'm on my way there myself," he said, "on business. I'm Smith and Jones's dispenser"—he said it with considerable pride—"and I'm bringing along a bottle of stuff for Sir Jasper; there was no one handy to send so I had to come myself. My bike is not working. It's a mighty hot job."

He produced a handkerchief and mopped his brow. He measured the distance between us and the house with his eye. "It's a good step," he observed. We were standing in the shade of the trees that lined the way and afforded a certain amount of shelter. The wood itself was impenetrable, with here and there an ugly pit which in normal weather would be filled with water. Then an idea struck him.

"How would you like to be Smith and Jones's messenger," he said, "and deliver the medicine for me?" He produced a packet from his coat pocket, the usual chemist's packet, done up in white paper and sealed. "That ass of a butler will think you are the new assistant and you'll get quite a good look round if you improve the shining hour, because I was told to wait and see if there was another prescription to be sent along to be made up. I could wait here for you, in case there was."

I need not tell you that I fairly jumped at the offer. My new friend would be glad enough to save himself the remainder of the walk in the sweltering heat, and he seemed rather keen on overreaching Sir Jasper's custodian. "He wouldn't be half mad if he got to know," he chuckled.

So I took over the white packet, thrust it into my pocket and set out in high glee on my errand. I glanced backward and saw that my friend had sat himself down by the shaded wayside. He had stripped off his coat and was taking things as coolly as was possible in the circumstances. The strange atmosphere of aloofness grew on me as I approached the entrance to the Hall. I crossed the moat—deep and turbid it looked—and passed into the quadrangle.

I HAD broken the enclosure! Here I was standing in the place closed against intruders, the place reserved for the family and its retainers and honored guests. Opposite to me was the entrance door. It was standing open, encouragingly, but the windows on either side, up under the warped gables, seemed to stare at me like the eyes of a censorious person witnessing a thing which is "not done." I was an intruder for all that I was the chartered messenger of Messrs. Smith and Jones, Chemists. The fierce fortress-like frontage had stood sentinel in vain to the domesticities within. The place which

had withstood sieges in the olden days of feud and free-fights had fallen to one who had entered like a spy.

I glanced round me. The picture was perfect. Gables, caves and clinging ivy. It was indeed well worth playing the rôle of errand boy to get to see all this. And over all there reigned a silence that made it all seem as though it might indeed be a picture. When I pulled the big iron handle of the bell the sound of the clang seemed to jar on the stillness. I could figure myself as one of the Queen's men interrupting a secret Mass.

I waited, but there was no response. I rang the bell a second time. After all, I had business. The medicine had to be delivered! But again there was no response. Nobody appeared in the great square oak-panelled hall on the threshold of which I was standing. Only silence reigned—a deep, strange silence.

AND yet, I had a feeling that there was someone about. Someone who would catch me at it if I ventured to walk in and deposit the packet on the big oak table. I remained where I was and rang the bell yet once again. I waited, and no one appeared. Again, and the same result. I wondered, could the place be deserted? I pictured Sir Jasper lying in his bed, perhaps at his last gasp, with the household in attendance, with no ear for the distant door-bell. Well, the medicine had to be delivered, anyway. I stepped in and stood in the great square hall. I placed the packet on the table and then I ventured to have a look around.

A family portrait was watching me from over the fireplace. It was a Tudor portrait. I wondered if by any chance it might be the son of the house who had become a priest and died on the gallows. I recalled what the "Relations" had to tell about him—the old records of the Elizabethan missionaries. He had been "of a mirthful disposition, and given to fun and frolic; so that when his captors, for the mocking of his holy calling dressed him in the garb of the family jester of the house where he was taken, it might have been a sign that heaven had no quarrel with his merry jests in permitting them so to do." The face over the fireplace held possibilities. The eyes watched me as I deposited the white packet on the table.

If only I had been a thief instead of a deputy chemist's assistant! I had the whole run of the place at my disposal. I longed to see what was inside the oak doors. As it was, I could only raise a vision of long, low ceilings and mullioned windows. Obviously no one was going to answer the bell. I walked slowly back across the quadrangle. A queer, creepy feeling had come over me, as though I had invaded a bygone age and lived for a quarter of an hour in the days when the sound of the pursuivant's cavalcade

sent the watchful household into hiding. And yet, the man in the portrait had not given me an unfriendly welcome. He must have known that I was a compatriot!

I had to explain to my good friend that I had not been able to bring back my message. I hoped he would not be too vexed about it. I had waited quite a reasonable time and done my best to get attended to. I sighted him sitting near where I had left him. When he caught sight of me he picked himself up and retrieved his coat, which was lying where he had thrown it, and proceeded to get into it. He came forward to meet me and I made haste to tell him what had happened.

"Well," he commented, philosophically enough, "it can't be helped. If they can't answer a bell it isn't our fault."

"I left it there safe enough, anyhow," I said; and as I was saying it he thrust his hand into his coat pocket and, with an appropriate exclamation, produced something. It was a white packet sealed with red wax.

He stood and looked at it, and then went perfectly white—as white as the packet in his hand. "But I gave it to you," he said.

I took it from him and read the name of Sir Jasper on it. "You must have had two packets," I said.

But he shook his head. "It's the same one," he said. "How the—everything—did it get back into my pocket?"

"I answered: 'I left it on the table in the Hall; that I can swear.'"

"Then—what the dickens has happened?"

"There was not a soul about, and I came straight back here," I said. "It must have been a ghost who returned your property."

"Why should a ghost return my property?" he snapped. He was quite unnerved. "And is isn't my property—I only made it up." Then a curious look came over his face. "I wonder," he said, "I wonder if I made it up all right?"

"Surely you are not in the habit of making mistakes?" I said.

"I've never made one yet." He began to remove the wrapping round the bottle. I watched him as he took it out and held it up to the light. His hand shook as he proceeded to take out the cork.

HE took a long sniff and went deadly pale. "I have made a mistake," he said, "and if I'm not wrong a pretty ghastly one. If Sir Jasper had taken this stuff it would have been all up with him."

For a moment we were both perfectly silent. Then I ventured to remark, "the ghost seems to have known what he was about. Didn't you tell me that the family ghost had the characteristics of a guardian angel?"

"I didn't put it like that," he said, "but I can get at what you mean."

He added, reflectively. "This would be all in a line with the stories they tell. As a matter of fact, it's said to be the ghost of a member of the family who suffered for his Faith. I suppose a fellow like that might turn into a guardian angel."

He shook himself and pulled himself together. "Well," he remarked, with an obvious effort at being matter-of-fact, "I must get back as quickly as I can and make up the right mixture." He looked at me with a slightly ironic, half-pleading, smile. "I don't suppose you would care to play the part of errand boy a second time," he said.

I considered. "I think I would," I replied. "I should be interested to get an answer to my bell-ringing." So it fell out that I companioned him back to the business premises of Messrs. Smith and Jones, and when I noted that they termed themselves "Chymists" I realized that not only Sir Jasper's life but the reputation of an establishment of no common order had been at stake.

It was nearing evening when I found myself for a second time crossing the bridge leading to the inner sanctities of the moated Hall. Once more I tugged at the long iron chain and heard the answering clang. Almost immediately the door was flung open and I found myself face to face with a dour-looking individual who, although he wore no livery, appeared to be a man-servant.

"With Smith and Jones's compliments," I said, and handed him my package.

HE turned it over in his hand, then looked hard at me. "What did that young man say when he found it in his pocket?" he asked. I think I succeeded in not turning a hair. "He was rather glad," I said, "for he discovered that he had brought along the wrong mixture. It would have done Sir Jasper no good, and deprived him of the benefit of his own

medicine. I've brought the right one along this time."

HE waited for me to question him; and I waited for him to speak. At last he observed: "You'd like to know how that other bottle got back into that young fellow's pocket, wouldn't you? I'll tell you. No doubt you've heard that there is an underground passage connecting this house with the plantation yonder. Well, I happened to be just inside the mouth of the passage where it emerges in the woods. I use it sometimes as a short cut—saves going over the courtyard and bridge—and I heard you and him making your arrangement. He called me an ass, and I wasn't too well pleased. I just went back again and told them in the servants' quarters to take no notice of the bell when it rang. I thought I'd just let you wait, anyway. I didn't know the hall door was open, but when I went after a bit to see what had happened, I found it was, and that you had put the physic on the table and made off. You were just crossing to the gateway, and I could see you gaping up at the windows. It put up my dander a bit. I picked up the bottle and thought to myself, I'd just take it back to Smith and Jones's man and tell him to bring it along himself and take his instructions."

"Well, I took my short cut, along the passage—it cuts a diagonal across the meadow—and when I looked out I saw my young man sitting there reading a newspaper, as easy as you like. Then I caught sight of his coat lying within a yard of where I stood, with the pocket gaping, and I had a sudden impulse to play a joke on him. I've never played a joke on anyone in my life—practical jokes aren't in my line, but it was tempting and for the life of me I couldn't resist."

The sombre features of the narrator of the story relaxed a little—it was after



HE GAVE A LONG SNIFF...

all, the story of his first practical, or it would seem, even non-practical joke. "I leant forward and slipped the bottle into the gaping pocket. He never noticed anything. Then I popped back and came home and told them about it in the servants' hall, how I had fooled that young spark who fancied himself because his boss spells chemist with a "y" for calling me an ass for doing my duty. But, all the same," he concluded, "a joke's a joke, and you can tell him exactly what happened; I expect he was a bit intrigued, as the saying goes."

"Well, anyway, it all turned out for the best," I said. "That other mixture might have been like poison to Sir Jasper and if you hadn't returned it in that

tricky way it would have gone back intact."

He agreed, and became apologetic. "It's the first practical joke that I've ever played on anyone in my life," he said, "but I just felt I couldn't resist it. It's not the way I'm made."

"What might be called an unaccountable urge or impulse," I suggested. "Very interesting to psychologists. And I wonder who left the front door open?"

"Now, that beats me," he said; "no-body had been out that way, not a soul."

I CARRIED the very simple explanation of the mystery back to my friend the dispenser, together with a waiting prescription. My rôle of errand boy had

been most successful, for my friend the butler, seized with remorse, and chastened by the sense of having given way to levity unsuited to his office, had offered to show me the chapel and other interesting parts of the house, including the secret passage. I repeated the story and wondered what the comment on it would be. It was more to the point than I had expected.

My young friend the druggist puckered his brow. "It was very ingeniously managed," he said. "No, I'm not meaning that the butler fellow was ingenious—I hold to my point that he's an ass. But there seems to have been a joker about the place somewhere. And I wonder who opened the door?"

THE VIRGIN'S STORY

(From the French of Jean Vezere)

By Mary G. Hawks

NIGHT was fast approaching, when the traveller caught sight of the houses of Bethlehem crowning the hillside before him.

He hastened his steps and, shortly afterwards, knocked at the door of the hostelry.

It was a Khan, a sort of vast caravan-serie that served as a stopping place, in the city of David, for the caravans from Egypt.

Buildings and long walls, built of stone blocks roughly put together, enclosed a square court, in the midst of which was a gesticulating crowd of camel drivers, Jewish and Greek merchants, nomads, mules, donkeys and dromedaries all in their various accoutrements.

A woman with white hair, holding a pretty little boy by the hand, advanced toward the stranger.

"What do you wish?" she asked.

"I have come from Jerusalem on foot. I need to refresh myself and to rest for a while. Have you a place for me in your inn?"

The woman trembled from head to foot. She clasped and unclasped her hands feverishly. Her black eyes opened wide, filled with a look of terror.

"Oh," she implored, "let no one say to Rahita the words you have just uttered! You do not understand, stranger. But you see, long, long ago—I was young then—I drove away from here a poor man and his poor wife who was about

to become a mother. I told them harshly: 'There is no place for you in this inn.' Later the child at my breast, my daughter, lost her sight. My daughter grew up, she married and bore a child. She died, leaving to me her son. He, too, will never see the light of heaven. Look at him, the poor child. My sweet little Joel."

The stranger turned the child's face up to his and looked into his sightless eyes.

"If you are willing, woman, I will take care of your grandson."

"Who are you?"

"Luke, a physician from Antioch."

Rahita ushered him into the great hall of the inn with much ceremony. She arranged a meal for him and insisted upon serving him herself.

"What became of the woman you drove from your inn, who was about to become a mother?" asked the stranger.

"She found shelter, not far from here, in a cave which is used, by the people in the neighborhood, as a stable for their animals. She brought into the world a son, called Jesus. Later all Judea, Galilee and Samaria were stirred by his teaching and his miracles. The Jews crucified him at Jerusalem. They do say that he rose again. Many in these parts believe in him and call him their King, their Lord, the Saviour promised to men, the Son of God. I never saw him. I am an Egyptian and I do not mix with the children of Israel."

"Woman," replied the physician of Antioch, "when all are asleep, here at the inn tonight, will you take me to this cave where you say that Jesus was born? I have come a long way to see this stable where the Son of God became man. This Jesus was truly the Son of God. He is known and spoken of beyond the seas and the time will come when he shall be loved and adored to the uttermost confines of the earth."

"I will gladly show you the way to the cave," the woman said gently. "We will take Joel with us."

The night was cold and clear, the sky studded with stars. A blue shadow appeared to tinge the stones of the road and play among the trunks of the olive trees.

* * * * *

A SHORT walk through the sleeping country soon brought Luke, Rahita and Joel to the entrance of a cave, formed in the chalky mountainside. They entered. The Egyptian placed the pottery lamp she carried in her hand on the uneven earthen floor.

Immediately the stranger's eyes were fixed upon the manger at the extremity of the cave. Several men were busily decorating it with green branches, and beside it, as on the day of the Nativity, an ass and an ox were lying on the straw.

"Why these festive garlands?" Luke inquired of the shepherds.

One of them, an old man with the beard of a patriarch, stepped out from the group. His voice was deep and sonorous:

"Because, on a night like this, the Son of God was born in this crib."

"Is it long since?" asked Luke.

"It was in the year 749 of Rome." The Egyptian woman, as she heard the words, tightened her arms about Joel.

"We were watching our flocks, not far from here, in the valley of Beit Sahour," the old shepherd explained. "Suddenly, we were enveloped in light. An angel appeared to us and said: 'I bring you glad tidings of great joy. Today, in the city of David, a Saviour is born to you!'"

THE old man stopped. A woman, wrapped in the folds of a long veil, had entered the cave. Evidently she was no longer young, for the tall man beside her with a striking profile, guided her steps with filial solicitude.

She sunk to her knees on the straw and pointed out the manger to her companion. She remained motionless as in an ecstasy, plunged in ineffable memories.

"This, then, is the place where the Saviour of the world was born," exclaimed her companion in a low voice, as he prostrated himself beside her.

Although not a young man, his beautiful face and fine features bore all the charm and grace of youth. An unusual sweetness and innocence tempered the ardor of his burning eyes.

Luke said to the shepherd:

"Pray continue your story. Tell me all you know of the birth of Jesus, of His first days, His early years. I have crossed the seas in order to learn the authentic incidents of the childhood of Christ.

The pilgrim with the beautiful countenance cast a glance of his eagle eyes toward the questioner.

"Who are you," he said, "who have come from afar to learn these things, who speak our language, yet with a foreign accent?"

"I am Luke, the disciple, friend and travelling companion of Paul of Tarsus, the convert of Damascus, the apostle of the Gentiles."

"Peace be with you, brother! I am John, son of Zebedee, the fisherman of the Lake of Tiberias."

He held out his arms to Luke. But Luke seemed to be transfixed with surprise, veneration, joy.

"John!" he stammered, "the disciple whom Jesus loved . . . the one who rested upon the Saviour's breast . . . you have lived with Him so intimately. Tell me, I beg of you, something of His childhood, His youth."

"Ask her," John answered, turning toward the woman so closely wrapped in her veil. She can comply with your desire far better than I can."

"This woman saw Jesus as a child? Who is she?"

"His mother."

Luke fell upon his knees. He lifted the edge of Mary's dress to his lips and kissed it reverently. He cried out, carried away with joy:

"Hail full of grace . . . blessed among women."

"Yes," John went on, "she is His mother and ours. She believes she is nearing the end of her earthly pilgrimage. We have come from our home on Mount Zion, that she might see again, before she dies, this cave of Bethlehem where she had the joy of giving birth to Him Whom the heavens cannot contain."

At this moment one of the shepherds who had gone outside to study the heavens, returned to the cave, saying:

"It is midnight!"

CHARACTERS

*Luke, a Physician of Antioch—
The Evangelist.*

Rahita, an Egyptian, the Mistress of the Hostel.

Joel, Her Grandson.

Shepherds.

Mary, the Virgin-Mother.

John, the Son of Zebedee, the Beloved Disciple and Evangelist.

Two Angels.

The Angel Choir.

Crowd in the Courtyard of the Inn.

Then was heard the voice of the Virgin Mother, soft as the breath of Spring caressing the tender green of the fields:

"Here I heard the first cry of my Child: Here, for the first time His eyes looked into mine and His smile answered to my smile."

Her arms threw back the folds of her veil and curved gently as though she cradled an infant: "Here, for the first time, I held my Son in my arms and pressed Him to my heart."

A sob echoed through the stable. Rahita threw herself at Mary's feet, holding up to her little Joel, her grandson.

"Forgive, forgive one who once drove you from her door. If, indeed, your Son is God, ask of Him a miracle. Ask Him to give sight to this innocent child and I will believe in Him."

"I forgive you, Rahita. Hope in my Son. He can do all things. He is Goodness itself."

"Tell us of him," implored Luke. "We will transcribe it that it may be known to all the faithful of all the Churches which have been founded or will be founded in every country to the uttermost confines of the world."

For an instant the Virgin Mother was absorbed in prayer. Then, she who had so long been silent, keeping and pondering these things in her heart, poured forth the treasure of her memories, in response to the prayer of the evangelist Luke.

THE earthenware lamp of Rahita had burned itself out. A light, softer than the silvery radiance of the moon on the waters of a peaceful lake, illumined the holy cave and formed a brilliant aureole about the Virgin Mother.

Rahita bent eagerly forward to catch every word of her story and touched the fringe of Mary's garment with Joel's little fingers. The attentive shepherds formed a circle around her, sitting on the bare ground. John, lost in his own thoughts, murmured in a low tone: "In the beginning was the Word."

The ox stretched out his neck until his great, placid head almost rested on Luke's shoulder. He, kneeling on both knees, was drinking in Mary's story with his whole soul.

As Mary talked, her face lit up and regained, little by little, the contour, the delicate lines and freshness of youth. Her veil, made of a coarse material, a sort of Oriental burnous of an old ivory tint, became as white as snow and transparent as the morning mist, touched by the first rays of the sun.

While she was speaking, she placed her hand over Joel's eyes.

The child gave a cry. His sightless eyes opened to the light and he saw before him a face more radiant than the stars of heaven.

"Oh! how beautiful she is," he cried.

"How beautiful she is," repeated Luke. The artist in him gazed at her, spellbound.

The Virgin finished her long story. She leaned towards Luke:

"Is there anything more that you wish, my son?" she asked.

Two angels appeared beside Mary and bowed low before her to receive her orders.

Luke cried out:

"I asked for nothing in this world but the means to write and to paint what I have seen and I have heard!"

Outside, in the deep blue of the night, celestial spirits chanted the Christmas hymn: *GLORIA IN EXCELSIS DEO.*

It seemed to Luke that, for his very asking, his prayer was answered. All in the cave remained silent, as if in expectation.

The Murder of King Alexander

By Denis Gwynn

MONTH after month in these articles I have had to record some sudden crisis in European affairs which has created immediate fears that war was likely to break out. More recently one could say that this dread of war had receded considerably since the summer, but anxiety concerning next year still persists. It was hoped that the approach of winter would bring a cessation of crises and a gradual return to more normal conditions. But actually this month, since last I wrote, has produced a more violent upheaval than any during the year. It has, however, also produced an extraordinary sense of relief concerning the probability of war.

A series of violent shocks has so accustomed people to thinking about war and trying to find means of avoiding it that a genuine sense of relaxation has resulted. So many political explosions of the most dangerous kind have occurred in a most inflammatory state of the world without producing a general conflagration; and a conviction has begun to grow that the explosive material is less dangerous than it was thought to be.

Twice within the past four months events have occurred which by all ordinary calculation seemed certain to provoke a European war. Since Germany withdrew from the League of Nations and the Disarmament Conference the machinery which had been created to prevent war had been virtually paralyzed, and national jealousies and distrust were much more intense than ever. There were two chief centres where an explosion seemed likely to take place—Austria and Jugo-Slavia; and within four months both the Chancellor of Austria and the King of Jugo-Slavia have become the victims of political murder. Yet war has been averted in each case.

Both murders were indeed much more likely to provoke a European war than the murder of the Austrian Archduke at Sarajevo in 1914. It has been an immense relief to find that political murder alone cannot produce a war to-day, as it could twenty years ago; even though the victims have been men of the utmost political importance and though the conflicts which have produced the murders are much more acute to-day than they were then.

A comparison of the situations may help to explain the immediate situation. When the Austrian Archduke was murdered twenty years ago in Serbia the Austrian Empire at once demanded drastic penalties and guarantees from Serbia, on the ground that the murder resulted from pro-Slav propaganda within the territories of Austria-Hungary. The Serbian Government naturally disclaimed all sympathy with the murder and offered what guarantees it could and also the payment of a reasonable indemnity. The murdered Archduke was not even one of the principal figures in Europe; and the vindictive attitude adopted by Austria was chiefly an assertion of outraged dignity and a protest against political troubles encouraged from outside. Yet the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia in 1914 set all the armies of Europe in motion, and produced a world war in which Japan and later the United States became involved.

Compared with the murder of 1914 the murder of Chancellor Dollfuss this summer was far more serious. He was not murdered by an individual assassin but by an armed contingent of Austrian Nazis who had captured the Chancellery and were attempting to overthrow the Government. Dollfuss himself was one of the most important figures in Europe and all Austrian policy was under his personal direction. The Austrian Nazis were determined to get him out of the way and their avowed purpose was to unite Austria with Germany in a pan-German federation. Germany had been openly encouraging their efforts to overthrow the Dollfuss régime, and the Austrian Nazis were armed chiefly with weapons and munitions smuggled into Austria from Germany. Germany had even housed and subsidized the Austrian Legion in Bavaria waiting for its first opportunity to march across the frontier. These facts were known everywhere and no serious attempt was even made to hide them.

SO when Dollfuss was murdered in Vienna every country which was pledged to guarantee Austria's independence and which opposed the policy of a union of Austria with Germany was obliged at once to threaten immediate action on Austria's behalf. Germany had for

various reasons estranged the sympathy of almost every other country, and in her isolation she was compelled to repudiate and to discontinue her former activities in support of the Austrian Nazis. Mussolini had at once sent 40,000 troops to the Austrian frontier but he was able to withdraw them before long. The crisis passed and there was hope that more tranquil conditions would emerge.

BUT while Austria regained comparative quiet there was still reason to fear possible troubles in Jugo-Slavia, for very similar causes. Here also there was acute internal conflict, which was being encouraged from outside the frontiers of the country. Here also there was a dictatorship controlled by a man with very decided views and with a much longer experience than Dollfuss had. King Alexander had found it necessary, in pursuance of his own policy, to abolish Parliament and govern by completely autocratic methods. If he should die or even lose his firm control of politics, chaos would inevitably result. And the neighbors of Jugo-Slavia were no less intimately concerned in what happened there than were Austria's neighbors in the fate of Dollfuss.

And now King Alexander also has been murdered in circumstances which throw a lurid light on the encouragement of his opponents by adjacent countries. Italy especially is regarded in Jugo-Slavia as interfering with its independence, in very much the same way that Germany is regarded as interfering with the independence of Austria. Hungary also is alleged to have harbored the Croatian revolutionaries for reasons of its own. Within this summer, between July and October, the two men who controlled the destinies of Austria and of Jugo-Slavia as dictators have been removed by political assassination, leaving chaos in both countries and an immensely complicated conflict of opposing forces which extend far beyond the actual territories which are in dispute.

War has been avoided, but the fundamental problem in both cases still remains; and each problem reacts closely upon the other. The Austrian problem is comparatively simple. Austria, formerly the centre of a great Empire, has

been reduced by the Peace treaties to the size of a small State, with an immense capital city in Vienna which has been deprived of its former means of livelihood. Austria's economic life has been so shattered that no recovery is possible except by a close union with one or other of its neighbors. The natural solution would be union of some kind with Germany; but this will not be allowed either by France, which will not tolerate German expansion in Europe for fear of a war of revenge, or by Italy, which fears that Germany would then concentrate upon the Austrian population in those mountainous districts which Italy acquired under the peace treaties.

OTHER solutions of the Austrian problem are barred by other difficulties; and no settlement of any kind seems attainable except as the result of a violent upheaval from one quarter or another, which will forcibly overcome the difficulties imposed by international rivalries. The complications of the problem became especially apparent after Dollfuss was murdered, when Mussolini assumed the rôle of protector of Austria. He had no sooner marched his troops to the Austrian frontier than Jugo-Slavia threatened to mobilize against him. And now the murder of King Alexander emphasizes the same lesson still more clearly.

Like Italy, Jugo-Slavia acquired large accessions of territory under the Peace Treaties, which involved the incorporation of new provinces in the new State. Italy had obtained part of the Austrian Tyrol, which carried her northern frontiers safely beyond the Brenner Pass across the Alps. Serbia (under its new name Jugo-Slavia) had also acquired part of the former territory of Austria, and Croatia became part of the new Jugo-Slav kingdom. The Croats had long been in revolt against Austrian rule but they soon found that their new position as part of Jugo-Slavia was equally against their desires. Before long the Croatian leaders were in open revolt against King Alexander's rule; and for a good many years they have been the most dangerous menace to his policy of consolidating the greater Serbia which he has ruled.

Rivalry between Jugo-Slavia and Italy resulted inevitably; and jealousy between them has been as important a factor in Europe since the war as the hatred of France for Germany. Such jealousies always lead to the erection of trade barriers, and Italy has thus been cut off by Jugo-Slav restrictions from the wheat-growing plains of Hungary and from the parts of Austria which have their outlet through Croatia. Hence Italy has watched with keen sympathy the discontent of the Croats in Northern Jugo-Slavia, and the Jugo-Slav Government has long suspected Italy of en-

couraging the Croatian revolt. If Croatia were to declare its independence Italy would immediately establish close relations with it and thus obtain access through Croatia to Central Europe.

Hence when Mussolini marched his troops to defend Austria after the murder of Dollfuss, King Alexander at once feared the possibility that the Croats would rise in revolt to join forces with any Italian occupation of Austria. Germany could safely count upon Jugo-Slavia to oppose Italy if Italy tried to attack Germany through Austria; and the other Powers saw at once that any conflict between Italy and Germany over Austria would involve endless other complications throughout the Balkans and Central Europe. So also, after King Alexander's death, the possibility of endless complications resulting from any Croatian revolt has brought all the Powers to combine in averting war for fear of its wider consequences.

Yet the problem of Croatia remains, just as the problem of Austria remains, and in both cases there is no longer one man of real capacity and stature to control an utterly unstable situation. Until those problems are solved there can be no security and no real peace, and the race of rearmament seems likely to continue unchecked. Ever since the war these countries have been trying to re-establish themselves on an artificial basis produced by the injustice of the Peace Treaties; and the existing conditions have created vested interests which no country concerned is willing to sacrifice. Not only have Italy and Jugo-Slavia (among other countries) acquired territories full of discontented racial minorities, but new impediments to any more satisfactory and stable arrangement have arisen through the erection of trade barriers. Thus, Austria, for instance, is unable to establish close relations with Czecho-Slovakia or Hungary because they have both erected barriers to protect their own new industries, which they cannot remove without injuring their new economic systems.

ANOTHER immensely important factor must also be kept in view. No one can say with any degree of certainty how far the secret revolutionary forces which are determined to produce upheaval all over Europe are capable of their purpose. War, in a sense, is a more or less straightforward method of achieving certain results, and the conditions which will produce it can be fairly well understood. But the last war resulted in much more than transfers of territory. It became the means by which the revolutionary forces throughout the world were able to achieve their end. The territorial changes in Russia were as nothing in comparison with the overthrowing of Christian civilization in Russia which the Bolsheviks carried out.

And the Bolshevik leaders were all men who had been engaged for years in revolutionary activity as members of secret revolutionary societies.

For generations the two chief centres of such revolutionary agitation in Europe have been Barcelona in Spain and Salonika in Macedonia. There, and in other centres such as Paris and London and Amsterdam, the revolutionary societies have had their headquarters and have hatched plot after plot to produce anarchy by assassination and outrage. And within the past month both Barcelona and Salonika have suddenly erupted again. The attempted revolution in Spain at the beginning of October has been almost completely eclipsed since its failure by the assassination of King Alexander. But the outbreak in Spain began in Barcelona and was accompanied by all the familiar symptoms of anarchist organization; while the murder of King Alexander was accomplished by a member of the Macedonian Revolutionary Committee.

WAS it a mere coincidence that both these events—each calculated to produce enormously far-reaching results—occurred almost within the same week? Were they intended to produce at the same time a Communist revolution throughout Spain which would have deeply affected France and a conflagration in eastern Europe through the murder of King Alexander of Jugo-Slavia? Or was the failure of the Communist outbreak in Spain the signal for a second attempt to produce revolution elsewhere?

These are questions which no one can answer, but they have the most important bearing upon the future outlook. There is one vital difference between the murder of Dollfuss in July and the murder of King Alexander in October. Dollfuss was the victim of an open attack by his political enemies in Austria. They were openly and avowedly attempting to replace one party in control of Austria by another. But King Alexander was not even murdered by one of his own subjects. The assassin was a Bulgarian anarchist, a sworn member of the secret society in Macedonia, who had already committed another political murder some years ago. It was assumed at once, until his identity was established, that he was a Croatian fanatic acting under orders from the Croatian nationalists. But in fact he was a cosmopolitan anarchist carrying out the orders of a revolutionary society whose only aim is to foment anarchy in every country.

The Spanish crisis in the previous week can only be understood in reference to the secret societies. Years ago Trotsky made the famous prophecy that Spain would one day become "the Russia of the West." Trotsky himself, like

Lenin and Stalin and so many of the Bolshevik leaders, had been one of the chief organizers of these revolutionary groups which planned assassinations and dynamite outrages, with a wide programme of world revolution which was to begin in Russia and spread from there all over Europe. The same secret forces are as active today as they ever were; and for some time past they have expected to undertake their next big campaign in Spain. The first phase of the Spanish revolution was accompanied by all the familiar outrages against religion organized by trained gangs of anarchists and incendiaries. Their activities were checked for a time, and during the past few years the Catholic resistance in Spain has been organized with a deep conviction that it is a race for time whether Catholic Action can organize itself before the Communists are able to gain control.

THE leader of Catholic Action in Spain is Señor Herrera who was formerly editor of the Catholic Newspaper *El Debate*; and in politics the Catholics have found a young leader of extraordinary ability is Señor Gil Robles. At the last elections the Catholic organization had made such headway that Gil Robles, who was until then almost an unknown young professor, returned to the Cortes as leader of the largest party in Spain. His party have since held the balance of power but they are unable to produce a majority without alliance with other parties; and they have hitherto pursued a policy of independent support to the Government in power. For months Gil Robles has been declaring his conviction that parliamentary government in Spain under the present Constitution can only produce chaos, and that there is no alternative but a dictatorship either of the Right or of the Left.

For several years the Catholic forces have been organizing ceaselessly and a few weeks ago Gil Robles announced that he would support the present Government no longer. He deliberately precipitated a crisis and Señor Lerroux had to reconstruct his government to include three Catholic Ministers. The Communists and Socialists had declared for many months that such inclusion would be followed immediately by a general strike and an attempt to seize the Government of the country. The Catholics were prepared to face this and Gil Robles decided that the time had come to force a crisis. It followed at once and the general strike took place. Immediately there was the expected outburst in Barcelona and a separate Government was proclaimed for Catalonia.

It was the first big test of how far the Socialists could gain control by direct action. The general strike was so complete and so thoroughly organized that either revolution or civil war seemed

highly probable. Gil Robles is still so young that there had been no previous test of his capacity as a national leader, and it was still doubtful whether he had made his decision at the right moment. But the result gave him an overwhelming victory. He may have forestalled the plans of the Communists by striking before they could strike. The revolt in Barcelona was suppressed within a day and the leaders of the Catalan State were arrested and their forces overpowered. Fighting continued only in Asturias in the north, and there also, after the general strike had fizzled out, the Government troops have been victorious. The future is undecided and a change of Government, possibly with Gil Robles as Prime Minister, seems likely before long.

It may even be that the Catholic victory in Spain marks the turning point of the whole phase since the war. Catholic Action all over Europe has been proceeding with a vitality and strength which recalls the great revival which is now known as the Counter Reformation. If Spain were captured by the Communists there is not the smallest doubt that France also would in time be revolutionized on the Russian model. Anti-religious Socialism, absolutely committed to the extirpation of Christian faith and morals, is firmly in power in Russia, and the same forces which achieved the overthrow of Christianity

in Russia are still active in trying to organize revolution by every means throughout Europe. If they can achieve their purpose in Spain they will be able to spread through France to link up with Russia in the East. But Spain, as the country which produced Saint Ignatius and Saint Teresa, may once more be the basis from which a Catholic reformation will sweep across Europe again.

MEANWHILE the provocation of war remains one of the chief objectives of the revolutionary anarchists, and the murder of King Alexander was a bold and deliberate attempt to provoke it. His death has failed in its direct purpose but it has created new problems in his unsettled kingdom for which no solution is yet apparent. In justice to Mussolini it must be said that his attitude both after the death of Dollfuss (which concerned him most intimately as he had the dead Chancellor's family actually staying with his family at the time) and since the murder of King Alexander, has contributed magnificently towards preserving peace. He has personally restrained the Italian press from replying to the passionate accusations against Italy which have filled the Jugo-Slav press, and his moderation and his determination to prevent war has enhanced greatly his prestige and influence among the statesmen of Europe.

Christmas Dawn

By Walter Richardson

LONG hours I waited; slowly through the night
 The tiny snowflakes dropped from empty space
 And fell refreshingly upon my face,
 Upraised to watch them sweep into the bright
 Metallic radiance of the arc-lamps' light.
 They quieted me with such a subtle grace
 I felt no cold. It seemed, some other place,
 Some other eve, I'd watched the snowflakes' flight.

The skies then cleared to let the stars shine through,
 As when decision comes long after doubt.
 A hush; the gilded morn burst like a shout,
 Spread silver on the earth from heaven's blue.
 'Twas holy Christmas Day; and then I knew
 How, dawn-like, Jesus put the night to rout.

Communism Mobilizes the Theatre

By G. M. Godden

THE world's best propagandists, the agents of the Communist International, directed from Moscow, are now organizing a general advance on the "theatre front." American citizens have witnessed occasional incursions, by so-called "Left Theatres," and "Workers' Theatres," for a considerable period. Three years ago the Communist Party produced, in New York, "anti-religious" sketches, enacted by the Pioneers' Players' Company, that is, a company of child actors, in one of the largest theatres of the city. The performance was called "An Anti-Christmas Evening." It was witnessed by more than 3,000 workmen, their wives and children, who manifested great enthusiasm; and the young players brilliantly played the roles of 'bosses', socialists, policemen, priests, rabbis, and even God Himself, Who was represented as a business man. (Anti-religious, No. 2, 1931.)

It cannot be too often insisted upon that such an apparently isolated success as this, achieved by the forces of militant atheist Communism, would be of comparatively little importance, were it not part of a world-wide, magnificently organized, and rigidly controlled international attack. As the Holy Father has told us in the Encyclical *Caritate*, there have always been men who denied God; but, today, "atheism has already spread through large masses of the people; well organized, it works its way into elementary schools; it appears in theatres; in order to spread it makes use of its own cinema films, of the gramophone and the radio . . . this organized militant atheism works untiringly by means of its agitators, and with conferences and every means of propaganda, secret and open, in every street and every hall; it holds fast the unwary with the mighty bonds of its organizing power."

What is the position today of the "untiring" work of atheist Communism, or rather Communism *tout court*, as every Communist is pledged to promote atheism, (Programme of the "Communist International," p. 38) in regard to propaganda by the theatre in America, and in other countries? The current issue of *The International Theatre*, the organ of the "International Union of Revolutionary Theatres" or I.U.R.T., which is published in English, French and German, claims that "The movement of the revolutionary theatre, of revolutionary

music, and cinema is growing in size and strength." (*The International Theatre*, 1934, No. 1.) And it declares that the present year, the tenth anniversary of Lenin's death "will serve as a new signal, as a new call for the mobilization of all the advanced progressive forces . . . for the creation of a new culture."

What could be more alluring to fervent and generous youth than a new call, for an advanced and progressive culture in drama, music and cinema? Is there any wonder that propaganda such as this ensnares the "unwary," to quote again from the *Caritate*, in America, in Australia, in Europe, in the East? Communism, we must always remember, if we would fight this world-power as the Holy Father desires that we should fight it, is not merely a political system; it is not even merely a political chaos; it is the deliberate attempt to "create a new culture, common to all mankind"—a culture with no God and no fixed moral standard. The I.U.R.T. now unites not only the many groups of the revolutionary "Workers' Theatre Movement," in all countries, but also "many groups of the professional theatre, music, dance and cinema."

AND, by revolutionary, the promoters of this propaganda mean real revolution, that "blood-soaked reality" of which the Moscow rulers have warned all nations. (*Pravda*, 9.9.28.) For the new drama, music and dance, "revolutionary practice," that is, practice in violent methods for the overthrow of the State, is declared to be essential for the mastery of the new technique; and not only revolutionary practice, but also a knowledge of the experience of the revolutionary movements of preceding generations: "*We the Workers of the revolutionary theatre must study all the achievements in these fields if we are to raise our revolutionary art to a high level.*" To the "high levels" of the enthronement of Mademoiselle Condeilla as the Goddess of Reason, in the cathedral of Notre Dame, in Paris in 1793, to the chanting of new revolutionary music? To the "high levels" of the music of the dance of the Carmagnole in the garden of the Carmelite Convent, in the Rue de Vaugirard, to the sound of which 119 priests were butchered in that one garden in Paris in 1792? To the "high levels" of the revolutionary *noyades* at Nantes, those "bathing parties" of Carrier, by means of which

over 6,000 men, women and children were savagely drowned, an achievement which won for its author official praise for "energy and talent in the art of revolution"? Those are three examples taken at hazard, of the achievements of preceding generations in revolution.

Bearing in mind that the dramatists of the new culture are to study such records for developing their new art, let us see what progress the world-wide "Revolutionary Theatre" has made. In 1931 a "Revolutionary Theatre Day" was held in certain cities in Germany, in Paris, in London, in Tokyo and in New York; but the effort was tentative. In 1932 and 1933 the propagandists of the New Drama were able to celebrate a decade, or ten-day period of revolutionary plays; "the 'I.U.R.T.' was already known to the broad strata of Workers"; and an International Olympiad of the Revolutionary Theatre was organized at Moscow. This Olympiad did not operate merely in Moscow: "*publicity campaigns, in which the working class population took the liveliest part, were carried out in all the countries sending participants to the Olympiad.*" The extent of these campaigns may be gathered from the fact that by the close of 1933 there were 250 Revolutionary Theatre Groups in America, 300 Groups in Germany, 419 Groups in Czechoslovakia, 42 Groups in France, and no less than 250 theatrical circles and thirty mass amateur theatres in Japan.

THE "ten days" celebration of 1934 are including both amateur and professional productions; revolutionary music, which is now organized under an "International Music Bureau" at Moscow; revolutionary dance groups; and, of course, cinema, of which Lenin said: "Of all the arts the most important for us is the cinema." In France, the Federation of the Workers' Theatre (F.T.O.F.) has organized an "F.T.O.F. Theatre," for regular performances, in one of the large theatrical buildings of Paris. Some of these French plays are particularly described as ridiculing priests, Adam and Eve, and the bourgeois "heaven"; and others deal with unemployment, inciting the world's 50,000,000 unemployed to "rise up against their torturers in alliance with the Workers who are employed." In other words, to create the Leninist ideal of World-revolution; and also with the "third degree" methods of

the bourgeois police. In Spain, the newly-formed Spanish Section of the I.U.R.T. has been touring Spanish villages, with one-act plays "against fascism and war"; that is, they are spreading the bogus Communist "anti-war" and pro-civil war propaganda, which is now pervading all nations. The Spanish village players also sing "new revolutionary songs" which, it is claimed, have become most popular among the Spanish peasants. Also, a new development in Spain, which will doubtless appear in America, is the "Revolutionary Actors Unemployed Group," composed of unemployed actors, who will "produce plays by German, English, Russian, and Italian playwrights, reflecting proletarian tendencies, and containing propaganda of the ideas and practice of Communism." The appeal of the unemployed actors for support by their more fortunate brethren is obviously one that will insure aid from the profession. Such an appeal cannot fail to attract hundreds of playgoers and workers, who will not recognize International Communism, organized from Moscow, under such innocent titles as a "Workers' Theatre" or an "Unemployed Actors' Group."

IN Holland, twenty-six Revolutionary Theatre Groups are operating; and a National Congress has been held. A new Dance Group has been organized in Amsterdam. In Denmark there has been a rapid development of the Revolutionary Theatre; and the first night audience for a revue entitled "Class Struggle" numbered 3,500. In Czecho-Slovakia two new "professional theatres" have been organized by the I.U.R.T., one of which goes under the innocuous name of the "New Vanguard Theatre." In Geneva, the Proletarian Theatre has been particularly active in spreading revolutionary songs, received from the "International Music Bureau;" and has arranged a tour through villages on the French border. The Australian "Workers' Art Club" of Sydney has been occupied rehearsing Soviet songs, recently sent to Australia. In England, the present year has been memorable by a new development, launched in obedience to a demand from Moscow, addressed to the already established English "Workers' Theatre Movement," to get in closer touch with the British bourgeoisie. Accordingly, early in the year, the prospectus appeared of a "Left Theatre," with no outward signs of Communism on the attractive programmes.

The true origin of the movement was betrayed by the names of the promoters and actors, carefully watered down with non-Communist colleagues; and by the Leninist nature of the manifestoes and plays. The "spirit of the age," we are told, is that of class conflicts, in other words, of Leninist civil war. It is

promised that "special arrangements will be made" for any play which is not passed by the Censor. "All members of the Left Theatre" are urged to read Lenin. The first play produced was that marvelous instruction in naval mutiny, the well-known *Sailors of Cattaro* by Friedrich Wolf, which was played to a crowded house in the Phoenix Theatre, London. On every seat a notice was placed of a presentation of the Soviet film of naval mutiny *Battleship Potemkin*, the performance of which is forbidden by the London County Council, and banned by the British Board of Film Censors. The *Sailors of Cattaro* is a brilliant exposition of Leninist technique in revolution, put across with some subtlety under the guise of the temporary failure of the Cattaro mutineers. The play is a convincing exposure of the results of the policy of those Social Democrats, and all "progressives," who fail to take swift victorious revolutionary action at the right (Leninist) moment. The orchestral music was that of the revolutionary songs of the English "Workers' Theatre Movement."

This attack on the defensive forces of the State was followed up by the most blasphemous attack on religion yet staged in England, delivered in a play entitled *Genesis II*, under cover of the name "Experimental Theatre." A very brief comparison of personnel suffices to show the relationship between the "Left" and "Experimental" Theatres. *Genesis II* was played in London for two Sunday evenings. On the third night theatre doors were closed by order of the Censor; and a week later the producers, lessees of the theatre, and author were prosecuted, convicted, and fined for producing a "blasphemous and obscene play." There could be no doubt in the mind of anyone, whose unpleasant duty it was to witness this play, as to the justice of the sentence. *Genesis II* was played beneath a proscenium decorated by a ribald parody of Adam and Eve. The action opened by a farcical representation of the Archangel Raphael, played in loin-cloth pants; and the first scene included a representation of God, played by an actor in the form of a large lizard.

SCENE 2 took the audience straight to the anti-God plays of Soviet Russia. The Soviet convention for the representation of God, used over and over again in the revolting caricatures issued by the Soviet "League of the Godless," is that of a senile bearded old man. This figure was faithfully reproduced by the actor who played the part of God, in the second act of *Genesis II*, to the accompaniment of ribald action between Adam and Eve. In subsequent scenes the Deity was again ridiculed, first as a fettered statue; and then, under the name of Jehovah, as a scurrilous caricature of a British soldier, in active service kit. A virulent lying

attack was delivered on the Church in Scene 7. The play ends with a scene of revolution by violence and bloodshed: "We will fight YOU who have the machine guns." The nine scenes of the play are a continuous exhibition, brilliantly enacted, of blasphemy, obscenity, and class-war. *Genesis II* is a play after Moscow's own heart. It is interesting to note that the chief actor in *Genesis II*, and the producer of the *Sailors of Cattaro* has been visiting Soviet Russia "for the purpose of studying the Soviet Theatre."

TO return to the starting point of this article—the atheist-Communist theatre in America today. The organ of the "International Union of Revolutionary Theatres," *The International Theatre*, claims that "one of the largest New York halls" has been occupied with great success, for the opening of a "monthly campaign of struggle of the revolutionary theatre movement in the U. S. A., for a mass theatrical organization." The idea of the organizers, we are told, is to "make the theatre an integral part of mass proletarian culture," that is, of a militantly atheist culture. It is intended to form a "Theatre Workers' Club," open to all who "take a real interest in the actual development of the revolutionary theatrical movement in the U. S. A." The "Collective Theatre of New York" is running courses of dramatic art, of "historical materialism," etc. The "Jewish Workers' Theatre," in New York, is active with productions of *Hunger March*, a play by Paul Peters, and a play by Gorki. The John Reed Club in New York is organizing lectures on the theatre, at which "all the subjects will be dealt with from a Marxian point of view."

In Chicago the "Workers' Laboratory Theatre" has organized a Children's Theatre for child actors. A "Young Pioneer" play has been selected; the "Young Pioneers" are, of course, the children's section of the atheist "Communist International." A professional stage director is leading study courses of this "Workers' Laboratory Theatre," just as a professional stage director has produced the "Left Theatre" plays in England. The Blue Blouses of Chicago have also secured a professional director. The demand for the performances of this troupe is so great that they sometimes have to play twice in one evening; and they have toured as far as St. Louis. Their performance in St. Louis, under the name of "A Workers' Art Group" was given to a packed working-class audience. This group also plays in the steel towns of Hammond and Gary, Indiana. A stationary Communist "Workers' Theatre" has now been formed in Chicago; and also a Dramatic Council, embodying all "Workers' Dramatic Groups in the City." The

Communist promoters of this Council claim to have created "a basis for a real working class dramatic movement in Chicago."

For the first time a revolutionary play, organized by the notorious "Friends of the Soviet Union," has been given at Stamford, Connecticut; the applause of the Worker audience was described as enthusiastic. A conference of all the dramatic circles of the "Communist

Workers' Theatre League" of the U. S. A. has been held.

Finally we come to an American group of special interest in view of the recent investigation by the District Attorney into Communism in Los Angeles. The "Los Angeles Rebel Players" were playing, in 1930, to an audience of some 700; in 1931 this figure rose to 4,500; in 1932 the numbers were close to 17,000. The Los Angeles "Blue Blouses" Troupe

at one time were giving three performances nightly, and have toured Southern California. This troupe has had a thorough "Political," that is, Communist, training. Los Angeles can well claim that they have proved "what a strong weapon the Workers' Theatre can become in the class struggle," that is, a struggle to establish the dictatorship of the proletariat class, and the supremacy of Atheist Communism.

A Christmas Chronicle

By Aloysius Horn

CHRISTMAS DAY fascinates the world. Just when December 25 began to be celebrated as the feast of Our Lord's Nativity is not known for a certainty. Setting aside a very doubtful passage from "The Commentary on Daniel" by St. Hippolytus, who died about 136, the oldest document that assigns December 25 as the date for the Nativity of Christ is the Philocalian Calendar of the year 336. There we find the following record:

VIII Kal. Jan. natus Christus in Bethlem Judeae (On December 25 the birth of Christ at Bethlehem of Judea). From a comparison with other feasts that had been previously recorded it can be clearly seen that the chronologist did not introduce something new but merely repeated an earlier Roman tradition which claims in the *Liber Pontificalis* to go back to Pope Telesphorus who reigned from the year 128 to 139.

In a sermon preached by Pope Liberius in St. Peter's on Christmas Day about the year 358, there is no indication of any novelty about the feast. The whole context confirms the impression that a feast of ancient date is being solemnized, a feast to which the faithful were wont to flock in great numbers even from the earliest times. St. John Chrysostom calls the Nativity the Mother of all the feasts in his Christmas Day homily delivered in the year 386, and tells his hearers that although the date of December 25 had been kept as the day of the Birth of Christ for only ten years in the East, yet the Western Church had kept the feast on this day from the beginning. It was on Christmas Day of the year 431 that Pope Celestine received the letters which informed him of the successful issue of the Council of Ephesus. He caused them to be read out to the assembly of all the Christian people at St. Peter's.

The Church of Santa Sophia in Constantinople was dedicated at Christmas

in 537. When the Emperor Justinian entered the completed church at its dedication and saw the finished edifice with its priceless marbles and glittering gold mosaics, it is said that he was reminded of the Temple of Jerusalem as he looked up into the vast dome and he exclaimed: "Thanks be to God who has permitted me to accomplish this work. Solomon, I have outdone thee!" Westminster Abbey was consecrated at Christmas in 1065 at the time of Edward the Confessor, who died on the following January 5 and was buried the next day in the Abbey.

In Europe the Feast of the Epiphany on January 6 is celebrated in much the same manner as Christmas. In fact, the arrival of the Magi seems to add something more to the festivities. The period from December 25 to January 6 constitutes the Christmas holidays, and the Christmas spirit does not die with the passing of December 25. Alfred the Great was defeated in the year 878, it is said, because he had had a law passed that the twelve days after the Nativity of Our Saviour were to be set aside in celebration of the Christmas festival. This festival was being kept when he was defeated.

On the feast of the Three Kings in 1336 at Milan, the Dominicans presented a grand procession of the Magi, the participants being clothed in costly garments. The procession, moving to the time of special music, started at the church of S. Maria delle Grazie and wended its way to the church of San Lorenzo, where men dressed as Herod and the Scribes awaited the Kings. From there the procession went to the church of San Eustorgio, where, at the side of the high altar there was a crib with an ox and an ass, and in the crib was the Infant in the arms of His Mother.

There has always been a sacred influence connected with the high festival of the Nativity. Turner, in his "History

of England," relates that during the siege of Orleans in 1428, the solemnities and festivities of Christmas gave a short interval of repose. To quote Turner: "The English lords requested of the French commanders, that they might have a night of minstrelsy, with trumpets and clarions. This was granted, and the horrors of the war were suspended by melodies, that were felt to be delightful." The sacredness of the Christmas season is again stressed in a notation in Gascoigne's "Book of Truths" written in the first half of the fifteenth century. There it is recorded that a fifteenth century English theologian professed to have known a man who once heard an indecent song at Christmas and not so long after died of a melancholy.

From the archives of the College of Navarre, in Paris, we have the record of a sacrilegious robbery by which the poet Francis Villon celebrated the Christmas festival of 1457. From the examination of one of the accomplices, Master Guy Tabarie, we see that Villon and four other robbers had climbed into the College of Navarre, forced their way into the chapel, opened a box secured by iron bands and three locks and enclosed in another locked chest, and made away with five hundred gold crowns, which they shared among them.

On Christmas, 1492, Columbus officially established his first settlement in America. This was on the northern coast of the island of San Domingo and in honor of the feast of the Nativity the place was christened *La Navidad*. On the same day the admiral's ship ran aground. It was a total loss, and for the time being, Columbus was reduced to the Nina, as the Pinta with its commander, Pinzon, had temporarily deserted. Luckily the natives were friendly. The deserter Pinzon with the caravel Pinta rejoined Columbus on January 6, 1493, the Feast of the Epiphany.

In 1536, Pope Paul III gave Michel-

angelo the commission to paint the Last Judgment for the Sistine Chapel. This, the artist's last pictorial achievement, was finished in 1541 and on Christmas Day of that year the fresco was unveiled "to the amazement of all Rome."

A German radical by the name of Kirchmayer who lived from 1511 to 1563 in writing of the customs of his day, all of which he wanted changed, has left us a very interesting note of a Christmas custom that then took place after Mass. An Englishman of the same sanctimonious type, Barnaby Googe, who lived at the same time, provides us with the following quaint translation of Kirchmayer's attempt at Latin poetry. In modern English it reads:

"This done, a wooden child in clothes is on the altar set,
About which both boys and girls do dance and trimly jet;
And Carols sing in praise of Christ."

From the Journal of Jerome Lalemont, S.J., we have a record of a Christmas in Quebec in 1645. He records: "The first bell was rung at eleven o'clock, the second a little before the half hour, and immediately after we began to sing two carols, *Venez, mon Dieu* and *Chantons Noel*, Monsieur de la Ferte playing the bass viol, Saint-Martin the violin. We also had a German flute, but when it got to the church we found it could not be played in tune. We finished the carols a little before midnight, and proceeded without delay to the *Te Deum*; and a little after this was done we fired off a cannon for the midnight signal, and Mass began." From the *Journal des Jesuites* we have another record of the same Christmas of 1645 from an outpost in Canada in which we find that the Governor had given orders that a salute of cannon be fired at the elevation of Midnight Mass, the Father Sacristan to give the signal at the proper time. The record for the Christmas of the following year states that five salutes were fired from the cannon at the elevation of the Midnight Mass.

ON June 3, 1647, it was ordained by the Lords and Commons in Parliament that the feast of the Nativity of Christ, with other holidays, should no longer be observed in England. For at least eighteen years Christmas was forbidden in England. John Evelyn in his Diary mentions his experiences on December 25, 1657, when, disregarding the English prohibition, he nevertheless went to London to attend services in Exeter chapel. While the minister was preaching, Cromwell's soldiers arrested the entire assembly. As a contrast to all we expect of a Christmas celebration we read a page from the Diary of Samuel Pepys. There we find: "1668, Christmas-day. To dinner, alone with my wife; who

poor wretch! sat, . . . all day till ten at night altering the lacing of a noble petticoat; while I, by her, making the boy read to me the life of Julius Caesar and Des Certes' book of Music."

FROM this extremely pagan December 25th, we pass to a sad Christmas of a deeply religious man. This man was the Abbé Pierre Rogue, who was raised to the ranks of the Blessed by Pope Pius XI on May 10th of this year. It was between nine and ten o'clock at night on Christmas Eve of 1795 that Abbé Rogue was arrested by the French police. He was carrying the Blessed Sacrament to one of the victims of the typhus plague which was then raging. One of the two who had denounced him to the authorities had been a beneficiary of his mother's charities. After his arrest he asked permission to consume the Blessed Sacrament. *La Croix* for May 11, 1934, gives a description of a never-to-be-forgotten scene that followed: "In the room where were sitting the representatives of the Convention, lit by only wan candlelight, a priest, on that Christmas night, raised aloft the White Host and consumed It. All rose, knelt and bowed their heads." The police then clamped the chains on the Abbé Rogue. On March 3, 1796, he died a martyr on the scaffold.

The life of Vincent Van Gogh, the eccentric Dutch artist, affords us several Christmas incidents. In 1875 Van Gogh was working for the establishment of Messrs. Roussod and Valdon in Paris. In order to be with his parents in Etten, Holland, for Christmas, Van Gogh took "French leave." As the Christmas season was one when business was heavy, Vincent was dismissed from the services of the firm. The next year he went to England. At Christmas in 1876, Vincent again visited his parents in Etten and they persuaded him not to return to England.

In a book by Lowell Thomas, "Count Luckner, the Sea Devil" we learn how sailors appreciate Christmas. The Count relates most of his own story and in one place tells of the cruise of the *Caesarea* on its way from Hamburg to the United States a few years before the World War. "Christmas came, and with it the first fine weather and a fair wind. . . . The Captain said, 'This is a sign from God. Let us celebrate Christmas properly.' So thankful was he that the old skinflint gave orders for Christmas cheer regardless of expense. In sailor fashion we made a Christmas tree out of a broomstick and decorated it with colored paper. The captain sent down a ham and a bowl of punch. When the candles were lit, a committee called on him to look at the tree. He accepted, and came down jovial and merry. Our new Smutje brought the flowing bowl, and we stood in line, each glass in hand, ready to toast the captain. Then a white squall struck us."

The Christmas Eve of 1917 found Count Luckner on board a full-rigged ship, the *Seeadler*, renamed the *Irma* to deceive the English authorities. The ship had drifted north and this evening before Christmas found all the sailors praying for a north wind to blow them south, the only thing that could save them from being smashed by polar ice. Besides this the ship was passing through a blockaded stretch of sea. Count Luckner deals at some length with what happened. "At heart every sailor is a child," he says, "and he has a child's love for Christmas. And how he enjoys a Christmas present! He turns it around in his hands, and says: 'By Joe, it's good to have Christmas.' And surely the present that came to us was the finest that any sailor ever had. As suddenly as it had come, the south wind had died down and a breeze sprang up in the north." Then suddenly up went the cry, "Ship ahoy!" "Sure enough there was a British armored cruiser (the *Avenger*), steaming forward toward us at full speed. She had the signal flying: 'Stand by or we fire!' Such bad luck after such good luck! This second Christmas present was not so amusing. When the ship was alongside the search officer clambered aboard.

"'Merry Christmas, Captain.' 'Merry Christmas, Mr. Officer,' I replied. 'I talk English with an accent, luckily about the same brand you will hear in a Scandinavian port, but if you want to see what kind of a Christmas we have, come along down to my cabin.'" The English officer went down to Luckner's cabin where everything had been prepared to deceive him. He failed to detect the ship's false papers. After he had left the ship and returned to his own, the signal to proceed was given. Then Luckner said: "And now boys, let's celebrate Christmas!" "We dumped our deck load of lumber into the sea," continues Luckner in the book, "and cleared the deck for a big time. I had a Christmas tree that I had brought from home. We set it up. Before the *Seeadler* left port, Fraulein Bertha Krupp had sent us a huge box full of Christmas presents, something for every man. We opened it up and found clothing, cigars, pipes, cigarettes, cigar-holders, knives, liquor and musical instruments. It was the merriest Christmas of our lives."

TWO of the best Christmas stories of last year come from California. In Los Angeles there lives at 4107 Wall Street, an Italian vegetable peddler who has the voice of an opera singer. His name is Thomas Carsola. This man, though he has captured the attention of an entire city, has to sell enough carrots and peas to keep his family alive. Each year Carsola occupies his spare time constructing a Christmas crib which is placed in his front room during the Christmas

season. The public is invited to see this crib. Last year, as in previous years, the invitation did not go unheeded. Newspapers published pictures of Carsola's crib and extended his invitation. Thousands of people passed through a ten by twelve room, half of which was occupied by the crib. The police had to be called to keep the lines moving in and out of the house. The door-bell broken, the steps about worn out by the scuffling of little feet, the singing peddler, who is second only to Santa Claus in Los Angeles, had to withdraw his invitation to view the Nativity scene. Standing aside of the crib was not out singing his songs of carrots and peas up and down the streets, and no sales meant hungry mouths in the Carsola home. This year the crib will be constructed out in the yard and thus more people will be able to see it, and Mr. Carsola can go about his vegetable peddling as usual.

ANOTHER Christmas story, this one from San Francisco, California, was released by the United Press and occupied a prominent place in many newspapers on December 26, 1933. It told of the Infant from the crib in the church of Our Lady of Victory in San Francisco, that had been given a ride in the little red wagon of seven-year-old George Price. "Did you take the statue from the church?" the parish priest asked George. "Yes, Father," the child eagerly replied. The priest was about to admonish him for stealing when the boy volunteered an explanation. "You see, Father," George said, "I wanted a little red wagon for Christmas. I promised the Christ Child that if He brought me the wagon I'd give Him the first ride. I got the wagon so I'm doing my part." A wonderful story! But what has Father Louis Le Bihan of the church to say about it? "Nice as the story sounds," writes Father Le Bihan, "I must acknowledge to you that it is but a story." Frank Clarvoe, Managing Editor of the San Francisco News, later spent several days running down the story and discovered that it was unfounded. "The church staff was very much annoyed by the story which appeared in a Hearst paper here," writes Clarvoe. "None of them has ever heard of little George, the principal character in the story." Anyhow, it made very good copy.

Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland," whose real name was Charles Dodgson, died in 1898. He is less known for his five stanza poem, "Christmas Greetings." A beautiful stained glass window, with a Nativity scene, under which will be five panels containing the Christmas poem, has been designed as a Carroll memorial in his parish church at Daresbury, England. One of the stanzas of the poem, which by the way is really a greeting from the Fairies to the Blessed Mother, runs:

Still as Christmastide comes
round

They remember it again,
Echo still the joyful sound,
"Peace on earth, Good-will to
men."

THE last verse of this stanza recalls a very important utterance of the King of England in his Christmas Day message of last year. Instead of using the incorrect text of the King James version of the Bible, as used above, he used the correct Catholic text: "Peace on earth to men of good will." His speech was electrically transcribed and is on record with the Canadian Broadcasting Commission.

If we can believe newspaper reports, even the old German Christmas songs

will be revised for this Christmas to take on more of a Nazi flavor. Even the familiar soul-stirring *Stille Nacht* has been rewritten. In English the proposed rendition is: "Quiet night, holy night, all are sleeping. Only the Chancellor watches alone with loyal guardianship, watches well that Germany may prosper. He is always thinking of us."

But be the world what it may, the tiny hand of the Infant Saviour will not forget to bless the ones He loves and grant peace to men of good will. And as for the little tots who appear in the Christmas picture for the first time this year, they must remember with Lewis Carroll:

"Unto children, in their glee
All the year is Christmastide."

None But You*

By Mary Josephine Hennessy

ALONE, among the alien folk, of all
His race, none but you walk the hilly paths
Of David's city.

*Beneath the census figure cold
What storied facts lie half untold!*

Ruth, the Moabite, had Naomi,
Else were Bethlehem fearsome strange;
What of you? Does business there keep you a lonely
Year or so? Or does one, not of your race,
At the day's end your coming wait?
Or are your kin all Jews who sleep sound as Rachel
On Ephrata road?

*Why are you there and who are you?
What are your thoughts, O solitary Jew?*

Wrapped in dignity of age, are you wont
To pray with the orthodox who still
Hope as in the ancient days?
Or are you young and arrogant, on Spinoza
Nurtured well, scoffing at believers all
Be they Jew or Gentile?

*In Bethlehem breathes, in very flesh, a Fellow Jew,
Unknown alike to census taker and to you.*

In the Grotto tabernacle where Franciscans
Called Him hence, waits the Promised One of
Israel—but by Gentile races praised.
Perhaps that same surpassing tree
Whose root was Ruth, and which Divinely
Flowered to Christ, through many a
Blossoming century branched also to the family
Which fathered thee.

*Should this be so,
Though Christ dwells near His kin,
Never your greeting does He win,—
Ah, did you only know!*

*A recent census of Bethlehem shows thousands of Christians, Mohammedans, etc., but only one Jew.

WOMAN TO WOMAN

THE QUEEN OF PEACE

THIS is the month of peace—that peace of which the angels sang and which, though it came to this earth, is not of this earth. Christmas, sweetest of mysteries, because nothing seems to be so simple and easy to understand as is a little child. No wisdom to confute here, no arguments to marshal and explain. How wonderful, how wise of God, Who might have given us directly the mightiest, the bravest, the wisest of beings to come full grown into the world to save it, and who chose instead the mightiest helplessness—a little child in his mother's arms.

Last Christmas Professor Luccock, of the Yale Divinity School, preached on the sentimentalism which is so often a part of observing Christmas, and his words ring as true this year as they did last and as they will with every succeeding year. "Christmas," he said, "is the story of a baby. In that lies part of its eternal appeal. But in that fact lies also a danger. For multitudes of people make a sentimental response to the infant Christ and shrink from making a moral response to the man Jesus. They miss the chief point in the Christmas story which is that the baby grew up into the Son of Man who made a devastating challenge to a world of greed, of privilege, of hard power. It is a sad irony to think of his name being joined in any manner to the shortsightedness of a chirping optimism, sustained by the cowardly evasion of actual facts. How Jesus hated sentimentalism, emotionalism, blinders and screens! He knew what was in man. His eyes were moral X-rays, never confusing shadow with substance."

This Protestant preacher says true things here which Catholics may well ponder in their hearts and practice in their lives.

I have not written of advancing war or vanishing peace on this page but it is not because these subjects have not been in my thoughts and my prayers. In all this maze of fear and selfishness with which our papers are filled daily there emerge occasionally bright spots—for instance, the account of the war veterans of all nations who had fought in the Great War—and note that *all*—who gathered at the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes to pray for peace. Will all you women who read this make mighty the wings of your small prayers so that they may become great pinions that will sweep hate and selfishness from this lovely earth, where God's abundance has been gathered

By

Katherine Burton



away from the hands of the hungry who are reaching for it, into the hands of those who cannot eat all they seize but who hold it anyway.

And it is well to notice at this season that the song of the Christmas angels has been lamentably mistranslated by all but the Catholic Bibles. "On earth peace, good will to men," they sang according to the Protestant versions. But the message of Christmas is not so inclusive as all that. "Peace on earth to men of good will" is the real translation—and what a difference. The first careless way of putting it demands nothing of rectitude and uprightness from man. The second is a great reward as well as a great prophecy. If only every man and woman approached the altar of God or even the altar of his conscience with this thought in mind!

So will the women who have read this page for the last year pray a little at Our Lady's shrine, remembering that one of her titles is Queen of Peace, pray that men may be filled with good will and that we may have peace.

POOR RICH GIRL

THE New York courts have been listening for some time to the wrangling of an aunt and a grandmother against a mother for possession of a ten-year-old girl. Recriminations are hurled back and forth and one hears what all the interested litigants think of each other, but one hears no direct

word as to what little Gloria Vanderbilt thinks about it. Poor little rich girl indeed!

Friends have been loud in their defense of Gloria's pleasure loving mother, not the least among them the famous movie actress, Constance Bennett, who expresses herself to reporters as knowing Mrs. Vanderbilt to be a splendid mother and bringing forth triumphant proof of this in the fact that when her apartment house made a rule that perambulators must go in at the service entrance she had her apartment entrance done over so that her child need not enter so ignominiously. Miss Bennett said, "A Vanderbilt must never come in by the service entrance." Which proves something, but not we fear, what the two ladies think.

SUPPLYING URGENT NEEDS

HERE'S an ad from a newspaper that would make a good story: "If you are interested in a suit of armor call at Columbia Co., New York." Write your own answer.

MONTH OF THE HOLY FAMILY

The shepherds had brought their gifts of simple affection; the kings had brought their lordly presents of gleaming metal and sweet spices; the angels' gift of singing praise had faded away along the starry reaches whence it had come, leaving its echoes in the dim cave. And the greatest gift of all too was still there—not to be seen or heard perhaps, but pervading the cave and the city and the world. It was the gift asked for by God and given willingly, lovingly by a young girl, surprised at the request as she was at prayer in the house of her parents. For it was first of all the gift of Mary's will to God that gave all the other gifts their chance, their season. "Be it done unto me according to thy will," she said simply, when the messenger's words made clear what was being asked of her. And in that girl's room, as in the cave at Bethlehem and in the little house at Nazareth and the upper room at Jerusalem—that gift of hers was always being renewed by being again offered—offered in her love and her sacrifices and her sorrows.

Good are the loving gifts of devotion; good too are the offerings of gold and frankincense; good are the songs of praise that rise joyously to Heaven. But best of all is the gift of self. To each of us there comes at some time an angel asking the gift of our lives. Never by force or persuasion is it taken from us, but it must come from our own intention alone. Let us then welcome the angel and make God a Christmas gift. "Be it done unto me according to thy word," let us say. And, as the gift of Mary's will to God blossomed and bore fruit in a Love that will never cease, so will the gifts of our will to God blossom and bring forth fruits of love to help transform the world.

ABRAHAM: PILGRIM AND FATHER

*The Book of Genesis Yields a Fifth
Prototype of the Passion*

By Herbert McDevitt, C.P.

THE early chapters of the book of Genesis from the Fall to the Flood, contain wonderful promises and types of the coming Redeemer. Though clear and beautiful in meaning and character, they are merely introductory to the great things revealed in the story of Abraham. The spiritual grandeur of this noble figure dominates the entire Bible from his appearance on the scene, down to the birth of Christ. His vocation, his character, his deeds, and his virtues were ever before the eyes of the Jewish people and were the inspiration of their songs of prayer and praise. To their minds no prayer to God could have a more powerful motive than when offered in the name of "Abraham, Thy friend." (2 Prov. 20:7.)

Prophets could console a desolate and afflicted people by reminding them of "Abraham your father—the rock whence you are hewn." (Is. 51:1-2.) The Son of Sirach in his brief eulogy supplies proof that this veneration and confidence was fully justified. "Abraham was the great father of a multitude of nations and there was not found the like to him in glory who kept the law of the Most High and was in covenant with Him. In his flesh He established the covenant and in temptation he was found faithful." (Eccles. 44:20-21.) But the full and perfect praise of the holy patriarch comes from the lips of the Lord God Almighty, when He spoke of "Abraham My friend" (Is. 41:8) and when He declared: "I am the God of Abraham." (Gen. 26:24.) God loved this simple, saintly man, so detached from the world and so full of tenderness toward men, for He saw in him a far-off likeness of Another in Whom He would find infinite delight.

Abraham was seventy-five years old when the Lord called him. "Go forth out of the country and from thy kindred and out of thy father's house and come into the land which I shall show thee . . . in thee shall all the kindred of the earth be blessed." So Abraham went out as the Lord had commanded him. (Gen.

12.) From that moment he became a man of no fixed abode, a pilgrim in the land of Canaan among an idolatrous people, waiting upon the command of the Lord with simple faith and ready obedience. This character he preserved all his life, always showing an unhesitating and generous spirit of detachment and renunciation in regard to worldly goods.

Of this disposition he gave an admirable proof in the treatment of Lot, his nephew. Both had large flocks of sheep for which there was not sufficient pasturage and there arose frequent quarrels between their herdsmen. Abraham in the interests of charity and with sublime indifference to personal profit proposed a settlement. "Behold," he said, "the whole land is before thee. If thou wilt go to the left hand I will take the right and if thou choose the right hand I will pass to the left." Lot, surveying the country, with a calm, appraising eye, chose for his flocks the most fertile land "watered throughout as the paradise of the Lord; and he set up his tents over against Sodom." How great is the danger of a choice made under the influence of a desire after temporal prosperity is indicated by a seemingly casual remark of a sacred writer: "And the men of Sodom were very wicked and sinners before the face of the Lord beyond measure." But with Abraham it was far otherwise, for the Lord of all things spoke to him: "Lift up thy eyes and look from the place wherein thou now art, to the north and to the south and to the east and the west. All the land which thou seest I will give to thee and to thy seed forever."

THE same austere detachment is apparent in his conduct after his victory over the kings, when he turned over to the King of Sodom the booty which he had gained so dangerously in battle. His words show the effect of the sacred ceremony at which he had assisted, the sacrifice, the prayer, and the blessing of Melchisedech: "I lift up my hand to the

Lord God the most high, the possessor of heaven and earth, that from the very woof thread unto the shoe latchet I will not take of any things that are thine, lest thou say I have enriched Abram." (Gen. 14:22.)

When it came time to choose a wife for his son Isaac, he told his servant to go into his native country of Mesopotamia and to take one from among his kindred. The efficient servant asked: "If the woman will not come with me into this land, must I bring thy son back again to the place from whence thou comest out?" Abraham returned a solemn answer: "Beware thou never bring my son back again thither. The Lord God of heaven who took me out of my father's house and out of my native country, spoke to me and swore to me saying: 'To thy seed will I give this land . . . only bring not my son back thither again.' The wife of Isaac, the child of promise, must share her husband's lot if she wants to share the blessing with him.

IN actual possession he did not have even enough land in which to bury Sara, his wife. "I am a stranger and a sojourner among you," he said to the Hethites when he sought the right of a burial place. Treasuring the promise of God to give him all this land, he refused to accept their offer of a field for that purpose as a gift. He purchased with money a double cave in which to bury her, and where his body too might rest when the days of his pilgrimage were over. The end came to him when he was a hundred and seventy years old, and he was buried by his sons Ismael and Isaac, who had made peace for the occasion. (Gen. 16:12.) During the hundred years since God called him into the land of Canaan "He gave him no inheritance in it; no, not the pace of a foot, but he promised to give it to him in possession and to his seed after him, when as yet he had no child. (Acts 7:5.) Through that century of service and sacrifice Abraham, confessing that he was "a pilgrim and a stranger on earth," held to

the promise of God with unswerving faith and heroic obedience. His whose business on earth was to please God and after that "he looked for a city . . . whose builder and maker is God." (Hebr. 11:10.)

Our Divine Redeemer came on earth, a Pilgrim from the bosom of His Father, and became a wayfaring Man seeking a lodging place in the heart of man. His food and drink for the journey was to do the will of His Father. Obedient even to human law, while yet in the bosom of His Mother, He went from Nazareth to Bethlehem, the city of David, His father, not to ascend the throne but to be born in a squalid stable on a wintry hillside. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." Though He claimed no earthly throne, Who came to give men a heavenly kingdom, He had scarcely begun life when He was threatened with death. To escape the murderous hands of Herod, He was obliged to go into Egypt. From a Pilgrim, He became a Fugitive. It was the same when He began His public life. At Nazareth, "where He was brought up," fellow-citizens, old neighbors, angered by his gentle rebuke, "thrust Him out of the city and brought Him to the brow of the hill—that they might cast Him down headlong." (Luke 4:29.) Another time in the Holy City, he hid Himself when they took up stones to cast at Him, because He declared Himself greater than Abraham. (John 9:59.)

"O expectation of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, why wilt Thou be as a stranger in the land and as a wayfaring man turning in to lodge? Why wilt Thou be as a wandering man, as a mighty man that cannot save?" (Jer. 14:8-9.)

TO save others and not Himself, to lay down His life and to take it up again, to journey on to Calvary and to rest at last in a stranger's grave, was the command He had received from His Father. Home and mother and friends; the honors that were shown Him for His miracles; the acclaim that greeted his victories over the crafty Pharisees; the admiration that manifested the power of His eloquence—all these He deliberately set aside as impedimenta. To gain a heavenly country He must be denuded of all that is valued in this world. He went up to Jerusalem for the last time. There the Jews made a final and fatal choice. They preferred Barabbas, a murderer, to Jesus, the Lord of Life. They desired Cæsar, a sensual tyrant, to reign over them, instead of Christ, the Anointed King of Justice and Peace. Through the streets and out of the city they led Him, and on Calvary they crucified Him. Naked and in pain, the Divine Pilgrim asked nothing for Himself but love, and for men, nothing but forgiveness. There on that place of blood and suffering, of lies and blasphemy, He espoused His

bride, the Church. At last He breathed forth His Spirit, and went to tell Abraham and the other Patriarchs (Peter 3:19) that all the promises were fulfilled, that they were no longer pilgrims and strangers but fellow-citizens of an Eternal City and domestics of God. (Ephes. 2-19.) Heaven will no longer be called "Abraham's bosom," but "My Father's House." The Pilgrim had finished His journey, the Son had returned home. The Messiah had accomplished the mission upon which He had been sent.

THOUGH detached from all things, Abraham was no gloomy ascetic. Though he enjoyed the closest intimacy with God while living in the midst of wickedness, he was no fierce censor of morals. Renunciation and union with God produced in him such tender and universal charity, that he seems more like a Christian Saint. Recognition of this may be one of the reasons why in the Sacrifice of the Mass, in the solemn offering of the Victim after the Consecration, he is called "Our Father, Abraham." To be a father, the father of a great multitude, the father of the nation, of which the Saviour of the World was to be born, was his vocation, and God endowed him with a preeminently paternal character; if indeed, he did not choose him because he already possessed in an eminent degree the fatherly qualities of tenderness and courage. In the kindness, the compassion, the sufferings of his heart, he was privileged to bear a resemblance to the Messiah, the "Father of the World to come" (Is. 9:6), Who would make of the children of Adam sons of God, and Who rejoiced in the face of a painful and ignominious death, that men would thereby know that God is a Father.

Only one who had learned from his own bitter experiences as a pilgrim, and who was filled to overflowing with kindly feelings for all men could possess the courtesy and charity shown by Abraham, in the eighteenth chapter of Genesis. As he sat one day in the door of his tent, shading himself from the scorching heat, he lifted up his eyes and saw three men standing near him. Immediately he ran to meet the travelers and prostrating himself on the ground, he implored them to remain as his guests. "Pass not away from thy servant, and I will fetch a little water and wash ye your feet and rest ye under the tree. And I will set a morsel of bread and strengthen ye your heart and afterwards you shall pass on." He gave orders to his wife to bake bread while he went himself and took a calf from the herd, "very tender and very good," and gave it to a servant to prepare. Taking butter and milk and the rest of the food he set it before them, while he stood by to observe their wants. When they rose up to

continue their journey, Abraham walked with them, bringing them on their way.

It was then that he received a new mark of God's friendship as a reward of his generous hospitality. For the Fathers teach that Abraham had entertained the Lord and two Angels under a human appearance. And the Lord said: "Can I hide from Abraham what I am about to do?" He then revealed to His friend that He was about to destroy Sodom and Gomorrah because the cry of their sins had come up to Him, and the measure of their iniquities had been filled up. But as the Lord turned to go, Abraham, moved to the depths of heart, drew near and began his prayer of intercession—a prayer so full of humility, earnestness and charity. "And drawing nigh, he said: 'Wilt thou destroy the just with the wicked? If there be fifty just men in the city, shall they perish with all, and wilt Thou not spare that place for the sake of fifty just, if they be therein? Far be it from Thee to do this thing and to slay the just with the wicked; and for the just to be in like case as the wicked, this is not be-seeming to Thee; Thou Who judgest all on earth, wilt not make this judgment.'

"And the Lord said to him: 'If I find in Sodom fifty just within the city, I will spare the whole place for their sake.' And Abraham answered and said: 'Seeing I have once begun I will speak to my Lord, whereas I am dust and ashes. What if there be five less than fifty just persons? Wilt Thou for five and forty destroy the whole city?' And He said, 'I will not destroy it if I find five and forty.' And again he said to Him: 'But if forty be found there, what wilt Thou do?' He said: 'I will not destroy it for the sake of forty.' 'Lord,' saith he, 'be not angry, I beseech Thee, if I speak. What if thirty shall be found there?' And He answered, 'I will not do it if I find thirty there.' 'Seeing,' saith he, 'I have once begun, I will speak to my Lord. What if twenty be found there?' He said: 'I will not destroy it for the sake of twenty.' 'I beseech Thee,' saith he, 'be not angry, Lord, if I speak yet once more. What if ten should be found there?' And He said: 'I will not destroy it for the sake of ten.' And the Lord departed, after He had left speaking to Abraham. And Abraham returned to his place." (Gen. 18:23-32.)

IF with strangers and sinners Abraham was moved to such exquisite charity, what must have been his fatherly feelings for his own family! When God appointed circumcision as the sign of his covenant, Abraham endured the painful ordeal himself and knew what the others suffered. Though Ismael his son by Agar was not the child of promise, he prayed earnestly for him and won from God the promise that He would bless him and make him a great nation.

And how deeply grieved he was when Sara his wife demanded that he send away Ismael and Agar. It was only when God spoke to him and renewed his promise to bless the boy that he was able to do so. Greater and more piercing were the sufferings of his paternal heart on another occasion. He had prepared a sacrifice for the Lord and spent the day driving away the birds that came to prey upon it. "When the sun was setting, a deep sleep fell upon Abraham and a great and darksome horror seized upon him." And then God revealed to him that his descendants would be strangers in a foreign land and under bondage for four hundred years—a painful revelation to one who was himself a pilgrim and possessed such a fatherly heart. The grief and anguish which lacerated his paternal heart when God asked the sacrifice of his son, Isaac, cannot be told. Known only to God "from Whom all paternity is named," it is the admiration of the ages, the brightest jewel in his crown.

The love of Jesus cannot be confined within the limits of human relationships. It transcends them all. It is the love of a Friend for His friends (John 15:13); of a Bridegroom for His bride (Matt. 9:15); of a Mother for her children (Luke 13:34); of a Father for his prodigal son (Luke 15:13). The Incarnate Word could not find in human words the means to express His love for men. "I have compassion on the multitude," said this Father when He became Host to five thousand men, and Who there and then promised to set forth a banquet for the refreshment of all who, as true pilgrims, would follow Him even unto the eternal marriage feast.

WHO can tell of the prayers, humble, earnest and persevering, of this Father for his children! He spent the night "in the prayer of God," says the Evangelist St. Luke, who gives the best description of another night when He sweat blood in supplication for sinners;

for Judas, who went away; for the perfidious Jews who would reject Him; for the sinners of all ages, who would crucify Him anew. He prayed for Peter whom Satan desired to sift as wheat, and for all His children who in time of persecution would endure the same ordeal. He suffered and prayed for "a long-lived seed"—an ever-increasing family of children, who would bear the sign of spiritual circumcision by crucifying the flesh and its concupiscences.

He has a right to ask: "If then I be a Father, where is my honor?" (Mal. 1:6.) And He cannot and will not receive mere words for an answer. The prodigal son must arise and leave the filthy condition of sin before he can become the object of His fatherly tenderness. And the faithful son must not be contemptuous, but rather rejoice at his brother's return, and himself resolve to continue in fidelity until the inheritance is gained and they are eternally united in the home of one Father Who is God.

Catholic Terms Defined

By Donald Attwater

CARTHUSIANS, THE. A religious order founded by St. Bruno at the Grande Chartreuse in France in 1084. The monks are really hermits living in community: each has his own little cottage, and they meet only in the church for Mass and certain offices, on Sundays and feasts in the refectory for meals, and once a week for a communal walk. It is the most austere order in the Church: abstinence is perpetual, the hair-shirt is always worn, and sleep is broken every night by the Night Office. The Carthusians have a mediaeval variation of the Roman liturgy which reflects the austerity of their life, as does their chant. The habit is white. There are only fifteen Carthusian monasteries (charterhouses) in the world, with some 750 priests and lay-brothers. There are four convents of Carthusian nuns, who follow the same rule of life with some modification.

CASSINESE CONGREGATION, THE. A now small congregation of Benedictines, the first to be modelled on the lines of the mediaeval religious orders (1421-1504). Its mother-house is St. Benedict's monastery at Monte Cassino. It must not be confused with the **Cassinese Congregation of Primitive Observance**, also called "of Subiaco," which is its mother-house. This is the largest of the Benedictine congregations, formed in 1872 and divided into five provinces. The **American-Cassinese** is a separate congregation, unconnected with the above.

CASSOCK. A close-fitting garment

reaching to the heels. It is the proper dress of all clerics of the Western Church who are not members of religious orders. The Pope's cassock is white, cardinals' red, bishops' and other prelates' violet,

and others black; for ordinary occasions prelates wear a black cassock with a sash and buttons of red or violet. Laymen serving in the sanctuary are permitted to wear the black cassock. In English-speaking countries there can hardly be a custom of sufficient antiquity to permit of lay servers wearing any other color but black.

CASTLE GANDOLFO. The holiday residence of the Pope, in the Alban Hills, near Rome.

CASUISTRY. The application of general moral rules to particular cases. Any person who is confronted with a moral problem and tries to solve it according to right moral principles is exercising casuistry and is for that moment a casuist. In common speech the word has a debased meaning, inferring quibbling or moral dishonesty.

CATACOMBS (probably from Greek, "at the hollows"). The underground cemeteries in which the Christians of Rome, Syracuse, Malta, and elsewhere, buried their dead during the first three centuries. They were also used as places of worship because they were, as burial-grounds, legally free from interference at times of persecution.

CATAFALQUE (French, scaffold). A framework of wood, covered with a black pall and surrounded with candles, set up at certain requiem Masses when the body is not present. The absolutions after the Mass are said at the catafalque.

EDITOR'S NOTE

UNFORTUNATELY, the majority of American Catholics, even those who have the advantages of high-school and college education under Catholic auspices, are woefully ignorant of Catholic terminology. This ignorance extends to even the most simple and commonplace Catholic terms employed in religious books, sermons, prayers, etc. Following our consistent policy of giving our readers articles that are instructive and of definite Catholic interest, we have arranged with the distinguished editor and author, Mr. Donald Attwater, to contribute to this and subsequent issues a collection of descriptive definitions of the more commonly used Catholic terms.

CATECHETICS. The science of teaching Christian doctrine by word of mouth.

CATECHISM (Greek, *katekheisis*, oral teaching). i. Instruction in Christian doctrine, especially by the method of question and answer. ii. A series of questions and answers summarizing that doctrine and published by ecclesiastical authority. The so-called Catechism of the council of Trent or Roman Catechism is not really a catechism but a handbook of instruction for the use of the clergy.

CATECHUMEN. An adult under instruction preparatory to being received into the Church. A catechumen who dies before Baptism may be buried as a Christian, because he had the desire for Baptism.

CATHEDRA (Greek, a chair). The throne of a bishop in his cathedral church, and so a symbolical term for the seat of authoritative teaching.

CATHEDRAL (more properly "cathedral church"). The church of a diocese wherein the bishop has his permanent throne, generally in the town which gives its name to the see, where the bishop normally lives. Normally the Divine Office is sung every day in the cathedral by the canons, but this is not done in the United States, where there are no cathedral canons. A cathedral is not necessarily a big church, but is supposed to be sufficiently large to accommodate pontifical services. It is the mother church of its diocese.

CATHOLIC. i. The word is derived from the Greek and means Universal. That it should have been selected to distinguish the true Church of Christ is an historical accident. Any other appropriate word (e.g., apostolic) would have done as well. Except for a party among the Episcopalian Protestants, the Christians in communion with Rome are the only ones to use the word Catholic as a distinguishing mark; but other bodies (e.g., the Eastern Orthodox) claim to be Catholic, without making a fuss about the label.

ii. A Catholic is any person who, having been validly baptized (it does not matter by whom), does not adhere to a non-Catholic religion or perform any other act with the intention or effect of excluding himself from the visible communion of the Church.

iii. Care should be taken not to label as Catholic anything of which Catholicity is not predicable. E.g., a man is a Catholic as a man, not as an artist or a soldier; strictly speaking there is no such thing as e.g., Catholic art, any more than there can be a Catholic automobile.

CATHOLIC CHURCH, THE. The name commonly given to the Church of Jesus Christ in its only authentic form. It would appear to have no official name, as it is called variously in official documents at different times. This is only to be expected, for it is THE CHURCH for all men, needing no label. The Church is a visible and invisible religious society founded directly by our Lord, under one earthly head, the successor of St. Peter, called the Pope. The purpose of the so-

ciety is the preserving and spreading of Christ's teaching and the safeguarding and using of the means of salvation (sacrifice and sacraments) instituted by Him, in order that men may attain their last end of enjoying God for ever in Heaven. The Holy Spirit dwells in the Church, which is the Mystical Body of Christ, which He promised to be with "all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. 28:20.)

"CATHOLIC APOSTOLIC CHURCH, THE." The official name of a small sect commonly called "Irvingites" after Edward Irving (1792-1834), who was associated with its beginning. The sect was never important and it appears to be rapidly disappearing.

CATHOLIC ORTHODOX. A name used for themselves by Russian Catholics of the Byzantine rite, as opposed to dissident or schismatic Orthodox. A similar name was used in the same way by Pope Martin I (d. 649) and it is a perfectly logical and legitimate expression, which could be used of any Catholics of the Byzantine rite.

"CATHOLIC TRUTH." This phrase really means "the truth about the Catholic Church, her life and teaching." It is an unfortunate expression, as truth cannot be qualified—it is just truth, and any truth may be believed just as much by a non-Catholic as by a Catholic. As regards specifically religious truth, all religions have some truth in them, either more or less; but the Catholic Church alone is the repository of all religious truth (not necessarily all yet explicit and declared).

CATHOLICISM. The system of faith and morals revealed by God to man through Jesus Christ, Who founded a universal church or society to safeguard that revelation and to be the one ark of salvation for all men. The principal articles of Catholic faith are: the unity of God in three divine persons (the Holy Trinity); the one, holy, catholic and apostolic Church; the fall of Adam and the resulting original sin of all mankind; the loss of sanctifying grace at the Fall and its restoration by Jesus Christ; the incarnation, passion, death, and resurrection of our Lord, in Whom are united two natures, divine and human; the conception free from original sin (immaculate conception), divine motherhood, and perpetual virginity of our Lady; the real presence by transubstantiation of the body, blood, soul and divinity of Christ in the holy Eucharist; seven sacraments as channels of grace and means of sanctification; Purgatory, the resurrection of the body, and everlasting life in Heaven or Hell; the primacy of jurisdiction and the infallibility (as defined) of the Pope; the Mass a true sacrifice; the lawfulness of the veneration of saints, their images and relics; the authority of Tradition and the Bible; the necessity for salvation of membership of the Church, at least invisibly; the bindingness of the moral law.

CATHOLICITY. i. Universality, one of the four marks of the Church, who is universal in her extension, in her appeal, and in her unity; she preaches the gospel to every creature (Mark 16:15).

ii. A synonym for Catholicism.

CAUSE. i. The preliminary inquiry and the subsequent processes of beatification and canonization.

ii. **Greater causes.** Cases dealing with certain grave matters, such as canonization and the absolution of certain sins, which Canon Law reserves to the Pope for disposal.

CELEBRANT. The priest who says or sings Mass, as distinct from the ministers who assist him.

CELEBRET (Latin, let him celebrate). A document delivered by a bishop certifying that the owner is a priest and free to celebrate Mass.

CELIBACY OF THE CLERGY. In the Western church marriage is prohibited to all clergy of the rank of subdeacon and upwards. This rule has been enforced in its rigor everywhere in the Latin church only since 1123, when the Lateran Council decreed that the marriages of priests were not only unlawful but also invalid, i.e., not true marriages. This rule of celibacy has never been in force in the Eastern church. Among most bodies of Catholics of Eastern rites it is still the law that married men may be ordained to the priesthood and keep their wives; if his wife dies, the deacon or priest cannot remarry, nor can men ordained while bachelors afterwards marry; bishops must be single or widowers. There is nothing intrinsically incompatible between Holy Orders and Matrimony; they are both sacraments. The experience of the Western church has shown that a celibate clergy is for several reasons the more desirable; but this implies no adverse criticism of the Eastern Catholic clergy, who are fully and freely entitled to marriage.

CELTIC RITE, THE. The origins of this rite are unknown, but they have much in common with those of Gaul. Latin was the prescribed language and the vestments were much the same as those of today. The Celtic custom of igniting the new fire on Holy Saturday, long antedated its adoption by Rome.

CEMETERY. A plot of ground reserved for burials. Catholics who die in communion with the Church are entitled to ecclesiastical burial. Where a Catholic cemetery is not available an individual grave may be blessed.

CENACLE, THE. This dining room, which was the scene of the Last Supper, of Our Lord's appearance after the Resurrection, and of the Coming of the Holy Ghost, has fallen into the hands of the Moslems.

CENSURE. A baptized person, obstinate in his guilt of certain crimes, is subject to this ecclesiastical penalty. The three censures of excommunication, suspension and interdict carry with them the deprivation of certain spiritual benefits.

CENTRE PARTY, THE. During the struggle against the *Kulturkampf* in 1870 this German political party was formed for the defense of Catholic rights. Its power and influence grew steadily until recently it was abolished.

CERTITUDE. In this state the mind holds to a particular truth, to the exclusion of all fear of error.

CHRISTMAS AT

By Ralph Gorman, C.P. BETHLEHEM

HOW fortunate the traveler whose privilege it is to visit the eastern Mediterranean, that region filled with the charm and allure of the Orient, replete with the memory of historical events and classical legends! If the traveler approaches from the northern Mediterranean, there is Greece with its scenes of pastoral beauty and monuments of antiquity; there are Constantinople, Smyrna and Rhodes, Crete, the Islands of the Ægean, and Syria—products of diverse epochs and civilizations. And not far beyond are the two great river valleys to which are to be traced the first beginnings of civilization, the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates in Mesopotamia, and that of the Nile in Egypt. Here man took his first steps in civilized life, and even today the traveler is astonished at the monuments which stand as mute witnesses to his success.

Yet of all the countries of the East, Palestine has exercised the greatest influence on mankind and still holds the greatest attraction for the traveler. Palestine was never the seat of a great empire nor a center of wealth or culture. Hemmed in between the great empire of Egypt on the south, and of Syria, Assyria and Babylonia on the north, constantly overrun by conquerors, she was great only in her religion. Through all the vicissitudes of her existence she maintained the knowledge and worship of the true God.

It is for this reason that both to Christians and to Jews, Palestine is "the Holy Land." For Christians it bears a charm beyond the power of words to express, because it was within the confines of its limited territory that Jesus Christ was born and lived and died.

But all these things seem remote to us, far removed from our daily lives. These events happened centuries ago. The Holy Land is thousands of miles away. Yet with our modern means of travel it is not so far. From France or Italy it is but a few days by boat, and neither France nor Italy seems far away in this modern age. A pilgrimage has ceased to be the terrible penance and danger it once was and has become a pleasure. And just as the barrier of distance is removed by modern means of travel so the barrier of time seems to fall once the traveler sets foot on its sacred soil. The events narrated in the



ONE APPROACH TO THE NATIVITY GROTTO

pages of the Old Testament, the episodes in the life of our Lord, all so closely connected with sites in the Holy Land, take on a new significance and are relieved with astonishing freshness in the mind and imagination of the pilgrim.

As Christmas approaches all Christendom turns its thoughts to the Christ Child and to the circumstances that accompanied His entrance into this world. Not least among these circumstances is that of place. Bethlehem, the town in which Christ was born enters intimately into the Gospel narrative of that event. Bethlehem is the setting; it supplies the local color of this most beautiful and attractive of all stories. We hear of it in sermons, we see it pictured on Christmas cards, we sing of it in carols. It has taken on an ethereal aspect, as if it were in heaven rather than on earth. Yet it is a reality, this Bethlehem of Judea, where Christ was born. It still rests upon the same hills, it still looks out over the same desert, it still echoes to the sound of the shepherd's flute, as on that night when two weary travelers from Nazareth sought shelter there.

Today the traveler usually covers the five miles that separate Bethlehem from Jerusalem by automobile, over an excellent road, one of many such highways built since the English mandate. The advantage is all on the side of speed and comfort. One is whisked by so many interesting places and beautiful scenes that it is better to go by donkey, which is still the best method of travel for one who would linger over sites of great historical events or contemplate leisurely the beautiful scenes that open up on all sides to one's view.

Leaving Jerusalem by the Jaffa gate

one passes the so-called Tower of David. In reality the foundations of this structure are from the palace of Herod the Great. A steep descent leads to the Valley of Hinnom and from the opposite slope one obtains a beautiful view of the section of Jerusalem known as Sion. Behind the walls and towers of the city are the church of the Dormition of the Blessed Virgin and the Cenacle. Beyond the valley to the south is the Hill of Evil Counsel, pointed out since the middle ages as the place where Judas concluded his bargain with the chief priest for the betrayal of Christ. Continuing to the south, one passes through the Valley of the Giants, a place famous as the scene of combats between David and the Philistines. About three miles from Jerusalem is a well, known as Mary's well, and also the Well of the Magi. Here Mary and Joseph are supposed to have stopped to rest on their way to Bethlehem. The three wise men from the East, leaning over this well to draw water, saw reflected there the star which led them to Bethlehem. A little further on and to the left is a large fortress-like building, the Greek orthodox convent of Mar Elias, beyond which, at a sudden turn in the road, Bethlehem bursts into view two miles to the south.

THE scene meeting one's eye is picturesque. To the west at the highest part of the hill is a scattering of houses, many of them new, in a green setting of olive trees. To the east where the hill spreads out in the form of an amphitheatre is the town proper, the houses clustered closely over the higher ridges and along the promontory that juts out toward the east. The whole town drops gradually toward the east as if opening itself better to the rays of the morning sun. Above the massed series of houses rise the towers and belfries of various institutions. At the eastern extremity of the promontory, hardly detached today from the rest of the town, rises a compact, irregular group of buildings, the sanctuary of the Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ. So closely is it hemmed in by the monastic buildings that surround it, that it is only with difficulty that it can be distinguished from them.

Beyond this group of buildings the hill drops rapidly toward the valley below. Throughout the descent its sides are cut with terraces on which are grown olives, almonds, figs, pome-

granates, and grapes. In the fertile and beautiful valley below, where Ruth the Moabitess gleaned after the harvesters of Booz, is the traditional site of the apparition of the angels to the shepherds who kept watch over their flocks.

AS we approach Bethlehem the scene to the east is varied and beautiful. The fertile fields below Bethlehem give way to the arid wastes of the desert of Judea. One can catch occasional glimpses of the Dead Sea, fifteen miles away, 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean and 3,850 below Bethlehem. Beyond the Dead Sea and rising abruptly 4,000 feet above its waters are the mountains of Moab. Seen in the light of the setting sun these mountains present a magnificent spectacle. The red Nubian sandstone reflects the rays of the sun, gradually darkening from a light pink to red and then to violet as night closes in. The bare mountain sides seem like masses of molten metal, or like some crystal bowl lighted from within.

Entering the town of Bethlehem one cannot help feeling a deep and sincere emotion at the thought that one is so near the spot where Jesus Christ was born. Although its greatest claim to renown is the fact that Christ was born here, yet Bethlehem has had other marks of distinction. It was the home of the family of David and of many of his companions-in-arms in his wars against the Philistines. In the fourth century St. Helena and her son Constantine built over the grotto of the nativity one of the most beautiful churches of Christendom. Soon it became a monastic center, attracting such saints as St. Jerome and St. Paula. The former, by his great scriptural learning, focused the attention of the learned Roman world of the time on Bethlehem. During the first crusade the people of Bethlehem sent to Emmaus and invited Godfrey of Bouillon to take their town. Godfrey sent Tancred, who riding hard through the night with a body of picked knights, entered the town at daybreak, and immediately raised his banners over the Basilica of the Nativity. Since that time the town has passed through many vicissitudes, its population at one time falling as low as a hundred. At the present time its population is 6,658 of whom 5,838 are Christians and 819 are Moslems.

In passing through the town one is struck by the peacefulness and friendliness of its inhabitants. It is not however the peace of indolence that reigns here. The people of Bethlehem are active and industrious. Many devote themselves to agriculture and the raising of flocks in the surrounding country. The most characteristic industry of the town is the making of objects of piety such as rosaries and crucifixes, and the manufacture of various ornaments. These

they make from wood, mother-of-pearl, or from a bituminous limestone known as Dead Sea stone. On all sides one hears the squeak of the saw, the rasp of the file and the noise of the various primitive instruments cutting and shaping the hard shell, or boring holes in the beads. Often the shops open on the street and one can peer through and see the workmen squatted on the floor manipulating their simple tools with astonishing skill with both hands and feet. Sometimes the women ply the instruments with as much skill as the men. The women wear a peculiar head-dress, consisting of a high bonnet over which a white veil is fastened which falls back over the shoulders. They carry themselves with considerable grace and dignity.

As one passes through the market place the animation increases. There are Greek priests in their black robes and high cylindrical hats, Syrians, Armenians, Copts and Abyssinians, Europeans of various countries, the latter usually tourists or pilgrims. One passes Bedouins from the desert, leading caravans of heavily laden camels, which stretch their necks and look about them suspiciously as they pass silently and swiftly over the cobblestone streets.

At the extremity of the town is the Basilica of the Nativity of our Lord, flanked on the north by the Franciscan Monastery and on the south by the Armenian and Greek. The façade has been disfigured by modern buttresses and by the various entrances that have been made through it. The interior is of great simplicity. There are five aisles, divided by four rows of red limestone monoliths. The capitals are in Corinthian style. The transept is a little higher than the nave and terminates at each end in an apse. The greater part of the Basilica dates from the fourth century.

At each side of the choir, before the high altar, is a flight of stairs descending to the sacred grotto in which Christ

was born. Both entrances are encased in marble and have bronze doors erected by the Crusaders. It is a natural grotto. The floor and walls have been covered with white marble. It is 42 feet long, about 12 feet wide and 9 feet high. On the east side is the altar of the birth of Christ and under it is a vermillion star on which are inscribed the words "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est"—1717; "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." A few steps to the southwest, three steps below the level of the rest of the grotto, is the oratory of the Manger where the Virgin Mother laid her new born son. Here He was worshipped by the shepherds. Opposite is an altar dedicated to the Magi.

THE localization of Christ's birth in this grotto at Bethlehem is attested by a tradition which already in the second century was well established. It harmonizes well with the facts presented in the Gospel story and helps us to complete the picture there presented. Arriving at Bethlehem at nightfall, Mary and Joseph find the inn already crowded. Circumstances demand that they find shelter immediately—no great difficulty in a region of many natural caves. That there should be a manger in the one they selected just outside the town, is not surprising as such places were eagerly sought by shepherds for their flocks. Often the shepherds share this lodging with their sheep. Even today at Bethlehem some houses are built beside these grottos in such a way that they form part of the home. It is probable that Christ during His public ministry often made use of such a shelter. The writer has found a grotto a welcome refuge from the chill night air which even in the summer time in the desert becomes quite uncomfortable.

It is impossible to forget the impressions of a first Christmas spent at Bethlehem. It was shortly after midnight when we arrived at the Basilica. Sounds



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE ANCIENT TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

of the office being celebrated in the neighboring Franciscan Church of St. Catherine filtered through into the Basilica and mingled with the sounds of shuffling feet and murmured prayers. Most of the crowd that had assembled were natives of the town or of the surrounding country. They were devout and serious, looking neither to the right nor left as they came and went, absorbed in their devotions. There was a scattering of Europeans and Americans, some devoutly aware of the grandeur of the place and occasion, others evidently a little bewildered, but rooted to the spot by an irresistible attraction. We pressed through the crowd to the entrance to the famous grotto.

Descending the marble steps I could not help but think of the thousands who through the ages have come to venerate this lowly spot where the Christ Child was born. In the grotto below a priest was saying mass at the altar of the manger. From the faithful grouped around rose a murmur of prayer. The air was heavy with the odor of lamps and burning candles. I knelt as near as possible to the vermilion star that indicated the spot where the Christ Child was born. I closed my eyes and tried to picture to myself the scene that took place in this grotto so many years ago. It was not difficult.

There lay the swaddled Christ Child on the straw of the manger. Gazing

down on Him in worshipful awe was the beautiful face of His Virgin Mother, and the serene, radiant face of His foster father, Joseph. In the background stood the shepherds, their faces expressing the wonder and adoration of their simple souls. But I could not kneel there forever. I must make room for others with equal anxiety to venerate the birthplace of Christ. As I kissed the sacred spot and mounted the marble stairs, the words of the prophet kept passing through my mind "And thou Bethlehem, the land of Juda, are not the least among the princes of Juda, for out of thee shall come one captain that shall rule my people Israel." I shall never forget that Christmas at Bethlehem.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

MEDIAEVAL RELIGION AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Christopher Dawson. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.00.

In these days of confusion and of crisis, it is encouraging to note the number of gifted men who are coming to recognize in the Catholic Church the only salvation of our society, and who are devoting their talents and their labors to making the recognition of that truth more widespread. Since he became a Catholic, sixteen years ago, Christopher Dawson has taken a leading place among such thinkers. He has chosen as his field the philosophy of history; one of the most difficult as well as one of the most important for our times. In the present work he makes a special study of the Middle Ages, rightly recognizing the necessity for a sound evaluation of that period when Catholic principles came nearer to being actualized than at any time before or since. Thus he clarifies those principles themselves and implicitly points the way towards their application in our own circumstances.

Mr. Dawson approaches the problem from several angles. He gives us the sociological basis of mediæval life, showing how far this was actually developed by the vitalizing influence of the Church, and how far it rested upon more remote traditions. In a special essay on the Theological Development he gives us an illuminating account of religious thought itself, drawing a clear contrast between the constructive work of such men as St. Thomas and the disintegrating tendencies which were to lead, ultimately, to the so-called Reformation. Mr. Dawson's profoundly analytic chapter on "Religion and Mediæval Science" is, perhaps, the most valuable in the book, for here he touches on what would ap-

ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE SIGN. ADD TEN PER CENT OF PRICE FOR POSTAGE

pear to be the weakest point in the whole case for mediævalism.

He is frank to admit the real deficiencies of the period in its attitude toward science, but shows that this was not due to the Scholastic system as such; far less to the Church; but to the whole tradition of Latin civilization. Furthermore, he introduces some really surprising evidences of solid scientific work even during the earlier periods. Turning from science to literature, Mr. Dawson disentangles some of the varied strands which entered into the mediæval writings, and shows how here, too, quite diverse influences were at work. In particular, he accounts for the licentious character of much of the literature of chivalry by the infiltration of Moslem traditions and culture—a point which is frequently overlooked. The chapter on *Piers Plowman*, which concludes the book, shows many surprising resemblances between the social and economic problems of the 14th century and those

of our own day. But such analogies may be found throughout the entire work.

This is, in fact, the chief value of such a study as this. It is not drily academic, but eminently practical. For this reason it should prove invaluable to all those interested in Catholic Action. Priests and seminarians will find in it an admirable synthesis of a considerable portion of their ecclesiastical studies, presented in a unified and vital manner. They will be struck, in particular, by one lesson, upon which Mr. Dawson does not especially insist, but which his work once more establishes: the necessity of faithful adherence to the teachings of the Holy See and of coöperation with its salutary functioning in human society. It is precisely the ever-growing realization of that truth today which gives us the greatest confidence in the future.

A HISTORY OF THE CHURCH. Book I. (The World in Which the Church Was Founded). By Philip Hughes. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$3.50. **A SHORTER HISTORY OF ENGLAND.** By Hilaire Belloc. Macmillan Co., New York. \$3.00.

Here are two histories which mark a departure from the customary method. In both, the origins of the Church and of England are developed to a greater than usual length, in order that the nature and the importance of their foundations may be judged better from the contemporary setting and atmosphere.

Father Hughes calls his books "an introductory study to a vast subject and an immense literature," and he confesses that he will consider his efforts fittingly rewarded "if it is so readable that its readers hastily desert it, once read, for the more substantial books it recommends, and desert those in turn for the

\$1.50

No priest has ever written more humorously,

No humorist has ever written more piercingly

SHEED & WARD

63 Fifth Ave. N. Y.

FATHER FEENEY FISH ON FRIDAY

Xmas GIFT BOOK

Orient

with SPEED
COMFORT
ECONOMY



Empress of Japan... queen of the Pacific

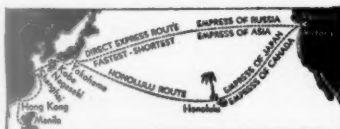
GO DIRECT... reach Yokohama in 10 days on the fast sister-ships, *Empress of Russia* and *Empress of Asia*... the Pacific's shortest, fastest crossing.

OR VIA HONOLULU... the *Empress of Japan* (fastest liner on the Pacific) and *Empress of Canada* reach Honolulu in 5 days, Yokohama in just 8 days more.

REDUCED ROUND-TRIP FARES... Orient fares include passage from Seattle. Luxurious First, excellent Tourist, low-priced Third Class.

FREQUENT SAILINGS... from Vancouver (trains to ship-side) and Victoria. Orient ports-of-call: Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Manila.

Booklets, information... from your own travel agent or any Canadian Pacific office in New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver, Winnipeg, and many other cities in United States and Canada.



Canadian Pacific

sources themselves." He brings out in sufficient detail the character of the times in which the Catholic Church was born—it was Roman politically and Hellenic culturally. He then traces the story of the Church as she came into contact with these two modes of life. First, violent opposition on the part of the Roman Emperors, and then a kind of tutelage under the Greeks. He brings the story up to the eighth century, leaving to the following volumes the further unfolding of the progress of the Church. The book should appeal to both student and general reader. It affords them the results of the latest researches of scholarship, and presents an authoritative survey of the beginnings of the Church.

Belloc's *Shorter History of England* follows in almost the same line, laying stress on the foundation of Roman civilization in Britain, for he maintains that only when this civilization is well understood are we able to interpret correctly the later changes which occurred in Britain's history. His viewpoint is that up to the overthrow of kingly power in 1688 it is persons who are of paramount importance, but after that date it is classes or groups which count. This point is peculiarly true of the Reformation period in England after the death of Henry VIII. This period coincided with the rise of aristocracy, which afterward was the predominant influence in England. Episodes which in most official histories are passed over lightly, if they are mentioned at all, such as the Irish Famine, are given their due space, because Mr. Belloc rightly maintains that the coming of the Irish into England affected that country in a very profound manner. In dealing with matters which belong to the more recent past (the history is brought down to the death of Queen Victoria), the author endeavors to hold an objective attitude, acting the part of recorder only. In an Epilogue he records the changes which have occurred since the death of Victoria.

Both books are supplied with good Indexes. Father Hughes' History, moreover, provides three time charts and a map, which present at a glance the principles, personages and events of each age. Belloc's book also contains several maps and genealogical tables. These two histories are worthy of hearty recommendation.

GIVE THIS MAN PLACE. By Hugh F. Blunt, LL.D., The Sign Press, Union City, N. J. \$1.50.

Almost immediately after the publication of the final installment of Fr. Blunt's series of articles on St. Joseph, THE SIGN was deluged with requests that they be published in book form. It is with pleasure and pride that they are here presented in this charming and ex-

cellent volume—*Give This Man Place*. In the opening lines of his preface, Fr. Blunt declares that this is not a pious book, else, he remarks, "who would read it." This is at once both a recommendation and a temptation. Fr. Blunt is well-known for his delightful and graceful style of writing. In this book he manifests all the qualities and talents which have served to earn for him a high place in the field of Catholic letters.

Chosen by God to be the husband of the Blessed Virgin Mary and foster-father of our Divine Savior, St. Joseph was a singularly privileged man. But these honors brought him no human acclaim while on this earth. Humble and hidden, St. Joseph never sought the applause of men. However, as the years added themselves, St. Joseph still remained a hidden and almost unappreciated Saint. In the ordinary everyday life of devotions in the ordinary parish church which, after all, is the truest indicator of the vitality of any devotion, St. Joseph is more or less ignored. As Fr. Blunt remarks, St. Joseph is, "caviare to the general." In *Give This Man Place* we behold St. Joseph in an entirely new light, and in true perspective. St. Joseph stands forth from its pages revealed as peculiarly the Saint and model for men of today. If it were but realized, there is no better way to set the feet of the average Catholic on the way that leads to God than by inducing him to get into the company of St. Joseph. The virtues and characteristics which were prominent in the life of St. Joseph are those which are sorely needed in this troubled world today.

St. Joseph is, indeed, "the Saint for everybody; for sinners, for contemplatives, for youth, for the married, for the poor, for the working man, for the dying. Patron of the church, patron of the family, patron of the working man—how can anyone get along without him?"

This is a book which can be heartily and unreservedly recommended. Its pages are charged with spontaneity and spiritual beauty which cannot fail to appeal, instruct and edify. *Give This Man Place* is without doubt the finest study of St. Joseph that has thus far appeared in the English language.

NEGRO AMERICANS, WHAT NOW? By James Weldon Johnson. The Viking Press, New York. \$1.25 cloth. 75c. paper.

James Weldon Johnson is the first Negro American to become a member of the faculty at one of our larger universities. He teaches at New York University. He has naturally been keenly interested in the progress and problems of Negroes in America. In-

D. B. HANSEN & SONS

One of America's foremost dealers in Sacred Vessels, Vestments and Church goods, presents the following outstanding offers

ALTAR BOYS' CASSOCKS & SURPLICES**Hansen's "10-Point" Altar Boy Cassocks**

Investigate the ten features that add to the life and appearance of Hansen's Altar Boy Cassocks.

Poplin Silk Finished**\$3.50**

and up

Half Wool Serge**\$5.50**

and up

All Wool Serge**\$7.50**

and up

PRIESTS' CASSOCKS**Custom Tailored**

Priced to please.
BEST QUALITY SERGE

\$35.00**PERSPIRATION PROOF ANGORA****\$36.00**

SILK WARP
HENRIETTA
CASSOCK
(30% Silk, 70% Wool)

\$45.00

and up

Write for samples of materials, easy self measurement: blank and style book.



Everything in Clerical garments—from the complete regalia of the Bishop and Monsignor to the cassock for the Priest and Seminarist. Also Clerical Suits, Overcoats and Topcoats.

7-DAY SANCTUARY CANDLES

The Candle with the Purple Wick
"D. B. H. SPECIAL" No. 2
Cylinder type 7-Day Candle

\$25.00

"HANSEN'S"
No. 1 Cone Shape
7-Day Candle

\$22.50

No. 2



No. 1

Hansen's 7-Day Sanctuary Candles are covered by our money-back guarantee to give a perfect light at all times, and each case is guaranteed to burn 1 full year (365 days). 50 candles to a case.

D. B. HANSEN & SONS

22 Park Place, New York, N. Y.
23 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

deed, he has become an acknowledged leader in the cause for the advancement of the Colored Race.

In a previous book, *Black Manhattan*, he offered us an excellent history of Negroes in New York City. The present book is an appeal to his Colored brethren to awaken the opportunities and realize the problems and crises which are before them.

In a small space Mr. Johnson covers a very broad field. In the first place he considers the choices which are offered to Negro Americans. While he confesses himself an ardent admirer of Communism, he, nevertheless, sees no good in it for the Negro. Neither would a separate state within the state nor a migration *en masse* to an unsettled territory solve the problem. Violence, he shows to be futile.

In the second place he considers the forces and resources of the American Negro. He elaborates on the inter-racial problem, labor difficulties and the various organizations which are intended to help the Negro. Concerning the Negro Church he is a trifle pessimistic and thinks that it needs a thorough clean-up, especially in the executive departments. "What would it not mean to have a Negro ministry working for the advancement of the Race with the same degree of intelligence, zeal and singleness of purpose with which the Catholic clergy works for the advancement of those who profess the Catholic Faith?" This is a challenge to the Catholic Church.

Mr. Johnson realizes that the upward struggle of the Negro will be, as it always has been, discouraging and bitter. At the same time he expresses a strong confidence that the American Negro can gain the victory and rise to an honorable place if only he draws upon his potential resources and abilities to the utmost. This is a most provocative and interesting book. One which will well repay the reader.

GOD AND HIS INFINITE PERFECTIONS. By Abbé Démurger. Translated by Rev. James Kennedy. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$2.75.

Fired with a truly Christ-like zeal for the Glory of God and the sanctification of Souls, Abbé Démurger, after many many years of sweet labor and, undoubtedly, countless fleeting hours before the Tabernacle, now offers *God And His Infinite Perfections* to the public. By lucid language, never boringly pedantic, the reader is brought to a knowledge of the attributes of God and their relation to fundamental teachings of Faith. Abbé Démurger is certain that if one knows God one must love Him. The captivating style, the marching logic and the abounding thesaurus of well chosen quotations from Holy Scriptures, the Fathers and Doctors of the Church and mystical

*Join this...***HOLY LAND PILGRIMAGE**

With BISHOP O'BRIEN

VISIT BETHLEHEM, where Christ was born, Jerusalem, the Sea of Galilee, and countless other scenes sacred to His memory, which will enrich your life forever after.

Plan now to join this congenial group under the personal and spiritual leadership of His Excellency, the Most Rev. Bishop William D. O'Brien.

The Holy Land is not all. You may visit 30 ports in 22 different countries and islands, spread over 3 vast continents. Rome and the Vatican, and special audience with His Holiness, The Pope, are additional features for the fortunate members of the Pilgrimage.

Sailing February 2nd

All First Class—\$525 up—60 days
Shore Trips Optional

On the Luxurious S. S. SAMARIA*The Ideal Cruising Ship*

The Samaria is one of the most modern ships of the great Cunard White Star fleet. She was designed and built to be used for cruising and affords spaciousness, facilities for individual freedom, entertainment, recreation and comfort.

Limited Membership

As the group must necessarily be limited, early reservations are urged. See your travel agent or write for literature.

JAMES BORING COMPANY INCORPORATED

642 Fifth Avenue, New York

ELdorado 5-6670



TO ORIENT FIELDS

Travel to Japan in the charming atmosphere of Japan. Catholic missionaries, field workers, and visitors select the N. Y. K. Line to the Orient. Courteous service and personal attention for a comfortable and interesting voyage to Japan, China and the Philippines.

Direct service to the Orient in modern Cabin and Tourist Cabin motor liners from Seattle and Vancouver; express service with stop-over at Honolulu in new motor liners with First and Second Classes from San Francisco and Los Angeles.

LOW ROUND TRIP FARES

TOURIST CABIN	CABIN CLASS
\$227 up	\$437 up

Other fares in proportion. Also many interesting inclusive-price tours. Write Catholic Tours Department for booklet No. 102.

New York, 25 Broadway; San Francisco, 551 Market Street; Seattle, 1404 Fourth Avenue; Chicago, 40 North Dearborn Street; Los Angeles, 605 South Grand Avenue, or any Cunard White Star Limited office. Consult your local tourist agent. He knows.

N.Y.K. LINE

(JAPAN MAIL)

FOR AVERAGE CATHOLIC LAYFOLK:

THE ETERNAL GALILEAN

By Fulton J. Sheen, Ph.D. ...\$2.00

A vivid and modern interpretation of the Person of Jesus Christ presented in Dr. Sheen's usual eloquent style.

NOW I SEE

By Arnold Lunn\$2.50

Such a wholly delightful book should not be missed. Enjoyment, edification and instruction for everyone.

THIS IS CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE

By Adrian Lynch, C.P.\$1.50

A well-informed laity should be familiar with the law of the Church on matrimony. This is the book to help you.

WEeping CROSS

By Henry L. Stuart\$2.00

Without doubt the best Catholic novel in recent years. Powerfully and beautifully written.

GIVE THIS MAN PLACE

By Hugh F. Blunt, LL.D.\$1.50

A true "everybody's" Saint Joseph. Charming and up-to-date.

FISH ON FRIDAY

By Leonard Feeney, S.J.\$1.50

A delightful humor, shot through with a sort of painless theology, pervades these pages. Excellent.

writers recommend *God and His Infinite Perfections* to the student of Theology and the preacher, to the Religious and the laity.

WHITE WAMPUM. By Francis Taylor Patterson. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, \$2.00.

White Wampum is a charming story of Kateri Tekakwitha, a vivid and moving narrative of her simple life among the Mohawk Indians. A little Indian girl who grew up in the corrupt atmosphere of a Mohawk village, yet remained innocent and chaste; who imbibed and practiced the primitive pagan rites of Indian worship, while possessing in her soul the germ of a vigorous and fructifying Christian life; who was kidnaped by friendly hands from the snares of an unprincipled uncle and the amorous advances of an Indian Brave and taken over mountain, river and lake from near the present city of Albany to a village on the outskirts of Montreal, there to become "a holy bee storing up the honey of goodness"—this is the story in rough outline. Placed in its historic setting, rich with Indian life and lore and with the noble figure of Kateri moving in its colorful background, it lends itself to delicate characterization and dramatic incident. Francis Taylor Patterson has woven together the facts of Kateri Tekakwitha's life in an entertaining and understanding way.

The author conveys the spirit of the early Indians, their instinctive cruelty, uncontrolled sensuality, fierce revenge, subjection to sorcery and superstition, so that the reader gets that insight into the moral and religious makeup of the Indian, so necessary for a satisfying appreciation of the extraordinary character of Kateri Tekakwitha. Like a heroine this young girl picks her way among the pitfalls that surround her innocent life, but what is of greater importance she curbs at all times the instincts of her wild and sensual Indian nature—an unheard of thing in an Indian village.

Not less commendable is the reserve displayed when the more despicable details of savage life are related. Morbid dramatization, a temptation to the clever artist, gives way to delicate suggestion. Based on authentic sources and written with much artistry *White Wampum* should be welcomed by Catholic readers.

DOSTOIEVSKY. By Nicholas Berdyaev. Translated by Donald Attwater. Sheed & Ward, New York, \$2.00.

This study of Dostoevsky is more than a mere study of a man of letters, it is the study of a nation. It is the interpretation of the mysterious spirit of Russia—the dissecting of the emotionally extreme Russian nature.

According to M. Berdyaev, there has

Important New Books

Saga of Saints

By Sigrid Undset. The story of how Christianity came to Scandinavia, beautifully told by the famous novelist and Nobel Prize Winner. Ever present is the sense of tremendous exploit of those who tolled for the "White Christ." Illustrated, \$2.50

White Wampum

By Frances Taylor Patterson. The true story of the Mohawk Indian girl, Kateri Tekakwitha, whose gentle and valiant spirit successfully braved torture and persecution when she dedicated her life to Christian martyrdom in the 17th Century. A selection of the Spiritual Book Associates, Inc. \$2.00

A Primer of Prayer

By Rev. Joseph McSorley of the Paulist Fathers. In short, simply written chapters, Father McSorley shows the various ways of meditation, of cultivating recollection and the essential methods of communion and prayer. A book for daily inspiration. \$1.25

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.
114 Fifth Ave., NEW YORK

BOOKS FOR PRIESTS:

HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION

By G. Constant\$4.00

One of the finest books written on that great religious upheaval. Authoritative and interesting.

READINGS FROM CARDINAL O'CONNELL

Edited by Hugh F. Blunt, LL.D.\$2.00

Priests will find a treasury of valuable quotations in this book of extracts from the sermons and addresses of a great American prelate.

THIS IS CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE

By Adrian Lynch, C.P.\$1.50

Over a thousand questions concerning marriage are answered in a clear, straightforward manner. An excellent digest of Canon Law of Marriage.

HOLY WEDNESDAY

By Manuel Galvez\$2.00

A clever and entirely unusual novel about a priest. Well-written by one who seems to know.

STAGES ON THE ROAD

By Sigrid Undset\$2.75

One of the best Catholic books of the current year. A series of essays done in Fru Undset's own inimitable style.

GATES OF HELL

By Erik R. von Kuhnelt-Leddihn\$2.50

An amazing and tremendous novel of the Church and the Soviet. Gives an unforgettable picture of middle Europe today.

PASTORAL MEDICINE

By Ludwig Ruland, D.D.\$3.00

A book for priests engaged in pastoral work. Author does not hesitate to take issue with older writers. Outlook generally liberal and refreshing.

SMALL BOYS—Primary and Elementary Departments.
GIRLS—Primary, Elementary, High School and Commercial Departments.
ST. CLARE'S BOARDING SCHOOL
SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS Registered University of the State of New York
 19 miles from Grand Central **MOUNT HOPE—HASTINGS P.O., N. Y.**
 WRITE,—OR TELEPHONE "HASTINGS 738"

not been and cannot be a middle path for the Russians. In everything—politics, religion, art,—extremes always hold the stage. And in Dostoevsky and his art the author has found the living, outstanding example of this extremism.

With the ardent enthusiasm of a disciple, M. Berdyaev pours out superlative praise on the subject of his study. He says, "Dostoevsky was among the most brilliant and deep-minded men of all time. For sheer intelligence there is no one to compare with Dostoevsky unless it be that great light of the Renaissance, Shakespeare." And the closing lines of the book, "So great is the worth of Dostoevsky that to have produced him is by itself sufficient justification for the existence of the Russian people in the world."

Making ample allowance for this ardor of the author, Dostoevsky still stands out as a singularly wonderful man of letters and man of destiny. He clearly foresaw and foretold the present day condition of the Russian people. His only defence against Communism was God. And in Christ he finds the only solution for the riddle of life. It was this love for Christ that led him from the errors of Humanitarianism to the fuller and more satisfying Christianity.

M. Berdyaev is a first class man of letters and in this work of love he has turned out a very excellent book. The translation by Donald Attwater is splendidly done. Besides being a clear, penetrating, enlightening study of the double spirit of Dostoevsky and Russia, this book is a distinct addition to the world of English letters. It should be read by every student of world affairs.

THE FOLKS. By Ruth Suckow.
 Farrar & Rinehart, New York.
 \$3.00.

The Fergusons of Belmond, Iowa, like any family however ordinary, are big with drama. Let anyone cleverly chronicle their daily lives and lo, a best seller is born. And this, in an artless and homespun manner, Ruth Suckow has done in *The Folks*.

With a sensitive pen and a photographic style the author begins her opus with the comfortable early married life of the folks. She dissects a cell of that vast organism we know as the Middle West. The Ferguson family is typical of a million families that live there. Singly and collectively she follows them through

a gamut of episodes that ranges from the drab to the very drab. Peculiarly feminine in her writing, she repeats needlessly with a fine indifference to chronology, until one wonders to what purpose are the charmingly titled chapters. Though never deliberately pornographic the descriptions are occasionally unduly biological.

SCIENCE AND THEOLOGY. By Rev. W. Gordon. Washbourne & Bogan Ltd., London. 1/6.

The apparent antipathy between science and religion is still periodically flaunted by sham scientists. The present dispute is less generic than "religion"; it is an attack centered upon Christian dogma. Hence Father Gordon's title: *Science and Theology*.

The conflict between Science and Theology is not real. The genuine scientist finds no difficulty in reconciling the two, for he, respecting the harmonious order of the sciences, remains within his proper limits. He does not overstep into the philosophic or theologic. It is when he, after the pattern of H. G. Wells, sweeps away with a dramatic gesture the doctrines of Christianity on the grounds that they are not scientific, that the conflict appears. His weapons are a test tube, a facile pen and an owl's look. So accoutred he sits down to the task of disproving a miracle. This type of "science" Fr. Gordon demolishes in his work.

Theology is a real science. It is knowledge, it is orderly knowledge, it is based on facts, it seeks to explain, to correlate these facts by a rigid scientific process just as any other branch of knowledge. Hence, there can be no incompatibility between genuine Science and Theology, as each is centered about Truth. Reasonable beings have no time for the utterly idiotic notion that a thing can be true in Theology and false in Science.

Fr. Gordon deals in a purely intel-

lectual manner with the hoary and venerable objections against Creation, Free Will, Revelation, Miracles, etc. Realizing that intelligent reasoning may be unintelligible to some unscientific scientists, the author resorts to the incontestable historical testimony that many great churchmen have been equally great scientists. This little book is primarily intended for searchers of the Truth, especially for the great army of students who are daily barraged with spurious teachings.

FRANCE AND THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY. By Jules A. Baisnee. The Johns Hopkins Press, Baltimore, Md. \$2.50.

The establishment of the Catholic hierarchy in America is a subject of intense interest. The facts, in general, are sufficiently familiar to merit only cursory consideration. Prior to 1784, the Church in the American Colonies had been governed by a Vicar Apostolic, residing in London. The War of Independence, and the consequent violent rupture with the mother country, made such an ecclesiastical subordination intolerable. As early as January 15, 1783, some eleven months before the signing of peace preliminaries between the United States and England, the Holy See had anticipated the inevitable contretemps; and the Prefect of the Propaganda, Cardinal Antonelli, was already casting out feelers through the medium of Prince Foria Pamphili, Papal Nuncio at Paris. However, an appreciable length of time elapsed before the actual appointment of John Carroll as ecclesiastical superior in the United States. This delay, coupled with the comparative celerity with which the Spanish settlements in Florida, New Mexico, Texas and California had been conceded superiors at the same time, led an earlier school of historians to suspect French interference. So thought John Gilmary Shea, Thomas O'Gorman and Thomas Campbell. Even as late as 1922, Doctor Peter Guilday, in his *Life and Times of Most Rev. John Carroll* has a chapter on "French Ecclesiastical Interference in the American Church."

M. Jules Baisnee, Secretary General of the Institut Français de Washington, in common with many other students, came to believe that the whole story of French meddling was purely mythical.

BEAULIEU VINEYARD ALTAR WINES

The finest California can produce, made from our own grapes at Vineyard. By special appointment under supervision of Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, Archbishop of San Francisco, and universally approved.

Rutherford, California
 GEORGES DeLATOURE, Pres.

Atlantic Branch
 26 Beckman St., New York City
 JOHN F. DOYLE, Manager

Dear Friend:

You read THE SIGN
because you like

**GOOD
PERIODICAL
LITERATURE**

Why Not—

increase your permanent private library by
subscribing to

**THE
SPIRITUAL BOOK
ASSOCIATES, INC.**
and thus be assured of
the outstanding
**SPIRITUAL BOOK
OF THE MONTH**

THE EDITORIAL BOARD, COMPRISED OF:

The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Jos. H.
McMahon, Ph.D.
The Very Rev. Msgr. Fulton
J. Sheen, Ph.D.
The Rev. Francis X. Talbot,
S. J., Chairman
The Rev. Mother Grace
Dammann, R.S.C.J.
The Rev. Sister Mary Rosa,
Ph.D.
Thomas Meehan, K.S.G.

SELECT FOR YOU

the ten best spiritual books
of the year at a total charge
of \$15.00.

SPIRITUAL BOOK ASSOCIATES, Inc.

415 LEXINGTON AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

D.S.
Spiritual Book Association, Inc.
415 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.
I enclose my remittance for one year's
membership.

Name

Address

City State

This belief led him to undertake the sifting, re-examination and painstaking collation of all available documents. The result is a brief but pregnant concise monograph. Ample appendices contain in full the necessary source material. Resting on the bed rock of his sources, M. Baisnee draws his sober conclusions: that the plan for ecclesiastical organization ultimately adopted was primarily Roman in origin; that opposition to the plan came from the American clergy and laity themselves, and was directed, not at French interference, but at the supposed encroachments of the Roman Propaganda; and, finally, that the rôle of the French government, lay and clerical, was throughout one of generous, altruistic coöperation with Roman endeavors to regularize American ecclesiastical conditions. M. Baisnee's book is truly an admirable achievement in historical research and summation, and should receive the attention of every discerning historian.

MEDIÆVAL LATIN LYRICS.
Translated by Helen Waddell.
Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$2.50.

Even in these days of renewed interest in things mediæval, we are too apt to regard the Latin literature of that period either as a vast storehouse of cold erudition or as the austere expression of a piety aloof from merely human things. Miss Waddell's delightful collection of lyrics reveals another side of the picture. By presenting us with selections from the more intimately personal compositions of such men as St. Paulinus, Fortunatus and Alcuin, she shows us that they, too, were touched by the little joys and tragedies of everyday life, and that they did not disdain to be humorous on occasion. For instance, the playfully importunate lines of Sedulius, addressed to his Bishop, Hartgar, give us a more sympathetic insight into the heart of that great Irishman than we could ever derive from his magnificent hymns. There are other examples, too, of the "gravely impish" possibilities of mediæval Latin.

While we may regret the unduly large proportion of poems which are almost frankly pagan, even these bear witness to the survival of that tradition in the Ages of Faith: a survival which explains many of the deficiencies of the period. Miss Waddell's gracious apology, then, for not including more of the specifically religious poems, and her admission that "the greatest things are not here", ought to be as graciously accepted. After all, we already possess such works as Dom Britt's *Hymns of the Breviary & Missal*; *Mediæval Latin Lyrics* provides an important supplement to them.

Even those, however, who may disapprove of Miss Waddell's selections, will not withhold their admiration from

her translations. Her verse has none of that crippled quality which is apt to characterize translated poetry, but it is beautiful and alive, as though it were quite original, while, at the same time, the spirit of the Latin is admirably retained. Such readers, too, will appreciate the Biographical Notes which reveal Miss Waddell's wide and truly humanistic scholarship, and her real sympathy with the old mediæval time. These notes should be read concurrently with the poems themselves.

Those who approach the Middle Ages through such a pleasant avenue as this book affords will surely be stimulated to read much more about them; they will be eager, too, to read more of Miss Waddell.

FOR THE CATHOLIC PROFESSIONAL MAN:

A TIME TO KEEP

By Halliday Sutherland, M.D. \$2.50

An exceptional book of memoirs. Travel, science, humor, religion all set down here with sincerity. Writing of a kind that is rare nowadays.

THE VATICAN: YESTERDAY, TODAY, TOMORROW

By George Seldes \$3.75

Informative and truthful without being bigoted or sentimentally sympathetic.

RESTORATION

By Ross Hoffman \$2.00

A professor at New York University tells the story of his conversion. Shows influence of Church on modern mind.

THE CHURCH AND SPIRITUALISM

By Herbert Thurston, S.J. \$2.75

A profound and authoritative study of necromancy. Fine example of scholarly research.

PASTORAL MEDICINE

By Ludwig Ruland, D.D. \$3.00

A sound physical and psychic study. Treats of principles governing each of those human counterparts.

LA SALLE MILITARY ACADEMY

EFFECTIVE college preparation under Brothers of the Christian School. Small classes. Well-equipped buildings on 167-acre Long Island estate. Pool and ocean swimming. 9-hole golf course. R.O.T.C. Junior Dept., 52nd year. Moderate rate. Catalog. Registrar, Box 5, Oakdale, L.I., N.Y.

LET US BIND YOUR MAGAZINES

In buckram or artificial leather at \$1.15 per volume. Price includes the gold lettering of title and date on each volume. We guarantee our work to be beautiful and durable.
We also rebound books of every description at very reasonable prices.

Address: BERNARD GLASER, Manager
LIBRARY BINDERY, 816 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

VOICE

100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organs—not with singing lessons—but by fundamental sound and scientifically correct vocal exercises... and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100%. Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn what you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Studio 78-08
306 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago

FOR CHRIST'S CAUSE:

— 3 SUGGESTIONS —

MISSION NEEDS

1 Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

STUDENT BURSES

2 Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

YOUR LAST WILL

3 It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of {\$ } Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever bequest you may care to make for their benefit, and your generosity will be kept in spiritual remembrance.

YOUR COOPERATION SOLICITED!

Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., UNION CITY, N. J.

Where Put Your Money?

GET A LIFE INCOME

What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

♦ ♦ ♦

What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

♦ ♦ ♦

When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

♦ ♦ ♦

Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

♦ ♦ ♦

Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

You can't take it
with you!

—

Will you hoard it
or spend it?

—

Give it away or
make a Will?

—

Why not buy Life
Annuities?

HELP CHRIST'S CAUSE

How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name with date and year of birth.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

♦ ♦ ♦

What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

♦ ♦ ♦

What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. PERMANENCE: An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. ABUNDANT YIELD: The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. SECURITY: Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. FREEDOM FROM WORRY: Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age; are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. ECONOMY: There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. STEADY INCOME: The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST: An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

For Further Information Write to

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., *Care of The Sign*, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

?

S

ond?

, Inc.
m you
name

, Inc.
atholic
porated
ate of

it use
re the
or the
of the

quires

ighest

moral
Order.

lieved
saved
wisely;
hment

wyers'

Bonds

nnuity
in the
ilding
l, and
, par-

EY